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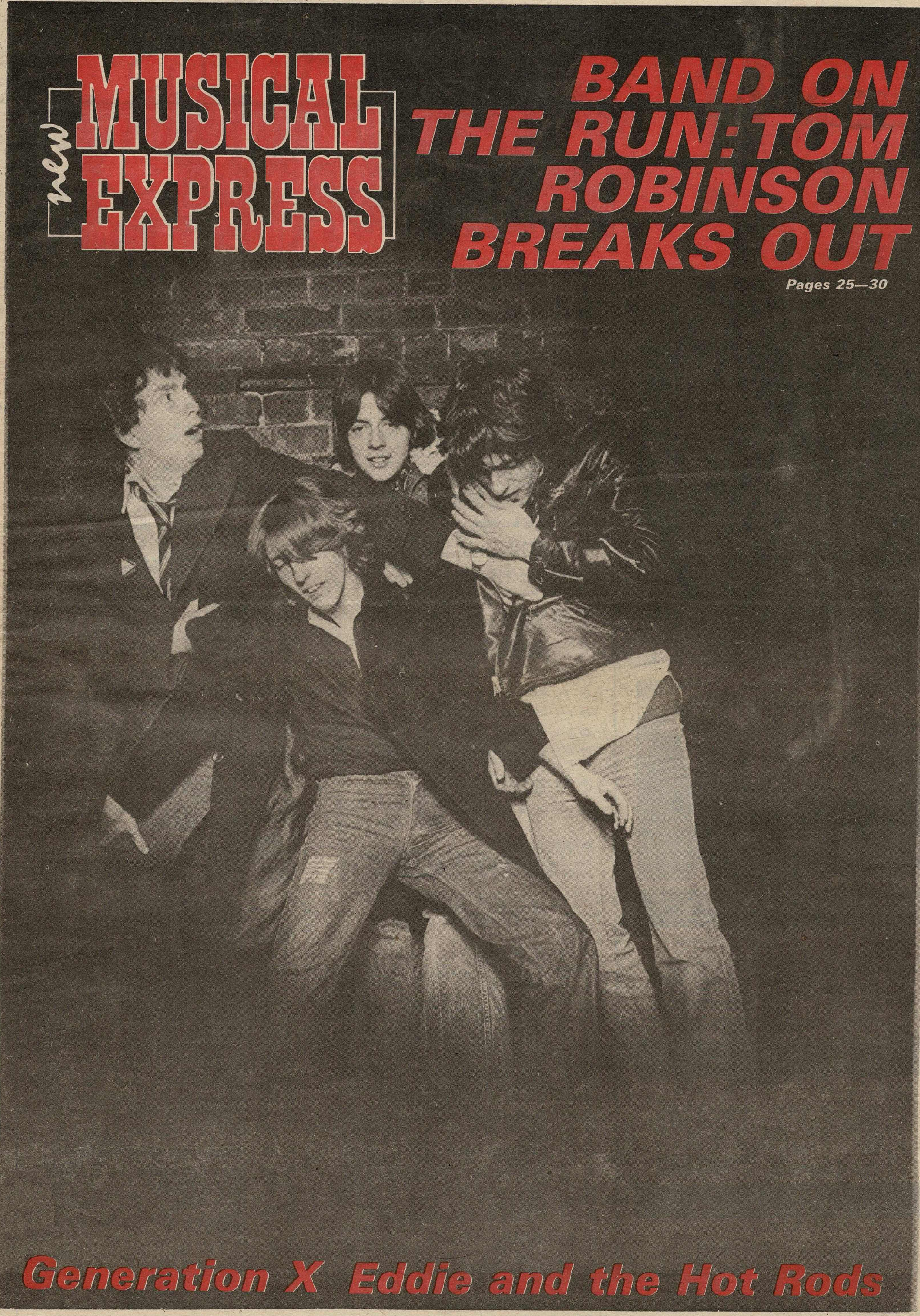
BAND ON THE RUN: TOM ROBINSON BREAKS OUT

Pages 25—30



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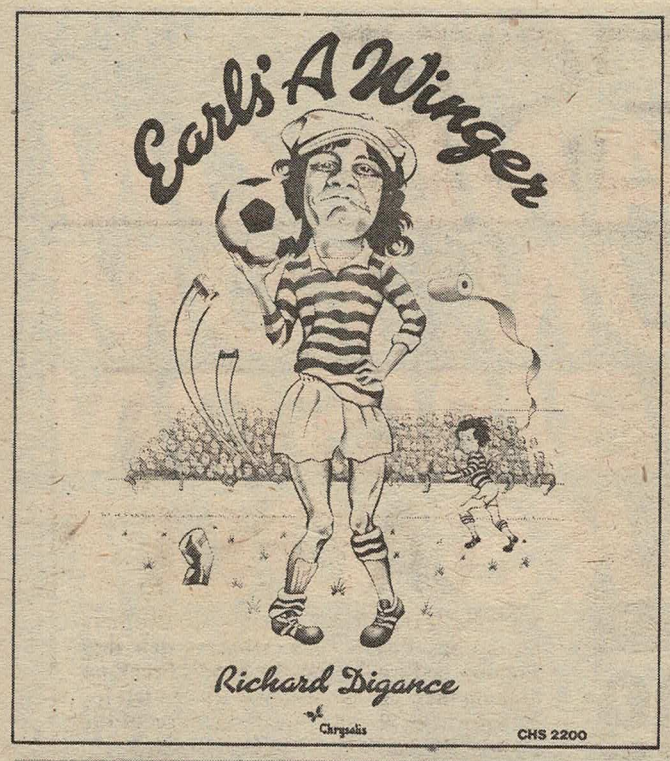
Generation X Eddie and the Hot Rods



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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending February 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	**UP TOWN TOP RANKING** Althia & Donna (Lightning)	6	1
2	(6)	**IF I HAD WORDS** ..... Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	4	2
3	(5)	**FIGARO** ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	4	3
4	(16)	**TAKE A CHANCE ON ME** Abba (Epic)	2	4
5	(4)	**NATIVE NEW YORKER** Odyssey (RCA)	5	3
6	(2)	**MULL OF KINTYRE** Wings (Parlophone)	11	1
7	(3)	**LOVELY DAY** ..... Bill Withers (CBS)	4	3
8	(17)	**MY BLUE SKY** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	8
9	(20)	**HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING** Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	9
10	(11)	**THE GROOVE LINE** .... Heatwave (GTO)	4	10
11	(14)	**SORRY I'M A LADY** ..... Baccara (RCA)	4	11
12	(8)	**JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY** Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)	8	8
13	(22)	**COME BACK MY LOVE** Darts (Magnet)	2	13
14	(7)	**LOVE'S UNKIND** Donna Summer (GTO)	9	2
15	(10)	**GALAXY** ..... War (MCA)	4	10
16	(30)	**LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN** Sweet (Polydor)	2	16
18	(8)	**IT'S A HEARTACHE** Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	10	3
18	(—)	**5 MINUTES** Stranglers (United Artists)	1	18
19	(18)	**RICH KIDS** ..... Rich Kids (EMI)	2	18
20	(12)	**DANCE, DANCE, DANCE** Chic (Atlantic)	10	6
21	(—)	**STAYIN' ALIVE** ..... Bee Gees (RSO)	1	21
22	(29)	**WHO'S GONNA LOVE ME** Imperials (Power Exchange)	4	22
23	(26)	**THEME FROM WHICH WAY IS UP** Starguard (MCA)	2	23
24	(24)	**WISHING ON A STAR** Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	2	24
25	(—)	**JUST ONE MORE NIGHT** Yellow Dog (Virgin)	1	25
26	(—)	**EMOTIONS** Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	1	26
27	(—)	**NO TIME TO BE 21** ..... Adverts (Bright)	1	27
28	(—)	**SHOT BY BOTH SIDES** Magazine (Virgin)	1	28
29	(27)	**MORNING OF OUR LIVES** Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers (Beserkley)	3	26
30	(—)	**FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE** Smokie (RAK)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
JUST THE WAY YOU ARE — Billy Joel (CBS); WORDS — Rita Coolidge (A&M); WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Kate Bush (EMI); NERVOUS WRECK — Radio Stars (Chiswick).

ALBUMS

Week ending February 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	**ABBA THE ALBUM** ..... Abba (Epic)	3	1
2	(1)	**RUMOURS** Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	50	1
3	(4)	**GREATEST HITS** Donna Summer (GTO)	5	3
4	(5)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE** Rod Stewart (Riva)	13	2
5	(3)	**SOUND OF BREAD** ..... Bread (WEA)	14	1
6	(18)	**EXODUS** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	24	6
7	(9)	**NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS** Sex Pistols (Virgin)	14	2
8	(8)	**DISCO FEVER** ..... Various (K-Tel)	13	1
9	(10)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	14	5
10	(7)	**20 COUNTRY CLASSICS** Tammy Wynette (CBS)	7	5
11	(25)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** Ian Dury (Stiff)	2	11
12	(12)	**THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS** Beatles (Parlophone)	3	12
13	(11)	**REFLECTIONS** ..... Andy Williams (CBS)	2	11
14	(6)	**GREATEST HITS VOL 2** Elton John (DJM)	16	6
15	(17)	**FLORAL DANCE** Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)	2	15
16	(20)	**ALL 'N' ALL** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	16
16	(22)	**FEELINGS** ..... Various (K-Tel)	13	3
18	(28)	**VARIATIONS** Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	2	18
19	(16)	**MOONFLOWER** ..... Santana (CBS)	13	6
20	(14)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD** ..... Queen (EMI)	12	4
20	(24)	**30 GREATEST HITS** Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	13	3
22	(13)	**ABBA'S GREATEST HITS** .. Abba (Epic)	84	1
23	(23)	**GREATEST HITS** Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	3	23
24	(21)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** ..... Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	22	1
25	(15)	**I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT** ..... Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	15
26	(27)	**ARRIVAL** ..... Abba (Epic)	56	1
27	(30)	**DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER** Joni Mitchell (Asylum)	3	27
28	(—)	**BEST FRIENDS** Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	1	28
29	(—)	**STAR WARS** Soundtrack (20th Century)	1	29
30	(19)	**GREATEST HITS, etc** Paul Simon (CBS)	9	6

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
QUARTER MOON IN A TEN CENT TOWN — Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros); PUTTING ON THE STYLE — Lonnie Donegan (Chrysalis); TALKING HEADS '77 — Talking Heads (Phonogram); GALAXY — War (MCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending February 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	**STAYIN' ALIVE** ..... Bee Gees
2	(2)	**SHORT PEOPLE** ..... Randy Newman
3	(4)	**JUST THE WAY YOU ARE** ..... Billy Joel
4	(3)	**BABY COME BACK** ..... Player
5	(5)	**WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS** ..... Queen
6	(7)	**SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH** ..... Dan Hill
7	(8)	**DANCE, DANCE, DANCE** ..... Chic
8	(10)	**EMOTION** ..... Samantha Sang
9	(11)	**(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER** ... Andy Gibb
10	(6)	**YOU'RE IN MY HEART** ..... Rod Stewart
11	(9)	**DESIREE** ..... Neil Diamond
12	(12)	**HERE YOU COME AGAIN** ..... Dolly Parton
13	(13)	**HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE** ..... Bee Gees
14	(14)	**DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD** Santa Esmeralda/Leroy Gomez
15	(15)	**SERPENTINE FIRE** ..... Earth, Wind & Fire
16	(18)	**WHAT'S YOUR NAME** ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd
17	(19)	**PEG** ..... Steely Dan
18	(20)	**NATIVE NEW YORKER** ..... Odyssey
19	(21)	**I GO CRAZY** ..... Paul Davis
20	(17)	**TURN TO STONE** ..... Electric Light Orchestra
21	(23)	**FFUN** ..... Con Funk Shun
22	(22)	**COME SAIL AWAY** ..... Styx
23	(24)	**LOVELY DAY** ..... Bill Withers
24	(26)	**(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS** John Williams
25	(16)	**SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY** ..... Paul Simon
26	(27)	**I LOVE YOU** ..... Donna Summer
27	(28)	**LONG LONG WAY FROM HOME** ..... Foreigner
28	(30)	**STREET CORNER SERENADE** ..... Wet Willie
29	(—)	**THUNDER ISLAND** ..... Jay Ferguson
30	(—)	**FALLING** ..... LeBlanc & Carr

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending February 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(3)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD** ..... Queen
3	(2)	**RUMOURS** ..... Fleetwood Mac
4	(4)	**FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE** ... Rod Stewart
5	(6)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY** ..... Jackson Browne
6	(7)	**THE STRANGER** ..... Billy Joel
7	(5)	**ALL 'N' ALL** ..... Earth Wind & Fire
8	(9)	**SIMPLE DREAMS** ..... Linda Ronstadt
9	(11)	**THE GRAND ILLUSION** ..... Styx
10	(10)	**DRAW THE LINE** ..... Aerosmith
11	(8)	**BORN LATE** ..... Shaun Cassidy
12	(12)	**ALIVE II** ..... Kiss
13	(14)	**AJA** ..... Steely Dan
14	(13)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** ..... Electric Light Orchestra
15	(15)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN** ..... Kansas
16	(17)	**SLOWHAND** ..... Eric Clapton
17	(18)	**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND** Original Soundtrack
18	(19)	**I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT** Neil Diamond
19	(20)	**HERE YOU COME AGAIN** ..... Dolly Parton
20	(21)	**DOWN TWO THEN LEFT** ..... Boz Scaggs
21	(23)	**STREET SURVIVORS** ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd
22	(22)	**SHAUN CASSIDY** ..... Shaun Cassidy
23	(24)	**GALAXY** ..... War
24	(27)	**FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME** ..... Parliament
25	(26)	**FRENCH KISS** ..... Bob Welch
26	(28)	**LITTLE CRIMINALS** ..... Randy Newman
27	(29)	**LONGER FUSE** ..... Dan Hill
28	(25)	**GREATEST HITS, ETC** ..... Paul Simon
29	(30)	**PLAYER**
30	(16)	**THE STORY OF STAR WARS**

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending February 6, 1973

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	**BLOCKBUSTER** ..... Sweet (RCA)
2	2	**DO YOU WANT TO TOUCH ME** ..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
12	3	**PART OF THE UNION** ..... Strawbs (A & M)
6	4	**DANIEL** ..... Elton John (DJM)
3	5	**YOU'RE SO VAIN** ..... Carly Simon (Elektra)
5	6	**LONG HAIRED LOVER FROM LIVERPOOL** Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
8	7	**WISHING WELL** ..... Free (Island)
11	8	**ME AND MRS JONES** ..... Billy Paul (Epic)
18	9	**ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN** ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)
4	10	**THE JEAN GENIE** ..... David Bowie (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending February 7, 1968

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	**EVERLASTING LOVE** ..... Love Affair (CBS)
2	2	**AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET** ..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
5	3	**MIGHTY QUINN** ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
6	4	**SHE WEARS MY RING** ..... Solomon King (Columbia)
7	5	**BEND ME SHAPE ME** ..... Amen Corner (Deram)
3	6	**JUDY IN DISGUISE** ..... John Fred & His Playboy Band (Pye Int.)
8	7	**SUDDENLY YOU LOVE ME** ..... Tremeloes (CBS)
13	8	**I CAN TAKE OR LEAVE YOUR LOVING** Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
14	9	**GIMME A LITTLE SIGN** ..... Brenton Wood (Liberty)
4	10	**THE BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLYDE** ..... Georgie Fame (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending February 8, 1963

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	**DIAMONDS** ..... Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
8	2	**THE WAYWARD WIND** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	3	**GLOBETROTTER** ..... Tornados (Decca)
7	4	**LITTLE TOWN FLIRT** ..... Del Shannon (London)
17	5	**PLEASE PLEASE ME** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
4	6	**BACHELOR BOY** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
19	7	**LOOP DI LOOP** ..... Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
6	8	**DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME** ..... Mike Berry (HMV)
3	9	**DANCE ON** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
5	10	**LIKE I DO** ..... Maureen Evans (Oriole)

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

THE JAM BLITZING LONDON

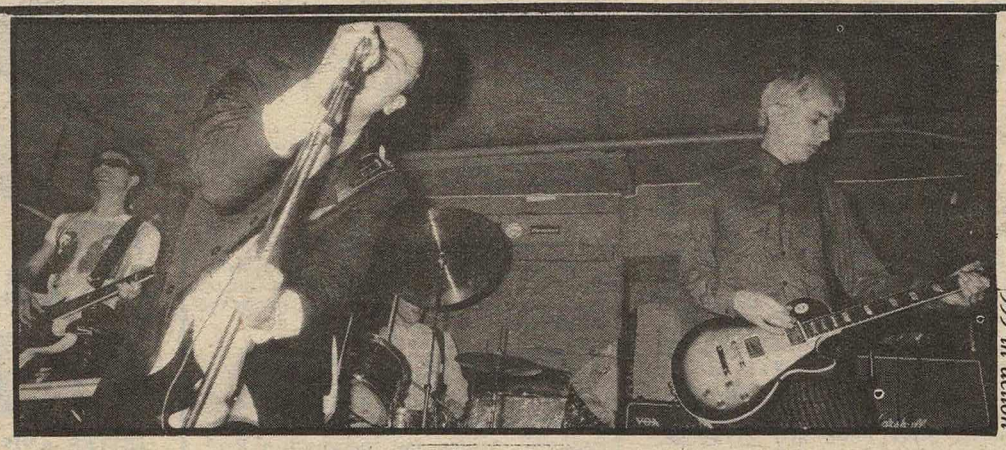
THE JAM are to play four special London dates during the course of a week, starting at the end of this month. These are their first gigs of 1978, and their last in this country until June, when they headline a full nationwide tour. Under the banner of "Jam's London Blitz", they play the Marquee Club (February 24 and 25), Oxford Street 100 Club (27) and Camden Music Machine (March 2).

Advance tickets cost £1.50 at all three venues, and admission on the night — providing there are any tickets remaining — will be £1.75. Early next month The Jam play a couple of dates in Europe, before starting a six-week American tour on March 15. A new single by the band will be issued in the second week of March.

WRECKLESS HITS ROAD

DATES HAVE now been confirmed for the headlining British tour by Wreckless Eric, starting early next month and playing 23 venues before finishing on April 9. Eric will be backed on the road by his band the New Rockets, whose line-up hasn't yet been stabilised as they are still in the process of formation.

The schedule takes in Sheffield Polytechnic (March 3), Bristol Polytrchnic (4), Hull Tiffany's (6), Leicester University (7), Stirling University (10), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (11), Newcastle venue to be announced (12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (13), Burntisland Half Circle (14), Leeds Polytechnic (16), London Strand King's College (17), Brighton New Regent (18), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (20), Loughborough Town Hall (21), Penzance The Gardens (23), Plymouth Metro (24), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Liverpool Eric's (31), Manchester Rafters (April 1), Retford Porterhouse (7) and Croydon Greyhound (9).



999 in action

Buzzcocks and 999 head major tours

THE BUZZCOCKS have now confirmed the first 25 dates of their major March-April tour, which ties in with the release of their new album "Another Music In A Different Kitchen", due out March 10.

The tour is significant in that nine dates are being presented by top promoter Harvey Goldsmith, and it's the first time he's been directly involved with a new-wave tour. These gigs are at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (March 5), Portsmouth Locarno (9), London Strand Lyceum (10), Sheffield Top Rank (14), Lancaster University (16), Leeds University (18), Newcastle Mayfair (22), Birmingham Top Rank (24) and Hanley Victoria Hall (30).

Other dates set are at Swansea Circles Club (March 2), Cambridge Corn Exchange (3), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (4), Plymouth Castaways (6), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Southampton University (11), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (12), Liverpool Eric's (17), Swindon The Affair (20), Keighley Victoria Hall (21), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (23), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (27), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (28), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (29), Retford Porterhouse (31) and Croydon Greyhound (April 2).

All venues are unseated, and ticket prices will be pegged at a maximum of £1.50, except at London Lyceum where admission is expected to be either £1.80 or £2. There will be a number of different and varied support acts throughout the tour, and these are currently being fixed.

999 begin an extensive tour this weekend, including a bill-topping appearance in mid-March at London Roundhouse. So far 21 dates have been confirmed, but more are still being finalised to bring the total to over 30. The tour ties in with the release at the end of this month of the band's debut album "999", and gigs set at present are:

London North-East Polytechnic (this Saturday), Brighton Polytechnic (February 18), Plymouth Woods Centre (22), Penzance The Garden (23), Dartington College of Art (24), Portsmouth Polytechnic (25), Gt Yarmouth College of Education (March 1), Doncaster Outlook (2), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (4), Keighley Nikkers Club (7), Reading Bryan's Club (8), Manchester Rafters (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (10), Liverpool Eric's (11), Norwich People's Club (14), Leeds Roots Club (16), Edinburgh Clouds (17), London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (19), Cardiff Top Rank (21), Canterbury College of Art (22) and Colchester Essex University (23).

VIBRATORS FREE CONCERT

THE VIBRATORS — who, as reported last week, begin their nationwide British tour this weekend — announce that they'll be headlining a free London concert on Sunday, February 19. They haven't yet revealed the venue, but plan to do so next week, a few days before the gig takes place.

Top brass fly in from the States

PISTOLS LATEST

AS THE TOP BRASS of Warner Brothers — the Sex Pistols' U.S. label — flew into London last week with the band's break-up high on their agenda, Johnny Rotten left for Jamaica with Richard Branson, boss of the Pistols' British outlet Virgin Records.

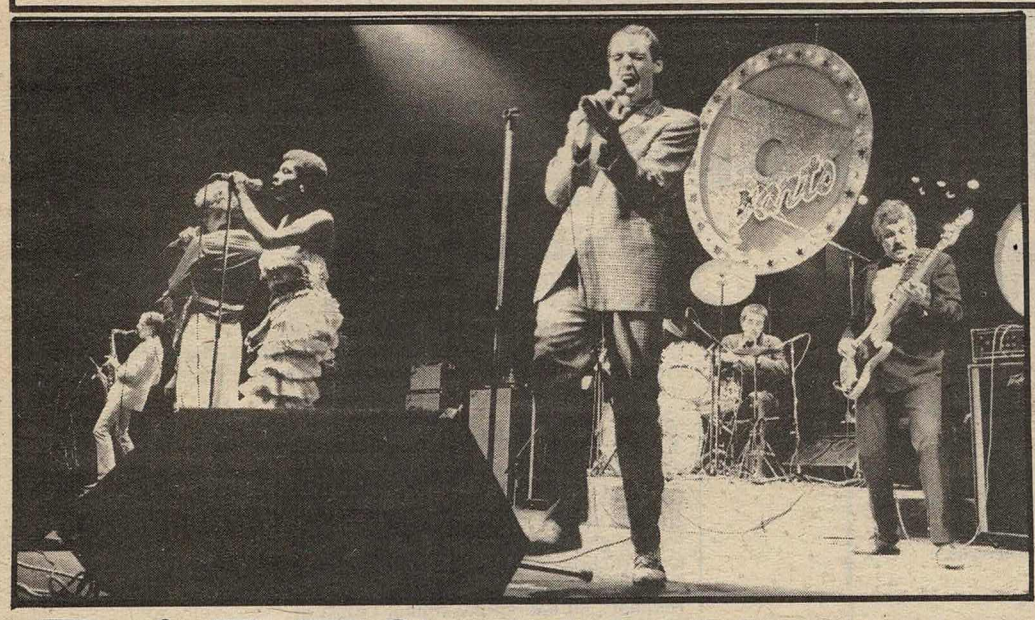
Rotten, who has stated that he's now looking for musicians to form his own band, said before he left: "I'm all together, but I don't know about the others!" However, contrary to reports, he hasn't gone to Jamaica specifically to find musicians. It seems he was invited by Branson, who was making a business trip to the island, to accompany him — and Rotten, a devotee of reggae, readily accepted.

By the same token, the Warner executives — Mo Austin, Jerry Wexler and Bob Regher — didn't come to London solely to discuss the Pistols. But Regher, who was instrumental in signing them to Warners, has had talks with their erstwhile manager Malcolm McLaren. They're hoping that pressure can be exerted on the errant Pistols, in order to recoup the huge investment which the company has made in the band.

But there was little opportunity of applying any persuasion this week because, with Paul Cook and Steve Jones in Rio de Janeiro at presstime, Sid Vicious was the only Pistol in town — "and I can't see the Warner bigwigs going into a lengthy huddle with Sid on his own," commented a spokesman.

CHEAP TRICK'S BRITISH DEBUT

CHEAP TRICK, the highly-rated American four-piece powerpop band, are confirmed for their debut visit to Britain at the end of next month at the tail end of a European tour. They fly in to guest in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday, March 28, and the following Sunday (April 2) they headline at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse. It's likely that one or two other gigs will be slotted into the intervening dates.



DARTS TOPPING TWO BIG TOURS

THE DARTS headline a 16-venue British tour in March, sandwiched between visits to Europe and America. It includes a major concert at the London Palladium, to be recorded by Capital Radio for their "Sundays At The Palladium" series. The dates are:

Redcar Coatham Bowl (March 1), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (2), Guildford Surrey University (3), Bradford University (4), Doncaster Bircotes Sports Centre (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Blackpool Tiffany's (7), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (9), Newcastle Polytechnic (10), Birmingham Hippodrome (11), London Palladium (12), Middlesbrough Town Hall (13), York College of Ripon and York St. John (14), Chelmsford Odeon (15) and Ipswich Gaumont Theatre (16).

The band are currently finishing off their new album, due for release in May. It will tie in with another British tour, this time covering the main theatre chain, running from mid-May to mid-June.

Tomorrow (Friday) they leave for a 17-day European tour covering Sweden, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. After their U.K. gigs in March, they return to Europe for a further week, before setting out on a six-week coast-to-coast U.S. tour — opening at Los Angeles Roxy on April 3.

Darts are back in Britain for their mid-spring theatre tour, and they are also planning one or two summer festival appearances in this country — then it's back to the States again. They learned this week that their single "Daddy Cool" has gone Gold in this country, having sold over half-a-million copies.

KANSAS: LONDON GIG SET

KANSAS, the six-piece American rock band who hail from the state of the same name, make their British debut next month. Highlight of their visit is a major concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, March 25 (tickets £3.50, £3 and £2.50). Several other provincial gigs are at present being finalised, and details of these are expected next week.

The band open their European tour in France on March 6, subsequently visiting four other countries before coming to Britain. Their fifth album "Point Of Know Return", which got to the No.1 spot in the States, is released here through Epic tomorrow (Friday) — in fact, it's only their fourth LP in this country, as their "Masque" set was not issued here.

Earth Quake: extra venues

EARTH QUAKE are now confirmed for another two dates, making a total of five British gigs in all, slotted in between European commitments. Their full U.K. sheet now reads Salford University (tomorrow, Friday), Coventry Warwick University (Saturday), Liverpool Eric's (February 22), Birmingham Barbarella's (24) and London Roundhouse (26). Beserkley, who issued the band's latest LP "Levelled" two months ago, are now releasing — for the first time in this country — two of their earlier albums, "Live" and "8:5".

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

RECORD NEWS

● Singles released by the EMI Group on February 17 include "More Like The Movies" by **Dr Hook** (Capitol), "I'm A Gypsy Man" by **J J Cale** (Island), "Top Of The World" by **Diana Ross** (Motown), "Every 1's A Winner" by **Hot Chocolate** (Rak) and "Castle Of Joy" by **Fat Larry's Band** (Stax).

● **"British Lions"** is the title of the band's debut album, issued by Vertigo on February 17. They go out on tour to promote it, see On The Road for details.

● A new Manchester-based label called Bent Records makes its bow next week with a three-track single by local band **V.2.**

● **Roger Daltrey's** new single is his version of Murray Head's "Say It Ain't So, Joe", released by Polydor on February 17.

'ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE' DOUBLE LP

A COMPILATION album based upon Tony Palmer's marathon TV series "All You Needs Is Love" comes out this week. Titled "A Story Of Popular Music", the 20 featured artists are drawn from various labels, but the LP is marketed by Phonogram. Tracks are:

Beatles "All You Need Is Love", **Jerry Lee Lewis** "Whole Lotta Shakin'," **Platters** "Only You", **Manfred Mann** "Mighty Quinn", **Fats Domino** "Blueberry Hill", **Chuck Berry** "Sweet Little Sixteen", **Shadows** "Apache", **Velvet Underground** "I'm Waiting For The Man", **Neil Sedaka** "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do", **Bee Gees** "New York Mining Disaster", **Righteous Brothers** "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," **Slade** "Mama Weer All Crazee Now", **The Who** "Pictures Of Lily", **John Mayall** "Room To Move", **Eric Clapton** "Layla", **Cream** "Sunshine Of Your Love", **Osmonds** "Crazy Horses", **Rod Stewart** "Maggie May", **10 c.c.** "I'm Not In Love" and **Status Quo** "Roll Over Lay Down".

Hope festival double album

THE LIVE double album, recorded at London Islington Hope and Anchor during its three-week pre-Christmas festival, is released by Warner Brothers on March 3. For the whole of next month it sells at the special discount price of £4.49, then reverts to regular double LP price of £5.99. The set features two tracks each by **The Stranglers, Pirates, Steve Gibbons, Wilko Johnson, 999, Pleasers, Suburban Studs** and **XTC;** and one track each from **X-Ray Spex, Tyla Gang, Dire Straits, Roogalator, Philip Rambow, The Saints, Steel Pulse** and **Burlesque.** Recorded on the RAK mobile, the set is titled "Hope and Anchor Front Line Festival".

● **Radiators From Space** have just finished recording their new single "Million Dollar Hero" with producer Tony Visconti, and Chiswick hope to have it ready for rush release on February 17.

● **Suburban Studs** — now back in action after cancelling a few gigs, when lead singer Eddie Zipps suffered a damaged larynx in an attack outside a Brimingham pub — release their debut album "Slam" on March 3. It's on the Pogo label, part of the WEA Group.

● **The Banned's** follow-up single to their Top Thirty entry "Little Girl" is released by Harvest on February 24, titled "Him Or Me".

● Purchasers of **The Stranglers'** new single "5 Minutes", who received their copy in a plain white sleeve, can now obtain a free picture sleeve by writing to Albion Management, 12 Putney Bridge Road, London S.W.18.

● New York rock'n'roll band **Riot** have been signed by Ariola Records. Their first album, bearing their name as its title, is due out in April.

● CBS have signed Mancunian new-wave poet **John Cooper Clark** to a long-term worldwide recording deal. His first album is scheduled for the spring.

● Mercury albums due out this month include "The Force" by **Kool and The Gang** and "Flying High On Your Love" by the **Bar-Kays.** Due on the H and L label is "Wonder Woman" by the **Stylistics.**

Clapton sessions

A & M RECORDS are in the process of producing a concept album titled "White Mansions", written and conceived by Paul Kennerley, and based upon the Civil War years in the States. Sessions began three months ago in Los Angeles, and are now continuing in London with Kennerley, Henry Spinetti, Tim Hinkley and Dave Markee. Eric Clapton has played guitar on two tracks, but contrary to reports Pete Townshend is not involved. Over the last two weeks Waylon Jennings, Jesse Colter and Ozarks members John Dillon and Steve Cash have discussed the possibility of performing on individual tracks — but here again, contrary to reports, none of them has yet been involved.

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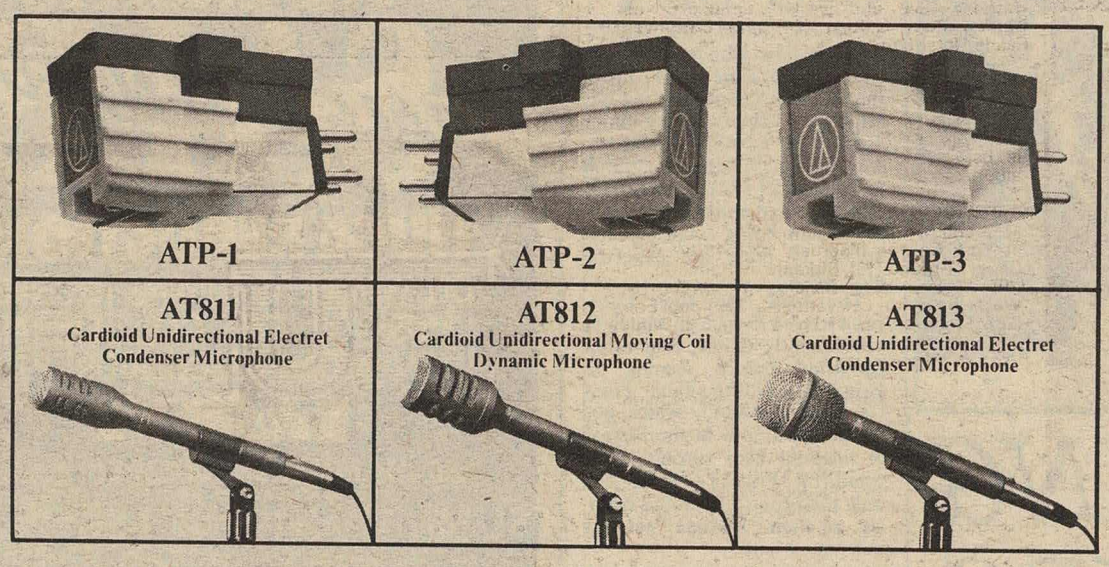

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TAVARES: U.K. GIGS

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the third British tour by Tavares, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. They arrive here on February 26 for two days of interviews, TV and radio, then shoot off to Belgium and Holland for two major TV appearances, before returning to play the following dates:

Manchester Ardwick Apollo (March 4), Liverpool Empire (5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), Leicester Bailey's (7-11), Watford Bailey's (12-18), Newcastle City Hall (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (23) and the London Palladium (26). A venue for March 27 has still to be finalised.

The London show is being recorded by Capital Radio as part of their "Sundays At The Palladium" series. Tickets are now on sale, and prices at most of the concert venues range from £1.50 to £3.50. Tavares will be backed by their own four-piece band, who supported them on their last U.K. tour, plus a British horn section. They leave on March 28 for concerts in Holland, before returning to the States.

Mud hit tour trail

MUD go on the road again next month to coincide with the release of a new RCA single, their first for ten months, to be followed in April by their latest album. Confirmed dates are at Northampton Salon Ballroom (March 1), London Harlesden Roxy Theatre (3), Bury St. Edmunds Focus Theatre (4), Huddersfield Technical College (9), Leicester Polytechnic (10), Loughborough University (11), Sheffield Polytechnic (13) and Ashton Tameside Theatre (19). They also play one-nighters in Scotland (14-18) and Ireland (25—April 2). A second British tour, mainly on the college circuit, is being set for the first three weeks of June — to be followed by a similar period in Europe.

NEWS ROUND-UP

Robinson in Trafalgar Sq.

TOM ROBINSON will be performing his controversial "Glad To Be Gay" song in London's Trafalgar Square this Saturday afternoon, police permitting! He is heading a rally in support of *Gay News*, which is soon to face a blasphemy charge in the High Court. The rally forms at Temple tube station at 1 pm, then proceeds by a devious route to Trafalgar Square, where Robinson plans to climax the event with his performance.

TV rock series in pipeline

ATV IS planning a new rock series, with the accent on new-wave, to be produced by Mickie Most. A pilot show is being filmed on February 19 for network screening at Easter, and it's understood that among acts taking part are Radio Stars, The Rich Kids, XTC and the Tom Robinson Band. The idea is that, if the show is approved by both ATV executives and the public, it will become a weekly series in the autumn.

Lynott leads pick-up outfit

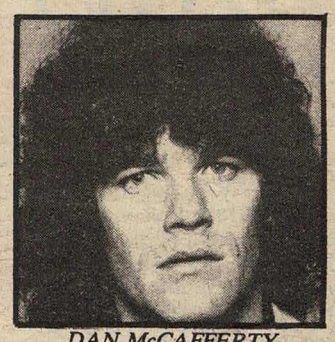
PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy fronts an impressive line-up of well-known musicians, who play a one-off gig at London Camden Music Machine on Thursday, February 16, under the name of The Greedy Bastards. Also in the line-up are Colossum's Gary Moore, Gary Holton of the Heavy Metal Kids, ex-Damned drummer Rat Scabies and former Rainbow member Jimmy Bain.

Leeds punk venue re-opens

THE 'F' CLUB in Leeds, the city's leading new-wave venue, re-opens this week after being evicted from its former premises. The club is now situated at Francis Street, Leeds 7, and for the time being is presenting weekly gigs on Thursdays. So far set are Wire (tonight), The Only Ones (February 16), Eater and The Crabs (23), Wayne County & The Electric Chairs (March 2), Sham 69 (9), 999 (16), The Vibrators (23), Bethnal (30) and Gloria Mundi (April 6).

Naz postpone U.S. opening

NAZARETH were forced to postpone the opening of their U.S. tour by a week — in the first place because they were snowed in, and subsequently because Dan McCafferty injured both feet when he fell off stage during rehearsal. He damaged both Achilles tendons, and is having to use crutches during the early part of the tour, which finally got under way at the end of last week. The postponed dates are being re-scheduled for the tail end of the band's U.S. itinerary.



DAN McCAFFERTY

Motors delay until spring

THE MOTORS have delayed their European and British tours until the spring, so they can concentrate more fully on their second Virgin album, now in preparation. Their revised schedule now takes them to the Continent in April, and they will tour extensively in Britain throughout the whole of May to coincide with the LP's release, playing about 28 dates. In early June, they begin an eight-week visit to America, where they toured successfully in the autumn. Meanwhile, Virgin are marketing a "special offer" package of two Motors singles for the price of one.

THE JOHN MILES BAND comprising (left to right) BRIAN CHATTON, BOB MARSHALL, JOHN MILES and BARRY BLACK.

JOHN OTWAY

Otway-Barrett, John Miles, Havens touring

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT re-unite in a week's time, when they set out together on a five-week tour, culminating in a major London concert. This follows their temporary parting of the ways in the autumn, when Otway toured solo while Barrett concentrated on other activities. Their dates are:

Salford University (February 17), Hull University (18), Liverpool Eric's (19), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Preston Polytechnic (24), Huddersfield Polytechnic (25), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (26), Oxford Polytechnic (27), Bradford University (March 1), Leeds Polytechnic (2), Retford Porterhouse (3), Loughborough University (4), Reading Bryan's Club (7), Brighton Sussex University (8), Bristol University (9), Bath Pavilion (10), Nottingham University (11), Newcastle Guildhall (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (16), Sunderland Polytechnic (17) and London Strand Lyceum (22).

They'll be backed by a band comprising Dave Holmes and Mark Freeman on drums, Scratch bassist Paul Sanderman and Paul Ward on keyboards. After the British tour, the duo go to Europe — and there are plans to visit Scotland, Ireland and Wales later in the year. They are currently putting the finishing touches to their second album, for Polydor release in mid-spring, and their follow-up single to "Really Free" is due out in two or three weeks' time.

DETAILS OF John Miles' British concert tour next month were announced this week. He plays 15 major dates with his backing band, which now includes new member and keyboards player Brian Chatton.

And he'll be featuring material from his new Decca album "Zaragon", released on February 24, which comprises seven original songs penned by Miles and bassist Bob Marshall.

Tour dates are Hull City Hall (March 7), Middlesbrough Town Hall (8), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (9), Lancaster University (10), Sheffield University (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Aberdeen Capitol (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Torquay Town Hall (20), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (21), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23).

A single, taken from the album, will be issued later this month — but titles have not yet been decided. Miles and the band left at the beginning of this week for their first headlining tour of Scandinavia.

RICHIE HAVENS flies into Britain at the beginning of next month, at the outset of a long European tour, and headlines nine dates here — including an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 7.

His other gigs are at Newcastle Polytechnic (March 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (3), Sheffield University (4), Liverpool Eric's (5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (6), Uxbridge Brunel University (9), Cardiff University (10) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11).

Havens is bringing over his new six-piece electric rock band, and the support act on all dates is Josh White Jr., son of the near-legendary folk-blues singer. A&M Records will be promoting Havens' album "Mirage", released just before Christmas, to coincide with his tour, which is promoted by Ed Bicknell of Nems.

Tickets are on sale now at all venues. After their U.K. commitments, Havens and the band leave for Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and France.

SON SEALS BAND HERE

SON SEALS BAND, the four-piece Chicago blues band who were last in Britain as support to B. B. King, begin a British tour in their own right at the end of this month. Dates so far confirmed are London Oxford St. 100 Club (February 28), Norwich Arts Centre (March 1), Newcastle Guildhall (2), London School of Economics (3), Bradford University (8), London Camden Dingwalls (9) and Manchester Polytechnic (11). They also appear in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on March 7.

Nash: five week visit

JOHNNY NASH opens a five-week British concert and cabaret tour at the beginning of next month. Dates confirmed this week are Derby Bailey's (March 2—4), Watford Bailey's (6-11), Slough Fulcrum Hall (12), Blackburn Cavendish (16-18), Leicester Bailey's (20-25), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (26), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (31), Oxford New Theatre (April 1) and Batley Variety Club (2-8). He will also be making TV appearances.

MOUNTAIN PIQUED BY ALEX!

THE DISPUTE between Alex Harvey and Mountain, his former management, has flared up again following his comments in last week's NME. These coincided with the announcement of his big comeback concert at the London Palladium on March 5 and, explaining his return, Harvey said he'd been astounded by Mountain's autumn statement that he had retired.

Mountain claim that, the day after he walked out on the SAHB, a copy of the statement was sent to his home — before it was released to the Press — so that he could alter any parts with which he disagreed. He chose to make no alterations.

Referring to his alleged "increasing conflicts" with Mountain, they say: "Walking out with no prior indication caused the cancellation of a major European tour and British Christmas shows. Not only did this action cause the final split, but it also wiped out seven years of hard work and support by his fellow musicians. It was obvious that neither the band nor Alex could work together happily again."

Mountain refute suggestions that Harvey was forced into a situation by his management company and fellow musicians. They say that both they and the members of the band had tried to help and support him during his 18 months of "fluctuating health and wavering commitment". And they reveal that they are currently involved in legal action against him.

T. Dream add Glasgow date

TANGERINE DREAM have added another date to their British tour next month, dates for which were listed in last week's NME, because of heavy Scottish demand. It's at Glasgow Apollo on March 24.

ON THE ROAD

STEELEYE SPAN have added another date to their current farewell tour — at **Hull** Dorchester Theatre on February 23 . . . and **THE STRAWBS** have slotted an extra gig into their upcoming tour — at **Nottingham** University on February 25.

CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS have now completely sold out their two-week reunion season at the **London** Palladium, starting February 27. The box-office say they are vastly over-subscribed, and no more applications can be accepted.

JENNY HAAN'S LION return from European dates with Status Quo to play **Norwich** East Anglia University (tomorrow, Friday), **Nottingham** Boat Club (Saturday), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (Sunday), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (February 13), **Ilford** Oscar's (15), **Lampeter** St David's University (17) and **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (18).

THE ENID, announced last week for a **London** concert at the Victoria Palace on February 19, have fixed other gigs this month at **Bishops Stortford** Triad Centre (this Saturday), **Liverpool** University (15), **London** Middlesex Hospital (24), **Kingston** Polytechnic (25) and **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (26).

LITTLE ACRE play **Leicester** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Redditch** Tracey's (Saturday), a self-promoted concert at **Birmingham** Town Hall (Sunday), **Cannock** Moonraker (February) 14), **Keele** University (15), **Newport** Village Club (17), **Bognor** Ocean Bars (18), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (19), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (23), **Southampton** University (25) and **Nottingham** Boat Club (27).

QUILAPAYON, the Chilean group exiled since the military coup in their country, star with Pete Seeger in his previously-reported concert at **London** Royal Albert Hall on March 7. They will perform separately, as well as with Seeger.

PENETRATION have gigs at **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (February 16), **London** University (17), **London Camden** Music Machine (21), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (24), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (25), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (March 6), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (9), **Birkenhead** Mr Digby's (16), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (17), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (20), **Plymouth** Metro (21), **Brighton** New Regent (24) and **Croydon** Greyhound (26).

PACIFIC EARDRUM play selected dates in March. First to be set are **Birmingham** Polytechnic (3), **Bedford** College of Higher Education (4), **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (8), **Plymouth** Polytechnic (9), **Dartington** Civic Centre (10) and **Bristol** Brunel Technical College (11).

XTC extend their current tour with four extra gigs at **Coventry** Locarno (February 28), **Port Talbot** Troubadour (2), **Northampton** County Ground (4) and **Bournemouth** The Village (6).

ADVERTISING are to support Blondie on their upcoming tour, starting February 23 (dates listed in last week's NME). They also have gigs in their own right at **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), **London Stoke Newington** Pegasus (Friday), **Reading** Bones Club (February 15), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (16), **Bristol** B.Q. Club (17) and **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (19). In March, they play **Bristol** Polytechnic (9), **Burton** 76 Club (10), **London Kensington** Nashville (13, 20 and 27), **Salisbury** Technical College (15), **Plymouth** Metro (16), **Retford** Porterhouse (17) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (31).

COLOSSEUM II play five dates this month — at **Southampton** University (this Saturday), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (Sunday), **Liverpool** Eric's (February 13), **Swansea** Nutz Club (16) and **Brighton** Sussex University (17).

THE BOYFRIENDS have dates at **Bristol** Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (Saturday), supporting The Adverts at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (Sunday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (February 14), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (15), **Canterbury** Kent University (16), **Kingston** Technical College (17), **London** Marquee (18), **Swindon** The Affair (20), **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (21) and **Coventry** College of Education (24).

WHIRLWIND, who've been supporting Robert Gordon and Link Wray on their British tour, continue gigging with a string of dates in their own right. The rockabilly band play **Coventry** Warwick University (tonight, Thursday), **Sutton in Ashfield** Golden Diamond (Saturday), **Wellingborough** British Rail Club (February 16), **London Tottenham** White Hart (17), **Southend** Minerva (18), **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (21), **York** Oval Ball (March 2). **Leeds** Fforde Green (3), **Ripley** Sunset Boulevard (4), **London Willesden** White Horse (17), **London Hackney** Adam and Eve (18), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (24) and **Llandovery** Castle Hotel (25).

DIRE STRAITS, who've just started recording their first Phonogram album with producer Muff Winwood, play **London** Marquee on March 14 and 21 and April 4. A full British tour is being set for May to coincide with the album's release.

BRITISH LIONS, the band comprising former Mott and Medicine Head members, are on tour at **York** College (February 17), **Northampton** County Ground (18), **Birkenhead** Hamilton Club (20), **Colwyn Bay** Dixieland Showbar (23), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (24), **Liverpool** Eric's (26), **Stafford** Top Of The World (27). **Dudley** J.B.'s (March 4), **Sheffield** University (10) and **Scarborough** Penthouse (31).

KRAKATOA visit **Sheffield** Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Walsall** West Midlands College (Friday), **Havefordwest** RAF Brawdy (Saturday), **London Ealing** Technical College (February 14), **Torquay** 400 Club (16), **Swansea** University (17), **Ilkley** College (18), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (19), **Maidstone** Technical College (24), **London Camden** Music Machine (25) and **Manchester** Rafters (28).

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS decided to cancel their British dates last weekend and this week, following the death — reported in our last issue — of their sax player Gregory Herbert. The Adverts replaced them at short notice on Tuesday's "Old Grey Whistle Test", and it's hoped their concerts will be re-set for later in the year. Meanwhile, ticket money is being refunded.

RUSH are not extending their British tour into March, despite reports elsewhere of extra gigs. It was hoped they would stay on for a few more concerts, in view of heavy ticket demand, but they've decided they will need a rest by the end of February.

HOT CHOCOLATE's two shows at **Norwich** Theatre Royal, the opening night of their upcoming British tour, sold out within 1½ days of the box-office opening. Similar heavy bookings are reported elsewhere, and promoter Ian Wright is now adding more dates to their schedule.

THE DEPRESSIONS play extra gigs at **Manchester** UMIST (February 18), **Brighton** Buccaneer (20) and **Birmingham** St Peter's College (21).

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What do all these bands have in common?

Eddie And The Pop Rods

Eddie And The Punk Rods

Eddie And The R'n'B Rods

"YES, CRACK-BELL is happy. Life to him is a case of 'now' and nothing but 'now'. He forgets the past as soon as it has happened and he ignores the whole concept of a future. But he is full of the sliding moment . . ."— from **Titus Alone** by Mervyn Peake

THE SLIDING moment! Eddie And The Hot Rods specialise in the sliding moment. You can hear it whenever "Do Anything You Wanna Do" or "Quit This Town" come on the radio and you can see it whenever they play live or show up on *Top Of The Pops* in increasingly ludicrous costumes, looking more like some New Wave Herman's Hermits every time.

Right from the beginning, when Ed Hollis — an ex-teacher who'd gone from classroom to dole-queue — went along to some Canvey pub with Lee Brilleaux to see four kids doing an earnest but energetic cop of the Feelgoods' stage act.

. . . right through the midphase when Barrie Masters' grimacing face showed up on the cover of *Sniffin' Glue,* putting the Rods right there with The Damned and The Jam in New Wave higherarchy . . . up until now when some inspired phrasemaker coined the term "powerpop" as a catch-all definition of The Next Big Thing and realised that it was just what Eddie And The Hot Rods had been playing for the last few months . . .

The sliding moment!

See, so far Eddie And The Hot Rods have been three different groups, or as near to different as can be possible with mostly the same people.

There was Rods Mk 1, with Lew Lewis chewing the reeds right out of his mouth-harp, playing '70s British R&B and scooting down the trail blazed by Dr Feelgood — a not unsurprising connection bearing in mind that Dave Higgs had lived in Wilko's council house for a while and that they'd even considered doing a band together at one time. Higgs had actually been in a band with Lee Brilleaux for a while back in the '60s, a band called The Fix that'd been mostly unheard of outside Southend.

Rods Mk II had been the semi-punk Hot Rods who'd made the "Teenage Depression" album, which had been mostly written by Dave Higgs and which manager/producer Ed Hollis had envisaged as a British album to capture the fastass flame-out teen-rebellion fun of The MC5's classic "Back In The USA".

Rods Mk III you know about: it's the version of the group most familiar to the Public At Large: longer hair and bouncy fun for the pop kids, rich, surging powerchords, crisp, imaginative changes, facile but catchy lookin'-after-number-one lyrics by Ed Hollis . . and the sparkling guitar and imaginative melodies of Graeme Douglas, moving the Rods back up to a five-piece.

The R&B group, the punk group, the powerpop group . . . how do you like you Hot Rods done, sir? Whichever version you liked, forget it because they ain't gonna be there for long. The next album is likely to be different from "Life On The Line" as *that* was from "Teenage Depression" because Hollis and Douglas, the men in the Hot Rod driving seat — if anything as chaotic as Eddie And The Hot Rods can be said to have a driving seat — get bored easily, and they're committed to perpetual change as a way of life.

No past/no future. Surfing on the time lines, skateboarding along on the crest of a continuous present. Hollis talks excitedly of his admiration for the way Bowie changes every few albums, but he wants the Hot Rods to do that *every album.*

It borders on the obsessive, but from where I'm sitting it would seem that the one thing that gives Ed Hollis nightmares is the idea that Eddie And The Hot Rods would ever get static. Or — worse! — *out of date.*

GRAEME DOUGLAS is the Hot Rod who didn't get his picture on the sleeve of "Life On The Line". This situation is more than ludicrous, because as lead guitarist and co-composer of the main bulk of the Rods' current material he

■ *Continues over page*

ANSWER: They're all EDDIE AND THE HOTRODS, slidin' on the moment and trying not to fall off. CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY hitches a ride as far as Islington.

■ *From previous page*

is — for the moment, at least — one of the dominant members of the band. It's all down to — you guessed — music business politics.

You see, Douglas used to be in The Kursaal Flyers, and at the time when he quit the group they'd just released their third album, which was also their first (and, as events turned out, their final) album for CBS. As a result of this, CBS are apparently unwilling to see him become fully assimilated into the Rods.

"Basically," opines Douglas, semi-supine in a rather tasteless neo-Bauhaus chair in one of the many nooks and crannies of Island Records' Hammersmith HQ, "all I can say about CBS is screw 'em. They've done nothing for me. They're just putting all kinds of problems in the way of me as a Rod because they say that they're convinced that I could have a solo career.

"To anybody with the slightest bit of common sense that's not really on because though my singing voice is adequate for back-up vocals — I can sing harmony quite well — it's definitely not strong enough for a featured vocalist.

"It's crazy. In my opinion they're just looking at it from profit-and-loss balance sheets. Basically, CBS are looking to regain the money they invested in the Kursaals.

"I think that with the greatest respect for the other guys that there is really only one who looks like putting something together that might pay off — unless Paul (Shuttleworth) is lucky with his solo career. So I think basically the lawyers and accountants at CBS are responsible for the hangups."

Yeah, must've been a bit of a choke not getting your mug on the "Life On The Line" sleeve.

Douglas concurs. "I think it's one of the most childish things I've ever heard for a multi-national corporation to get into machinations of that nature.

"Look, if they want a solo album I'll give it to them, and I'll give it to them *gladly* and I'll make it as good as I can, but I don't want to be messed about."

Yeah, but couldn't they just be paid off? Just give 'em back what they claim they're owed and call the whole thing quits?

Douglas doesn't give the impression that this suggestion is exactly a blindingly fresh approach to the problem.

"They still insist that I have a valuable and worthwhile solo career, so it's total impasse, so I think the ball's in their court. I'm gonna do nothing 'til I hear from them."

Good title for a song, that.

"It's been used, hasn't it?"

Oh, shit! Scratch one bright idea . . .

"My contract says I'm allowed to appear as a session musician with the Rods and I'm allowed to gig with them, but I'm not allowed to be a featured member of the band. If they could take a percentage of my shit they would, but that's what contracts are really all about, isn't it?"

This is beginning to sound like Derek and Clive's old "What's the worst job you've ever had?" routine. On to another topic of slightly greater relevance and lower aggro quotient: the Rods' songwriting situation.

The score on the "Teenage Depression" album was as follows. Dave Higgs: six songs on his own, plus two in collaboration with Ed Hollis; Pete Townshend, Joe Tex and Sam Cooke: one apiece. Tex, Townshend and Cooke not having been invited to supply material for "Life On The Line", the credits go to Douglas and Hollis (six songs, two in collaboration with bassist Paul Gray), one for Barrie Masters, Paul Gray and Steve Nicol, one for Douglas, Gray and Nicol and one each unaided by Paul Gray and Dave Higgs.

This low score by the man who was the principal composer on the previous album has given rise to mutterings about Higgs possibly being "eased out". Suggestions like this make Hollis and Douglas exceedingly upset.

Still, in the light of widespread critical complaints about Ed Hollis's contributions as a lyricist, it might've seemed more logical for Douglas — who by his own admission "can't write lyrics" — to have collaborated with the man who wrote some highly superior words on the first album.

"Yeah, it's weird the way that worked out," reminisces Douglas, "because at the time we were getting songs together for the album he was finding it very hard to write for some reason. I'm not really too sure why because he's a very private person and doesn't give too much away." He grins. "Inscrutable Dave Higgs."

I've never attempted to interview Dave Higgs, but I should imagine that he wouldn't be the world's most forthcoming interviewee.

"The funny thing about Dave is that sometimes he'll talk and be *so* entertaining but at other times he's just a blank. I don't know . . . I like Dave, I respect him and sometimes I think I'm quite close to him but I'd hesitate to say that I know what he's all about. You know, he remains a mystery to me.

"And so Ed said, 'Well, I'll write you some lyrics, you just write the music to them', and so that's the way we worked for that album."

So Dave Higgs welcomed the lessening of the pressure to come up with material?

"I think so, yeah. Towards the later part of last summer when we did the Marquee, it was the first time that the band started coming together as a unit again. It had taken that long to gell as a tight unit, and he seemed to be much more strong in what he was doing: driving the rhythm section and contributing exactly what he felt like contributing without there being any sort of pressure on him to write another album.

"I think he was basically happy to have the load taken off his shoulders, but I think he's getting back into writing a bit more. He had got a couple of songs that — when I had to do some demos for CBS — he said I could use if I wanted, and we just jammed through a couple. They were pretty good."

Me, I hope Higgs does get back into writing, because the combination of Douglas's powerful, sophisticated pop melodicism and Higgs' biting, astringent lyrics could result in some extraordinary songs. Because, after all, Higgs's "Beginning Of The End" — the urgent, driving song that climaxes "Life On The Line" with such power — is also the best showcase for Barrie Masters' singing. Given half a chance and a set of decent words, Masters can sing a song with such conviction that you'd think he wrote it himself, and on "Beginning Of The End", he achieves peaks of impassioned strength that I'd've thought were the undisputed province of Roger Daltrey.

ALONG WITH The Damned, The Jam and Elvis Costello, Eddie And The Hot Rods were part of the advance scouting party for what will definitely go down in rock and roll history as the 2nd British Invasion of the USA. And baby, if you think the Rods have an image problem over here you should a seen what the Yanks made of them.

For a kick-off, when "Teenage Depression" came out in the States, no less a writer than Robert Christgau (the so-called "Dean Of American Rock Critics") assailed the band for being just like the superstars by singing about cocaine. He was referring to the *"Spending all my money and it's going up my nose"* line in "Depression" — a major sociological blunder since the line's about sulphate rather than coke.

This time around, America got its lines crossed and expected the Rods to come on like The Clash.

"They were quite upset initially that they weren't. John Rockwell in *The New York Times* was very disappointed that we weren't preaching some sort of political revolution, but after America's initial surprise that we weren't coming on in plastic trousers and once they found out that we could play a bit they started treating us like a rock and roll band, and it went down pretty well.

"We got a good reception and we got amazingly good airplay on the single and the album. They actually wanted us to go back for six weeks which we really couldn't do because we wanted to do the British tour, so we said we'd come over with the next album and do it on that one."

Douglas saw Devo while he was over in the States — they also played with Tom Petty and "destroyed him", which gives them something else in common with The Boomtown Rats — and, somewhat to his surprise, dug them.

"I did like Devo, I must admit," he says, surprise still echoing in his voice.

"I found them interesting. It was very cyborgian but it was something that I hadn't really considered before — you know, getting reactions to something which was that clinical — but I did, and since then I've looked back on people like Bowie with new insight."

Another factor in Douglas's reawakening of interest in D.B. — he'd dropped out around the time of "Diamond Dogs" — was meeting him when Bowie and The Rods were both guesting on the last of Marc Bolan's TV shows. Bowie and The Rods came back to London on the same train and had what Douglas describes as "a nice chat".

"I asked him why he never did Michael Valentine Smith (the hero of Robert Heinlein's novel *Stranger In A Strange Land*, which Bowie was supposed to be filming before the idea was dropped) and he said it was because he didn't want to be a Martian all his life. And then we talked about political cybernetics and Euro-Communism."

Nice catchy topics. What exactly did D.B. mean by "political cybernetics?"

"I don't know whether I got it right or understood what he was talking about, but I think it was the idea that the actual party system was outmoded. It's a 19th Century concept. It really makes no difference whether you're red, blue, white, black, left, right, anarchist, redneck or whatever label you want to use. It's totally irrelevant to the type of society that we have now, and consequently it needs to be replaced by the type of system where information is continually available to be acted upon in real time.

"It's maybe time for the personality game to be eradicated and a far more global philosophy evolved.

"But I'm not in favour of political dogma in music. I've got no time for it because all you can actually say about politicians is 'ignore 'em. Don't believe what they say. Fuck 'em.' I'm a bit solipsistic — not to the extent that I consider myself the centre of the universe . . ."

I'm glad you said that, Graeme . . .

". . . but definitely to the extent that if the remedy to my situation is in my hands, then if I don't act I have only myself to blame and I have no cause for complaint."

THE FIRST time I really had a chance to talk to Ed Hollis he asked me if I liked the Rods. I told him that they were no way my favourite band, and he said that was cool because they weren't his either.

I have a friend who used to follow the Rods literally from gig to gig when Lew Lewis was in the band and lost interest in them when they quit playing R&B. I have another friend who dug them intensely around "Teenage Depression" time and transferred his allegiance elsewhere when they grew their hair long and stopped wearing leathers. I have a third friend who wasn't into them until "Do Anything You Wanna Do". No doubt the next thing they do will turn some people off and attract others.

At least the Rods take chances and keep moving. I very much doubt that they'll ever be my favourite band, but unless something goes drastically wrong, they'll always be making good radio singles, making kids get sweaty . . .

And riding the sliding moment.

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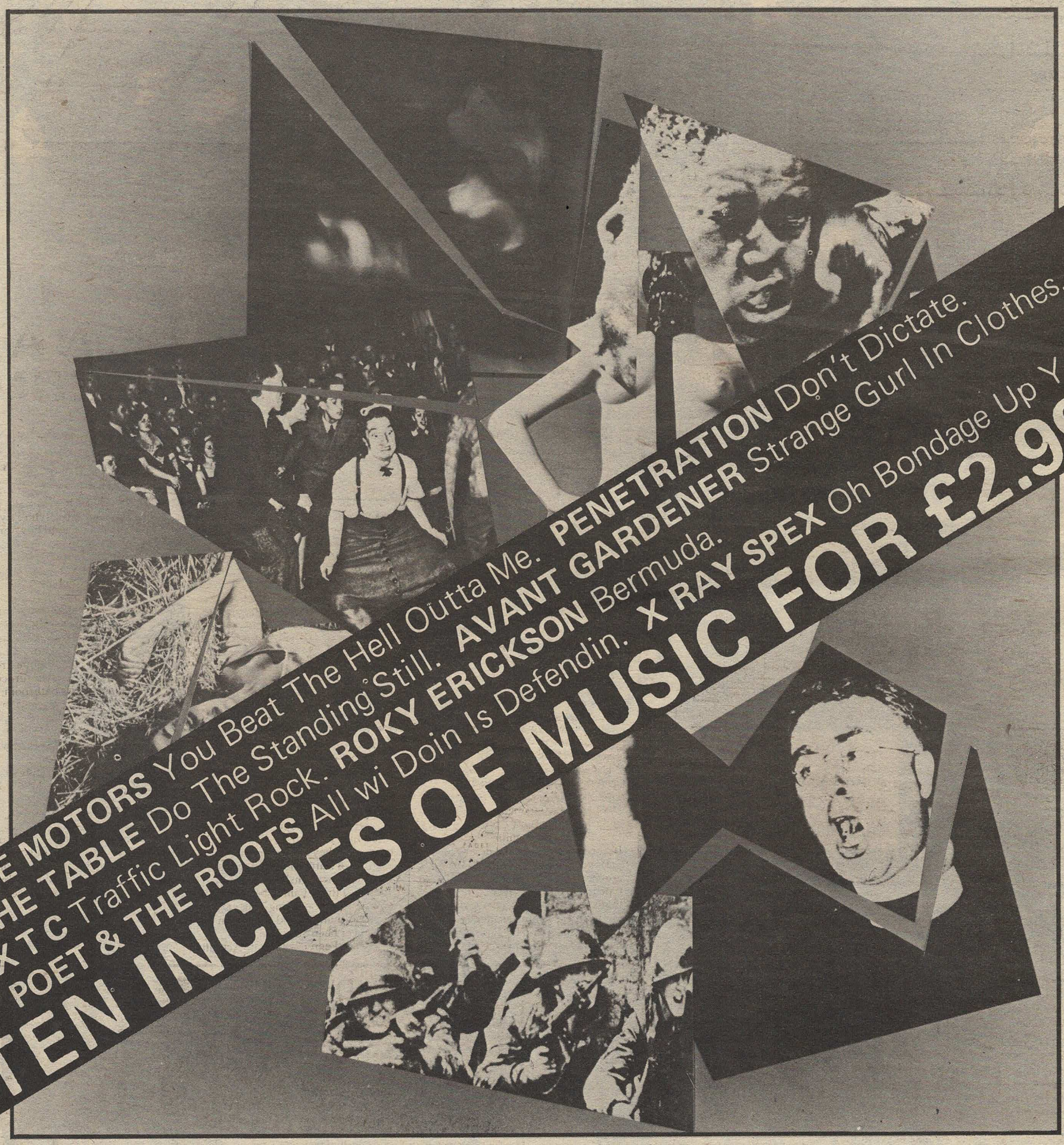
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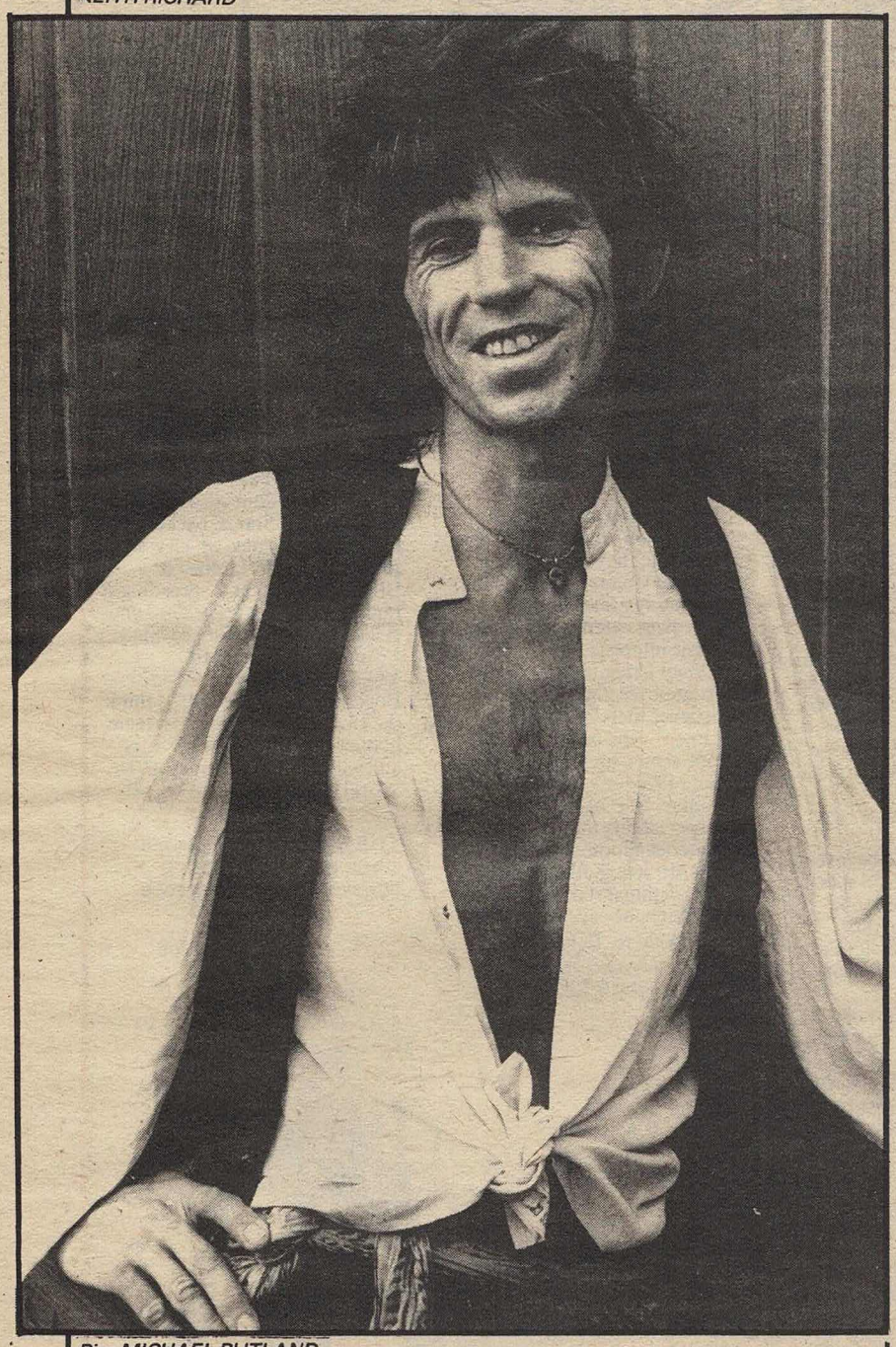
THRILLS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

KEITH RICHARD



Pic: MICHAEL PUTLAND

INSIDE INFORMATION

OKAY, OKAY, don't all ask at once. Just calm down a second and we'll tell you exactly what we got here in ***Thrills*** *this week. Right, lemme see . . . Page 12, Mr. Lowry, plus another of Mr. Tracy's looks into an uninviting future, this time with the unholy alliance of prepackaged rock'n'roll and American soccer . . . Page 14, the* ***amazing*** *Ms Millie Jackson . . . Page 15, the hideous L. Groover . . . Page 16, the regeneration of Generation X: the boys wonder come to grips with life's many problems . . . Page 18, a hippy they missed on the TV show Twink goes punk, psychedelic and schizoid . . . Page 19, Motorhead go speeding on . . . Page 20, Newcastle throws up a new R&B combo name of The Young Bucks . . . and on page 21,* ***Thrills*** *pins down Walthamstow bard Patrik Fitzgerald, and sends Mr. Farren out for a heart-to-heart with Monkee Mickee Dolenz, star of stage, screen and record (well, they must have played on* ***something,*** *mustn't they?) . . .*

KEEF EXPOUNDS HIS THEORY OF ETIQUETTE

NEVER TURN BLUE IN A STRANGER'S BATHROOM

KEITH RICHARD, who is currently living in Westchester County, 60 minutes' ride from Manhattan whilst out on bail awaiting his trial in Toronto on charges of possession of heroin with intent to sell, was interviewed recently for the new issue of *High Times* magazine, America's popular drug monthly. The magazine claims that Earl McGrath, president of Rolling Stones Records tried to persuade Keith not to talk, claiming that it could prejudice his case. Keith thought that was a bit soft.

High Times being virtually unobtainable over here due to customs hassles, *Thrills* brings you edited highlights.

The interview kicks off with writer Victor Bokris asking whether he had always felt it was his destiny to be a musician. Keef replies: "Well, when I used to pose in front of the mirror at 'ome, I was hopeful. The only thing I was lacking was a bit of bread to buy an instrument. But I got the moves off first, and I got the guitar later." Bedroom poseurs, take note.

Bokris wonders whether the Stones are likely to do a Rolling Thunder type tour. Yes, says Keef. "I think that's the way things have really gotta go. I can't see going around forever playing bigger and bigger baseball parks and superdomes."

The inevitable question is asked: can the Stones keep going for another 15 years? "Oh yeah. I hope so. There's no way to tell. We know a lot of the old black boys have kept going forever. A lot of the old black boys, the old blues players, and as far as we're concerned they're virtually playing the same thing. They kept going till the day they dropped.

"There's no denying that there's a high fatality rate in rock 'n' roll. Up until the middle '60s the most obvious method of rock 'n' roll death was chartered planes. Since then drugs have taken their toll, but all the people that I've known that have died from so-called drug overdoses have all been people that've had some fairly serious physical weakness somewhere."

Keef states his attitude to drugs quite openly: "I think that, personally, it's purely a matter of the person concerned. I mean, it's like a good blowjob. You know, in some States that's still illegal. It's just a matter of how far people are prepared to put up with so-called authorities prying into their lives. If they really don't want to accept it, then they'll do something about it, because there'll be no way they can enforce it."

Richard's attention is drawn to William Burroughs' statement in *Junky:* "I think I am in better health now as a result of using junk at intervals than I would have been if I had never been an addict."

"Yeah, I agree with that. Actually I once took that apomorphine cure that Burroughs swears by. Dr. Dent was dead, but his assistant, whom he trained, this lovely old dear called Smitty, who's like mother hen, still runs the clinic. I had her down to my place for five days, and she just sort of comes in and says, 'Here's your shot, dear, there's a good boy,' or, 'You've been a naughty boy, you've taken something, yes you have, I can tell.'

"But it's a pretty medieval cure. You just vomit all the time."

Had Richard ever been in a dangerous situation with drugs?

"No. I don't know if I've been extremely lucky or if it's that subconscious regulatory thing I've gotten, because I'm not extremely careful, but I've never turned blue in somebody elses's bathroom. I consider that the height of bad manners. I've 'ad so many people do it to me and it's really not on, as far as drug etiquette goes, to turn blue in somebody else's john."

Keef is obviously confident about what lies ahead.

"I feel very hopeful about the future. I find it all very enjoyable, with a few peak surprises thrown in. Even being busted . . . it's no pleasure, but it certainly isn't boring. And I think boring is the worst thing of all, you know, anything but boring.

"At least it keeps you active."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

I WANDERED LONELY AS AN INTELLECTUAL IN THE ROUNDHOUSE

"IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE ANY MONEY for old William, it's got to be a straight rock gig at a recognised venue. We don't want to scare people off with poetry and shit."

Now we all knew Wilko was one of yer literary types — he could have had a good job as a teacher if he'd got his multiple choices right — so it comes as no surprise to find him weighing in on the national effort to keep the recently discovered Wordsworth letters in this country. Well, not much of a surprise. Fond of the Romantics, are you, Wilk?

"Yes, Wordsworth was one of the first poets I ever read to any extent. I always wanted the Feelgoods to do the *Ode On Immortality* as a 12-bar, but Lee couldn't seem to get the delivery right." *(Sorry, I don't believe this bit — Ed.) (All right, so I made it up. The next bit's for real — T.I.G.)*

"And I often used to have fantasies, when I was a humble student, about businessmen who

couldn't see beyond the end of their cheque books selling manuscripts abroad, and how, when I was a millionaire, I would stop it happening. So when this old university chum who works at Dove Cottage *(that's where the Wordsworths used to hang out, science students)* talked to me about the Appeal, I suggested a rock concert.

"And it's a good opportunity for a gig in town."

And Blast Furnace, who's promised the punters a special guest appearance as The Idiot Boy? What does Wordsworth mean to the Heatwaves?

We in the band all love him," says Blast, "especially his concertos."

THE IDIOT GIRL

THRILLS

POP WORLD MOURNS AS PREFECTS SPLIT

THE PREFECTS, along with Subway Sect Birmingham's finest contribution to modern day rock exploration, have finally buckled in the face of ignorance and resistance.

Their intelligent, humour-streaked, often scary progressive rock (a dash of weirdness on our own shores) bore little relevance to mainstream punk; their difficulty in relating to the business and their uncompromising tactics resulted in their music reaching very few open ears. Those that were reached usually loved them. They were different, they really did experiment, they were fresh.

The Prefects in their present line-up play their last ever gig at Colwyn Bay Pier on Friday, February 17. They're top of the bill, but it's a long way from early last year when, somewhat incongruously, they performed to such a cold response at the Rainbow with The Clash, The Jam and Buzzcocks.

Perhaps with a little adaptation and weakening of ideals they, like those three bands,

could now have a string of records and a tour of Britain behind them. But that isn't, or wasn't, The Prefects.

Rob and Ted, vocals and bass respectively, aim to continue in some form, maybe using the name Prefects. They will retain such strong new pieces as "The Bristol Road Leads To Dachau" and "Going Through The Motions". Guitarist and drummer Roots and Paul go their own way, probably forming a group with a more orthodox rock sound.

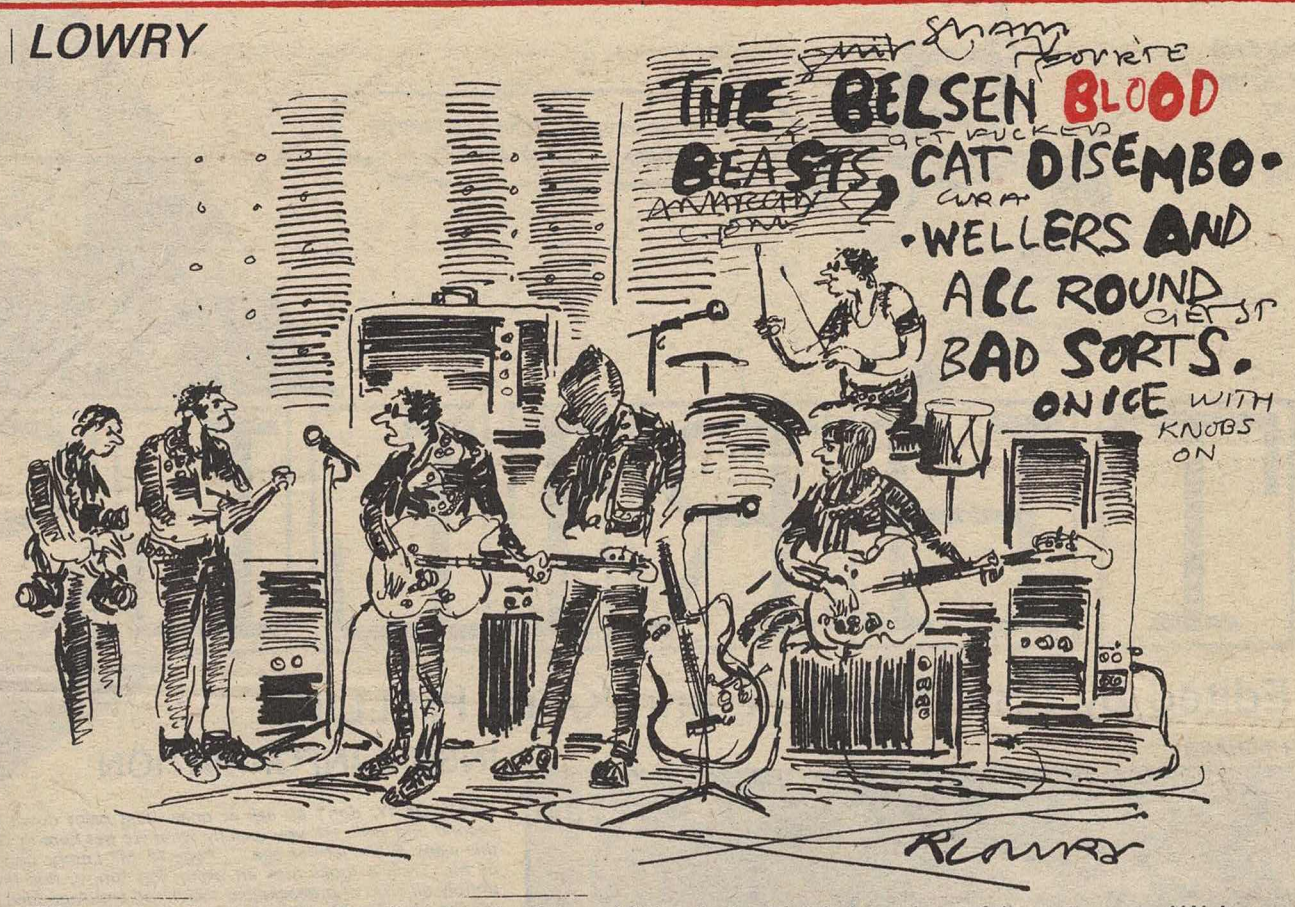
But the original Prefects are no more, and *Thrills,* if no one else, mourns.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

THE ROCK STARS WHO WOULD RATHER SCORE GOALS THAN COKE

LOWRY



"Of course we're not sensationalists copping free publicity via the trivial obsessions of the gutter press! We're serious and dedicated musicians who just happen to be neo-fascists, satanists, child molesters, rapists, bondage freaks, bank robbers and international terrorists."

SPORT IS NOW as much a part of the entertainment industry as rock, so it should come as no great surprise to learn that certain members of the music business have been investing heavily in the up-and-coming North American Soccer League. It's already been noted in passing elsewhere, so we figured *Thrills* we ought to look into this recent tie-up a bit more closely.

A syndicate of twenty investors have recently bought the Philadelphia soccer franchise, the 22nd to be sold and the third owned by the music business. Members of the syndicate include Mick Jagger and Rolling Stones manager Peter Rudge, Peter Frampton with managers Dee and Bill Anthony, Rick Wakeman and manager Brian Lane, and Paul Simon with his manager Michael Tannen. Also in the froup are music mogul Bill Graham, A&M chairman Jerry Moss, and Terry Ellis and Chris Wright, owners of Chrysalis Records.

Thrills spoke with Brian Lane, the only syndicate member resident in England, about how it came into being.

"Four years ago when I was in the States on tour with Yes," Lane told us, "I turned the TV on expecting to see football or baseball and there was a soccer match instead. It was Seattle vs Portland and they had a crowd of 40,000 people."

This set Lane thinking about the whole question of the future of football in America. It was obvious that once the USA got its teeth into any new sport it immediately became extremely promotion-orientated and inevitably successful.

Besides being a keen football fan, Lane was also already involved in the game as a businessman. He had put money into a company run by Ken Adam, who acted as an agent / manager figure for such top footballers as George Best, Rodney Marsh, Gerry Francis and Mick Channon.

By 1977, however, Lane had come round to thinking that he would like to *own* a football team, and the negotiations began. Because his role in football management clashed with his proposed new plans, providing a conflict of interests, Lane had to sell out his shares with Adam's company.

Then, having spoken with other interested parties and his lawyer Elliott Hoffman, Lane began to put together the syndicate, each partner owning equal shares.

Philadelphia was chosen because it's the fourth biggest city in the States, only 80 miles from New York, and has a good stadium, the Veteran, capable of holding crowds of up to 60,000.

Lane disclaimed knowledge of how much the whole venture was costing, but it's obviously an expensive business. Once they had the franchise and the stadium they had to hire office staff, a general manager, a coach and a scout, 64-year-old Gordon Clark, who in his time has played, coached and managed for a variety of top clubs.

According to American rules, there must always be two American players on the field at all times. Lane claims they didn't have the budget to compete in the bidding for top British players anyway, but they have bought Peter Osgood and former Republic of Ireland player / manager Johnny Giles.

Now all the pieces are in place, Lane is looking forward to the beginning of the season on April 1st with fingers crossed. He admits the whole deal is a gamble, but describes himself as a "speculative kind of animal", who likes taking calculated risks.

Football he claims is "the ultimate in punk entertainment". He believes that the traditional US sports have become too redneck orientated, and are too expensive, and he believes young people will relate much more to soccer.

One of the promotional devices they're using to hype the Philadelphia Furies shows a 7′ 6″ basketball player on one side, a 6′ 6″ 300lb football player on the other, and a relatively normal looking soccer player in the middle. The caption tells you: "You don't have to be 5′ 9″ and weigh 11 stone . . . but it helps." As Lane put it, "Soccer is the only competitive sport that you don't have to by a physical freak to make it in."

THE STARS of the NAS League are New York's Cosmos team and they're owned by Warner Communications Inc, the giant parent company which also owns extensive film and music interests. Their President, Ahmet Ertegun, who also runs Atlantic Records, obviously believes there's big money in the game. The recently retired Pele signed up with Cosmos in June 1975 for a cool $4.75 million, thus bestowing instant respectability on North American football in general and attracting other international stars like Franz Beckenbauer and George Best to play there. Before Pele signed, Cosmos attendances were around 6-8,000 people. Now gates reach as high as 77,000 and it's growing rapidly.

The third of the music business investors is Chicago's manager-producer James Guercio, who owns the Caribous franchise in Colorado. No doubt more will follow.

Plans are already under way for a major Indoor soccer League in the States, backed by eight major arenas, which is set to begin in 1979. Interest in British style soccer is spreading rapidly on a grass roots level and skills and styles are improving. Cosmos recently signed Yugoslav midfield star Vladislav Bogicevic, who boasted: "I think the Cosmos will be the best team in the world in about two years and will be able to beat even the World Cup champions."

THE MARRIAGE between soccer and showbusiness is however only one aspect of a

● *Next page*

Seen practising his exciting "technoflash" style of soccer — RICK WAKEMAN, owner of the Philadelphia Furies.

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● *From page 12*

much larger picture — the growing commericialisation of sport.

American TV networks recently paid a quarter of a billion dollars for four years' worth of pro football, confirming the huge attraction of live TV sport.

American cinema has already given us *Rocky* and *Slap Shot*, and there are numerous other sporting films set to follow, including Robert de Niro as a boxer in *The Raging Bull*. Roger Corman, a man with a keen eye for trends, recently teamed up with *Sports Illustrated* magazine to develop a series of sport-themed movies.

Skateboarding has already in its short life become saturated by commercial interests and sponsorships. Leading American skateboard promoter Don E. Branker claims skateboarding is not a fad. "It is solidly entrenched now - like surfboarding. Many companies have gone into the building of skateboards, costumes and accessories — and they are all making money. It has become an international sport."

Branker, who has already staged the world skateboard championship at Long Beach arena for a $25,000 purse, has plans for a UK skateboard championship at Wembley Stadium on March 18, with similar national competitions to follow in Spain and Italy.

As if to underline the links that exist between '70s style sport and other entertainment, Branker says: "There is a trick to skateboard promotion, but I won't tell anybody what. It is something akin to promoting rock and roll concerts."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

MILLIE JACKSON addressing 12,000 journalists. All pix: PENNIE SMITH

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR

A COLLEAGUE FROM ANOTHER PAPER and I were swopping reactions about Millie Jackson. He'd interviewed her in London; I'd caught up with her a couple of days later in Birmingham.

"She didn't say anything about me I hope, did she?" he queried.

She hadn't. "Why, did anything go wrong?" I wondered.

"Not really, no, but after I'd finished talking to her she just kinda slid off her chair, looked exhaustedly up from the floor, turned towards the door and called out 'Next'."

A bit like gangbanging really, these consecutive half-hour interview slots. Which is why I'd opted to meet Millie Jackson on the road. What I hadn't bargained for was running head-on into a decidedly tart reaction to the press from the lips of the person I was scheduled to interview.

As it happens I'd already talked to her twice on the phone, on top of which, being a fan, I knew most of the salient facts about her career anyway. So I hadn't planned anything formal; my idea was just to hang around to see what happened.

What was happening was that Millie Jackson was relaxing in the poolside bar of Birmingham's Holiday Inn, wearing a black sweater and brown leather pants, circulating amid one or two of her band and an assortment of interested parties and liggers.

I slipped into the scattered gathering and tuned in an ear.

"There was this fella in Manchester," she was saying, "kept asking me all kinds of dumb questions. I tried my best to answer him but he didn't seem to understand where I was coming from. Eventually I told him a lot of shit; it didn't seem to matter anyhow.

"Then there was this girl in London, came to interview me while I was trying to get something to eat. Spent most of her time asking, 'Are you sure you don't mind talking to me while you're eating.'

"I kept telling her I wasn't eating 'cause I was waiting for some questions. By the time her tape ran out nothing had happened."

Now I don't mind admitting that when you hear this kind of thing it puts you off your stroke. You know what I mean fellas? Have you ever been with a girl who's bad-mouthed the X number of lovers she'd wasted prior to tackling you? At best, it puts you on your guard; at worst it sure as hell deflates your business. And the same goes for the old on-going interview-type situation.

Still, I was cool. Hang on in there was the motto.

I had a quick word with Levi, Millie's lead guitarist and band leader. Here's a dude who never intended to get stuck in a backing band but couldn't resist Millie.

"She's the only person I'd be doing this for," he told me. "I'm normally happiest when I'm teaching music. I do that when we're not on the road. But accompanying Millie and helping to get the band in shape has been a very rewarding experience."

Same thing when I spoke to

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keyboard player Randy, who's shaping up an independent career as a songwriter (including material that has been, or is about to be, recorded by The Manhattans and Millie herself). "She's getting better all the time, and I'm learning so much by being with her," was the gist of his comments.

The same spirit had even infected DJ Andy Dunkley. A man with a flair for picking appropriate sounds for diverse sorts of gigs (on this tour he was playing Etta James and Irma Thomas among other delights), he gets to travel with a wide variety of acts and isn't particularly impressionable.

He buttonholed me at the bar. "Were you at Manchester last night?"

I hadn't been. "Aw man, sensational. This is one of the best tours I've been on for a long time."

Everybody loved Millie. And it seemed to her like the whole world was knocking on the door requesting interviews. Trouble was, as per usual, they were all asking the same questions.

At 3 pm she was back on duty. By that time I'd got to meet her and was accepted as part of the scenery.

"You're the fella I talked to on the phone last week, right?" Right first time. "You don't want to interview me again do you?" she asked, weary but game, as we elevated up to her suite.

Nope, I'm just hanging around making notes.

"Oh, that's all right then, go right ahead. You can nudge me if I fall asleep.

"OK," she told her press people as we reached the room, "wheel in the next one."

Now there's nothing unusual in all of this. Most American acts are put through the same grind when they visit Britain. The thing that impressed me was the way she handled it all. Millie is a rare combination of no bullshit honesty and astute professionalism. As in her music, so in person.

In the unlikely event that I ever manage an artist, her approach is exactly the one I'd advise for my charge. Take care of business but for chrissake be for real.

Sounds obvious, doesn't it? Obvious or not, it's not very often the two elements coincide.

There are a fair number of acts about who don't give a damn what they say; they'll just be themselves. But they're usually the ones who miss gigs, forget about interviews or mess up in some other way.

There's an even greater number who are slick as an oil patch when it comes to business but you'll never catch them with their public pants down. Even if they're sharp enough to give a good interview it'll just be well rehearsed patter.

Millie is that special kind of person who is accessible, always upfront and yet always prepared to snap into action for business. At least she was during her week in Britain.

In the five minutes between two radio interviews in her Birmingham hotel room she just sprawled face-down on her bed and exchanged small-talk with me; then, after the second interview, we all withdrew to allow her the first peaceful interlude since she arrived in the country.

It didn't last. Half an hour later it was time to step next door to the ATV studio for her appearance on the evening chat show. She was to be the oddball in what was basically a sports round-up.

There were no frills. It was just off the bed and round the corner to the studio in the same casual gear she'd been wearing at lunchtime.

In the green room, the ante-chamber to the actual studio, she came up against the other guest on the programme, Tommy Docherty.

A couple of minutes elapsed while each was told who the other was, then Tommy — who'd been given a copy of Millie's latest album, "Feelin' Bitchy" and was throbbing with the predictable response — slipped across the room to sit next to her.

"I'm very pleased to meet you Millie," he grinned. "Tell me, d'ya know anything about football?"

"Not a lot," Millie admitted good humouredly.

"Aye well," sighed Docherty, "that makes two of us."

As someone who knows less about football then Ms.J., I'm bound to say that Mr.D. was a great interviewee. But then so was Millie.

During the pre-transmission run-through, the co-presenter, Derek Hobson, broke the ice by asking, "Have you had a chance to see much of the country?"

"Not much," responded Millie, fixing him with a grin that filled the screen with sparkly teeth, "just a lot of men asking silly questions like, 'Have I had a chance to see much of the country'."

Which is more or less where I came in. I realise this hasn't been the regular sort of interview piece, but that's the whole point. If you want to get to know Millie, listen to her records. They are for real.

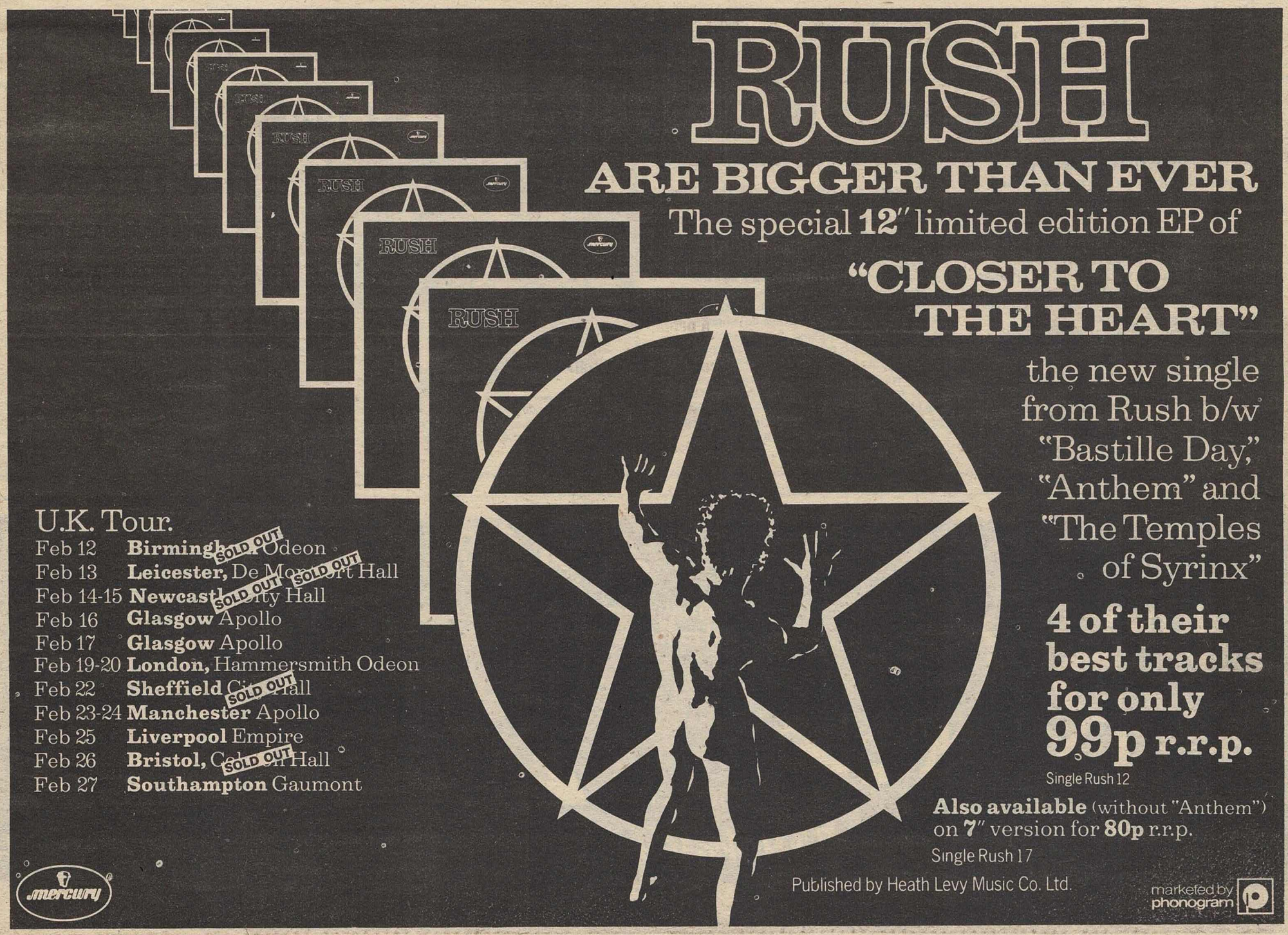
CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON

HIYA PHILBY!
ER, HULLO, LISTEN MAN, I WANNA GET IT T'GETHER ON STAGE BUT I DUNNO HOW TRENDS 'RE GOIN'...
I MEAN, SHOULD I BE RILLY REVOLTIN' AS IN PUNKOLLA OR D'YA THINK CLEAN CUT BEAT GROUPS 'RE GOIN' T'BE BIG?
THING IS, I'D LIKE T'BE MUCHO ORIGINAL WITH A NEW TYPE OF ACT.....
Y'VE GOT T'BE HONEST, PHILBY, EXPRESS Y'SELF.
JUST ASK WHAT YA RILLY ARE, HEADWISE....
ER, SIGHO, I SUPPOSE I'M SCHIZOPHRENIC.
MARVEY, IT'S TIME THAT DOUBLE ACTS CAME BACK.
HEY! I'LL CALL M'SELF TH' PHILBIES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Feb 17 Glasgow Apollo
Feb 19-20 London, Hammersmith Odeon
Feb 22 Sheffield City Hall
Feb 23-24 Manchester Apollo
Feb 25 Liverpool Empire
Feb 26 Bristol, Colston Hall
Feb 27 Southampton Gaumont
SOLD OUT
Published by Heath Levy Music Co. Ltd.
mercury
marketed by phonogram

GEN X (L-R): T. James, M. Laff, B. Idol, D. Erwood. Pic by PAUL COX. Billy Idol back-projections by SHEILA ROCK (left) and GARY MERRIN (right).

GENERATION X's ELUSIVE GOOD GAME

GENERATION X, TOWARDS THE END of last year, were beginning to look like the picture of The Beach Boys in Nik Cohn and Guy Peellaert's *Rock Dreams*.

That's the one in which, after the innocence of their surfing days, they were at a crossroads where they couldn't quite make up their minds whether to stick with what they knew or float off to the magic canyons of the California hippies.

Likewise Generation X.

Now, no way are the band either hippies or surfers, but you could say that the last year has been one of limbo and indecision in their ranks.

Back in the early days of Andy Czezowski's Roxy Club (December '76 to February '77) Generation X were the brightest and most exciting band outside of the few that trekked from cancelled gig to cancelled gig on the Anarchy tour.

Since those halcyon days, however, there's been only a patent lack of inspiration on the ideas front as the band dart from polito-rock to heavy metal via "Wild Dub" and The Sweet.

In guitarist Derwood and drummer Mark Laff they have the basis of one of the hardest rocking combos, but so far — in two singles — have done little to excite.

Now at last things are looking up, with a change of producer to Stranglers man Martin Rushent, who already has one serious contender for the single of the year with Buzzcocks' "What Do I Get".

He could have another in the soon to be released "Ready Steady Go". Even coming at a time when the ludicrous term Power Pop looms ready to numb any of the threat that good old snotty punk posed last year, it's an excellent piece of vinyl. One hearing was enough to convince that the platter is easily Gen X's best to date, with crystal clean guitar embellishments over a rough — almost live — power chord job on a strong, simple song.

Generation X ended last year with a couple of one-off dates in London. Backstage at one of them, at the Croydon Greyhound, bass player and chief songwriter Tony James chatted quietly and intelligently about the band.

"This band has been plagued with so many problems," he says exasperatedly. "It's unbelievable. Every time we're on the verge of going somewhere, something happens and we're fucked up."

Generation X's first mistake was to pick the guy who had done all those trashy Sweet and Rollers records of a couple of years back to produce their first two singles. For what they were, Phil Wainman did a fine job on those records, but Generation X found that the sound they were getting in his studios was just a bit *too* poppy for their liking.

"I respect Phil a lot though," says Tony, "but both 'Wild Youth' and 'Your Generation' sound as if they've been *made* rather than recorded"

Then the projected Generation X album was thrown back last month when the dynamic managerial duo of the entrepreneurial Stuart Joseph and ex-journalist John Ingham ceased to exist. Ingham has now fled to the States, disillusioned with Generation X and Tony James in particular, leaving the band totally in Joseph's hands.

When the album does eventually surface (currently it's scheduled for March/April release), it should be pretty interesting. See, Gen X are toying with putting out a dub version ...

A dub of a rock record was inevitable. But if the idea was a worthwhile one in some ways, the resultant trial run with "Wild Dub" was superficial, employing every cliche in the book. The wedding of punk and reggae — as in that Jah Punk craze of a few months back — only served to dilute the strengths of both musics in a bastard mess. Still, it's good that Gen X haven't been discouraged.

As for the probable material on the album, some pointer may have been given at those gigs played at the end of last year, which were notable for a batch of new songs and a good version of the Johnny Kidd classic "Shakin' All Over". The Kidd song was the idea of Billy Idol who — even last year when it was unhip — has never hidden his love for the music of the late '50s and early '60s. He treats the song with the respect it deserves.

Three new songs definitely scheduled for the album are "Promises, Promises", "The Invisible Man" and "One Hundred Punks". Of these, the first is probably the finest thing — in terms of melody and toon

● *Next page*

HERE'S ONE MOVIE THAT WON'T BOMB OUT . . .

IF YOU'RE WORRIED about the possibility of the wrong people getting their hands on an atomic bomb —read no further.

***Sitting On A Mushroom* is an upcoming CBS TV-movie based on the true story of John Aristotle Phillips, a student at Princeton University who made the headlines in 1976 after he designed his own atomic bomb using information he photocopied at the offices of the Federal Energy Administration.**

Producer Mark Carliner recently talked to Richard Hack (!) of the *Hollywood Reporter* about this unusual guy.

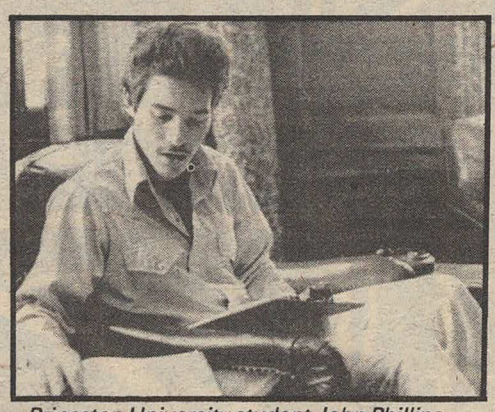
"Here we have a kid who is flunking out of Princeton. He's on suspension because he's so involved in extracurricular activities. And he sets out to design an atomic bomb. And then, not only does he *do* it, but after he does it, the Pakistan government and the SLA try to steal the plans. And this real-ly happened — *in New Jersey!*"

The story, of course, concerns this boy, who is essentially a novice, and what happens to him when he is jettisoned into the limelight. Girls are chasing him around campus. And, of course, the perils of the Pakistanis and the SLA.

"What is really frightening is that this kid was able to go to Washington and walk into the Atomic Energy Commission and copy the plans to the Los Alamos project, with certain passages deleted. These plans are public documents! Included were floor plans of every nuclear installation in this country, right down to where the plutonium is stored and how it is guarded.

"John's point is that a terrorist group could easily get hold of an atomic bomb, fit it to the top of an automobile and blow up Manhattan. It's a very bizarre story with comic overtones."

Carliner's footnote to this story is even stranger.



Princeton University student John Phillips — from spare-time atom bomb designer to budding film star. A versatile sort of chap . . . Pic: AP Wire

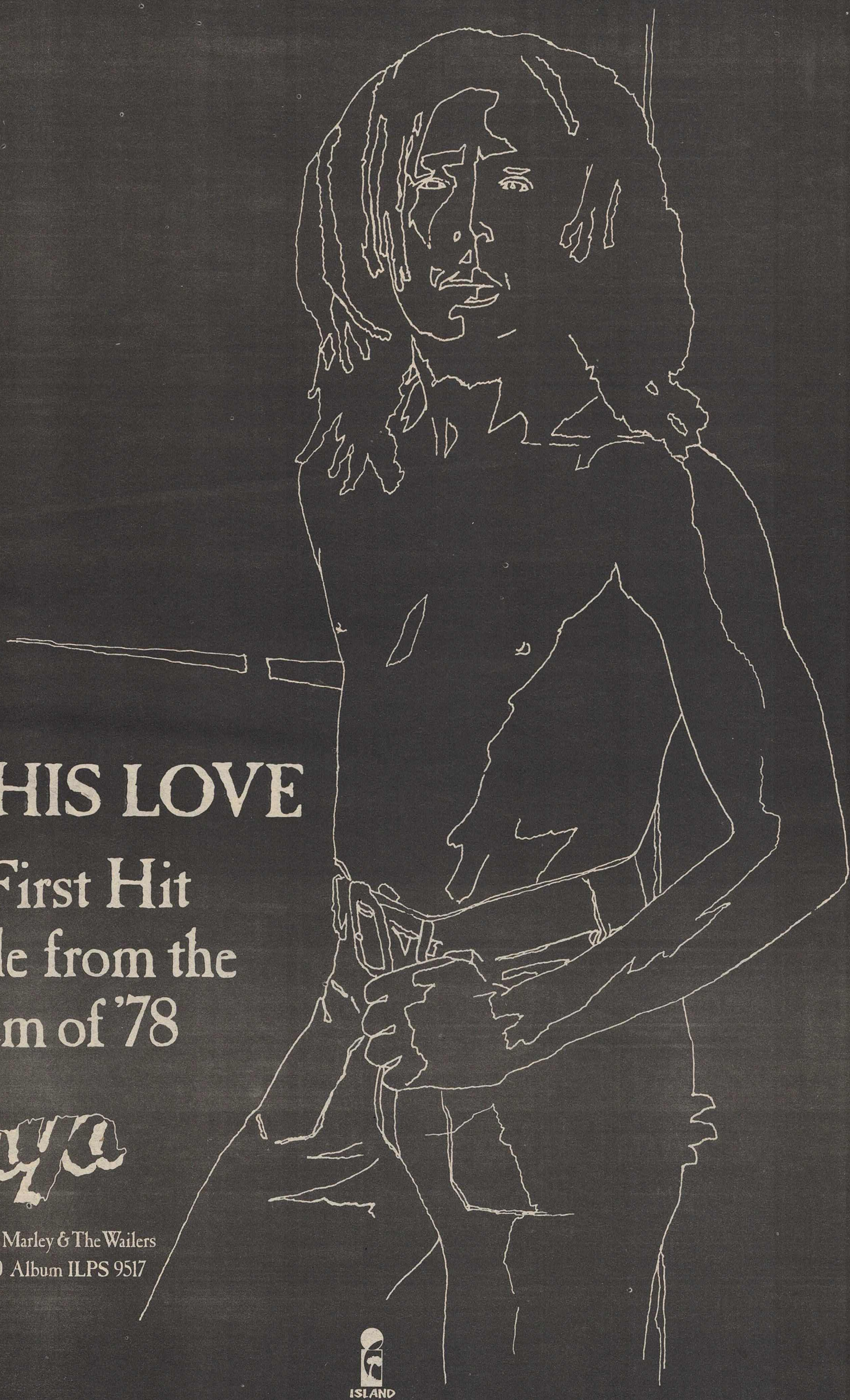
"When he was designing his bomb, John couldn't figure out what kind of explosives were used to detonate the implosion that's necessary for the reaction. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki, they used TNT, which is now considered Stone Age. So he called up DuPont and spoke to a chemist, explaining that he was doing this paper on the design of an atomic bomb — and for the price of a phone call, this chemist told him the name of the explosive that DuPont was supplying to the US Government. And then he had it all."

Not surprisingly, perhaps, John Aristotle Phillips would not sell the film rights unless he could play himself. This *Rocky*-style ploy paid off. As Carliner puts it: "You don't fool around with an atomic bomb designer. The guy is a genius."

DICK TRACY THRILLS

Hard To Get
The new single from The Rubinoos . . . out now!
HEAR IT . . . on all good radio stations, BUY IT . . . as soon as you can get your hands on it!
the Rubinoos . . sounds like . . 2 Canoes
Beserkley Home of the Hits
BZZ6
First 10,000 blah . . . blah . . . blah
The Rubinoos like Girls, Making Music, and You buying their records.

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS



IS THIS LOVE

The First Hit
Single from the
Album of '78

Kaya

Produced by Bob Marley & The Wailers
Single WIP 6420 Album ILPS 9517

ISLAND

● *From previous page*

— that the band have done. Yet in a way that only makes it all the more depressing that the lyrics concern a familiar old warhorse — the hang-ups of being a rock'n' roll star.

Generation X, in fact, are no slouches in writing songs about rock'n'roll and the new wave — "From The Heart", "New Orders", even "Ready Steady Go" — but it's beginning to look too much like they are just living in their own private rock'n'roll world.

As it is, "Promises" supercedes Generation X's previous attempts at this sort of thing. It deals with the vital Catch-22 of being in a band – the big sell-out — with a few witty twists on old Bowie/Hunter lines for good measure.

"We started out with guitars and hate/Our flats in the sky we couldn't wait/With our legs apart and our amps turned up/The stages caught fire and the charts blew up.

"Do You remember the Promises Promises/I do-oooh/Do you remember the promises promises?/I do-ooo . . .

"And now you get your gear from Marks and Sparks/And punks are taking over the Top Of The Pops/You think you're having a real good time/But watch out kid 'cos you're next in line."

Hearing the song for the first time I was taken back to an interview with the band, over a year ago. Four of us sat huddled in the back of a freezing car one night in Neal Street WC2, as Billy and Tony gave out Change-the-world-kids-political-party spiel.

As it dawned on them, and us all, during last year that rock bands don't work on that level, Generation X changed policy to the We're-just-a-rock'n'roll-band line.

Promises promises indeed.

Still, more to blame for that than bands themselves were the media who splashed naive lyrics uncritically over their A to Z punk pull-outs.

As Tony points out, "You soon realise that kids are going to cry sell-out when you move from the small places to the big halls, dressing rooms and stages. It's a sad fact, but the limos are comfier than the buses!"

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

Young Twink (left) in the Strangers (1964) and in The Pink Fairies (3000 years later).

OLD FAIRY LEAVES HOME. . .

TWINK TAKES SPROUTS TO BRUSSELS

A NOSTALGIC FLASHBACK: Nov. 3, 1964. A reader's letter in *The Daily Express* wails: "Now I've heard everything. We've had The Kinks, The Pretty Things and The Yardbirds, but calling a group Fairies is going a bit far."

Elsewhere in the same paper, a news item describes how Twink, King Fairy, was in the dock in Colchester magistrate's court for climbing 15ft up a statue.

AND: in *The Daily Mirror,* Nov. 16, 1964, a picture caption announcing — "The Fairies, a new beat group starting on the road they hope will lead to fame." The occasion was the Decca release of the group's debut single, an electric version of Dylan's "Don't Think Twice It's Alright" produced by Mike Leander.

When interviewed, Twink (drummer) stated that his favourite drink was bitter and milk, and that his ambition was to own a Jaguar car.

NOW, 14 years later, with the release of his new record — "Do It '77"/"Psychedelic Punkeroo" (Chiswick) a mere five days away, Twink is hanging up his drumsticks and quitting the grey climes of the UK for the hopefully-not-so-grey climes of Brussels . . . without ever having owned a Jaguar car!

Happened along the way? Is this old soldier threatened by the new wave? Can a man who's survived dancing naked in the Speakeasy and notoriety as a skins-ace for Keith West and Tomorrow, The Pretty Things, 1970 heavy metal *Star Trek*-acid rockers Pink Fairies, and even a brief solo career . . . can this man be *serious?*

"The reason I'm leaving is that I haven't made it in England," Twink states calmly as we sit in his Ladbroke Grove flat and thumb across scrapbooks and memory lane. "It's impossible for me to find work here. I'm a family man now. I have to think of them first.

"I'm not sad, or sorry or groaning. It's just the way things have gone. I don't know what I'll be doing in Brussels. I'll have to wait and see. My wife has family there. Maybe I'll write a couple of books, you know."

If we take Twink out of underground cult-status, how close has he been to fame, fortune and tax-exile status?

Twink reflects:

"I can look at the scene today and see a pattern that I've experienced twice before. First you have the build-up. I think the new bands are doing a good job; they've got the energy and they're using it.

"Then the money people move in with changes and ideas. Maybe they split a good thing up to make more money, or turn a blind eye to it and stop the development. Either way, you get destruction.

"Take Keith West and Tomorrow with the 'Teenage Opera'. We were one of the first acid bands. That split because of the money people. They wanted the band as one entity and Keith as another.

"And then there was The Pretty Things. We released "S.F. Sorrow", nine months before The Who's "Tommy" — we were there, you know. We had a great album. America was calling. But nothing happened. We had no back-up. All the promises were just verbal. It was really weird. I've never really been able to figure that one out."

During his stint with The Pink Fairies, financial gain was even more elusive, which is hardly surprising because the *people's* band usually had a guest list that numbered in the hundreds.

BESERKLEY BANDS DOWN YOUR WAY...

EARTH QUAKE TYLA GANG

This Friday, Salford University, Manchester
This Saturday, Warwick University, Coventry
Wednesday, 22nd, Eric's, Liverpool
Friday 24th, Barbarella's, Birmingham
Sunday 26th, Roundhouse, London

New Album, Leveled
(BSERK 7/BSERC 7)
New E.P., Earth Quake Chartbusters
(BZZ11)...out now!

This Sunday, Odeon, Birmingham
Monday, De Montfort, Leicester
Tuesday, City Hall, Newcastle
Wednesday, City Hall, Newcastle
Thursday, Odeon, Edinburgh

New Album, Yachtless
(BSERK 11/BSERC 11)
New Single...out soon!

Be there...or miss out!

Beserkley
Home of the Hits

Lemmy (on right) in Motorhead, and (further right) in the money.

BUT LEMMY LURCHES ON

From out of the fog tumbles another landmark: a disastrous gig with Syd Barrett's Stars topping the bill above The MC5 at the Cambridge Corn Exchange. Syd wanted to get back into live work. Twink put the band together. It lasted two weeks. Bad reviews, a terrible P.A. system and not enough rehearsals killed that dream.

Even way back in '64-'65 Fate was unkind. Jimmy Page played lead guitar on the debut Fairies single. Aboard Radio Caroline, Tony Blackburn raved about the band. With proper management guidance who knows what might have happened?

What *did* happen was the band fell apart when the lead singer was jailed on a manslaughter charge after causing the death of two people in a car accident.

Mention of the accident prompts Twink into revealing: "I've almost been killed three times in the past year! I had a bad car accident. Then in hospital, two days after my operation, I was attacked. Some guy tried to stab me. He was in an oxygen tent and the nurses hadn't topped him up enough. He went berserk.

"Then a month ago I was on a 31 bus when the wall and scaffolding of a house came down on the roof."

The demise of The Rings is also somewhere in the accidental history of Twink in '77. The band lasted for one platter — "I Wanna Be Free" (Chiswick) — and the knives were sharpened: Twink didn't fit the image of the group. They left and joined The Gorillas.

Twink emerged as the Psychedelic Punkeroo and, between the notes, designed a series of badges with the slogans: I WANNA BE FREE, NO HEROES, ACID PUNK, DO IT, THE RINGS ROLLED ME, FREE WAYNE KRAMER.

So what's in the pipeline for a Brussels' future? "I'm due to record with the French new wave band Bijou for Skydog Records in Paris," he says — then mentions that the songs on the forthcoming single are in fact part of a larger project called Germania, a concept set in underground Berlin during the Sex Olympics of 1988.

When I accuse him of leading me up the garden path with a cheap PR retirement scam, he is adamant: "I'm packing it in. I've been playing since 1958. I had a lot of fun in the early '60s. Now it's time to do other things. I might have a farewell gig with The Lightning Raiders backing me, but that's all in the air. Then that's it. Finished . . ."

Well, we'll see. There's a new Twink badge due shortly. It says: NOSTALGIA IS DEAD. I'd be very surprised if Twink was one of the people to bury it.

JAMIE MANDELKAU

THRILLS

NO EAR MUFFS IN COLWYN BAY

"MACHINES, MACHINES machines!" We are somewhere north of Birmingham, just a few minutes out of the last pinball stop, and already Phil Taylor is yearning for the thwack of the flippers, the clatter of the score counter. Motorhead play the machines at every opportunity, with almost religious fervour.

With skill that comes from long hours of practice, they have all three just thrashed me on the rifle range, the aerial dog fight, the wild west shoot out and the grand prix racing game. In the mini-bus, Phil wonders whether you can get portable TV games. The band pass round Carlsberg Specials and swap World War II magazines. The Dixieland Showbar, Colwyn Bay, is three hours away.

Lemmy used to live in Colwyn Bay, has unhappy memories of working in a local factory. "They told me to get my hair cut or get a hair net — said it was a hazard." So he split for Manchester and joined The Rocking Vicars, whose claims to fame include being the first pop group to play behind the Iron Curtain, in some weird cultural exchange deal.

"We got the Yugoslav Youth Orchestra or something; they got The Rocking Vicars!"

Still, he did get to meet Tito.

All that was more than ten years ago, part of a history that includes roadying for Hendrix and, of course, bass toting with Hawkwind. Lemmy isn't too interested in history. What matters now is the earth pounding, ear crushing, tooth trembling sonic avalanche of Motorhead.

Motorhead are a bit coy about their reputation for loudness. "Well, we do try to be loud," Phil concedes at last. "We try to send our fans away with ringing ears. But we didn't sit down and think, right we're going to be the loudest band in the world. We all just play loud naturally. I've always hit the drums pretty hard, and Lemmy has the reputation for being loud — because he's partly deaf."

Mention of rivals in the sheer volume stakes makes the truth clearer, perhaps. "Ted Nugent? He ain't loud, not for the size of hall he plays in. I've seen his band at Hammersmith Odeon twice, and compared to seeing Motorhead in a place like this" (capacity 1,000) "they're not loud. Besides which, he's a turd — he wears ear muffs. What's the point in having all that volume if you can't hear it?"

Yup, when it comes down to it, noise is big part of Motorhead mania. I mean, the other night, some geezer was actually sticking his head inside the P.A. bins.

"Yeah, we get all the lunatics," Phil agrees happily. "All the people with blood running out of their ears when they leave the gig. We go home safe knowing we've deafened a few — which is all part of growing up and being in Motorhead."

■ *Continues over page*

WIRE

PINK FLAG

THE ALBUM & THE TOUR

SHSP 4076

8th Feb	NOTTINGHAM Sandpipers
9th Feb	LEEDS F. Club
10th Feb	NEWCASTLE Guild Hall
11th Feb	HULL University
14th Feb	KEIGHLEY Nikkers
17th Feb	WEST RUNTON Pavillion
18th Feb	DUDLEY J.B.'s
19th Feb	CROYDON The Greyhound
20th Feb	BIRMINGHAM Tiffany's
21st Feb	NORWICH Toppers
22nd Feb	LONDON Lyceum
24th Feb	RETFORD Porter-House
25th Feb	OXFORD New Theatre
2nd Mar	MANCHESTER Rafters
3rd Mar	HARLOW Technical College
4th Mar	COLCHESTER Essex University
10th Mar	HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic
15th Mar	EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens
17th Mar	BRIGHTON Sussex University
21st Mar	LONDON The 100 Club
22nd Mar	WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette

HARVEST

MO' MOTORHEAD

● *From previous page*

Out on stage, support band The Winders gradually thaw out the 350 or so audience, get the head bangers to their feet and earn an encore. A souvenir stall does a good trade in Motorhead badges and posters. Backstage, Motorhead gloomily receive the news that they don't go on till 11.30, aren't likely to leave before 2 a.m. It's a six-hour trek to London.

"Are we loud enough for you?" Lemmy demands, his bass stack shuddering visibly as he strums a chord. Loud enough? Christ, it's like being wired to some giantic vibrator — not a sound, more of a sensation.

You can't really label this audience — no punks, no obvious heavy metal freaks. Maybe North Wales doesn't care about trends — certainly, Motorhead ain't particularly trendy.

"People ask us, are you punks or what," says Lemmy, fixing the front row with a menacing stare. "That's bullshit, I don't care what colour your hair is, what clothes you wear. If you dig the music, that's what it's all about," he announces, to a chorus of cheers and a sea of peace signs. Colwyn Bay thought Motorhead were the best thing to hit them since The Stranglers, back in October.

Listen, maybe you thought Motorhead were just a bunch of old bozos clinging desperately to archaic heavy metal, like those Japanese soldiers who used to turn up in the jungle years after Hiroshima, refusing to believe it was all over. Not so. Never mind your trendy poses, Motorhead are the essence of rock, cranked up through a 2,000 watt sound system, with the basic rock and roll madness flowing in their veins.

"Motorhead," Lemmy explains, "is American slang for speed freak. I originally wanted to get a band like The MC5 together. In fact, it ended up not sounding anything like The MC5."

But with the same spirit perhaps?

"Maybe. But that's because a lot of amphetamines are involved. And The MC5 were well into amphetamines."

In the three years since Motorhead formed (originally with drummer Lucas and guitarist Larry Wallis) the band has never got beyond the cult following stage, a position which they are anxious to change. An abortive contract with United Artists resulted in an album that was never released, and kept them inactive, record wise, for a year. Two sides were cut for Stiff, "White Line Fever" and "Leaving Here", which eventually found their way onto the Stiff compilations, and are available as an import single on the French Skydog label..

The Chiswick album, "Motorhead", has given them something of a "new wave credibility", but hasn't earned much loot. Since then manager Tony Secunda has stepped in, and is taking the band into the studios next month. No label has been named yet, but they're hoping to see some real action with a new deal.

"I see us mainly in America," says Lemmy, "because there's more scope there — more room in the States to do whatever you're doing and get accepted. Over here there's only one fashion at a time, and if you haven't got that fashion you get lost in the crush."

Fame and fortune in '78? "I'll be famous, but I'll never be rich. If I had a million dollars a day I'd spend it all on goodies." Pin tables in the back of the limos, I guess.

PETE SUTTON

THRILLS

YOUNG BUCKS AND OLD-DIME R&B MUSIC

"WE WANT TO PUT SEX back into music," enthuses Young Bucks guitarist Tony Wadsworth. Originally a kind of R&B juke joint outfit, the last year or so has seen the Newcastle-based Bucks gradually refining their own special *sound*. Absorbing the more durable qualities of new wave, they have arrived here in beat conscious '78 with a kind of hard, muscular approach that's at once listenable with the added attraction of total danceability.

It comes as no surprise, then, that the gigs are always hot, crowded affairs drawing a predominantly female audience ("we aren't complaining") and in accordance with Wadworth's original statement, the set radiates a definite sensuality — nearer to The Doors than the asexual condescension

Pix: RIK WALTON

THE BARD OF STRATFORD

(LONDON E15)

THE FAG END OF JANUARY, rain coming down like scratches on an old black and white movie, a grey Tuesday in Walthamstow and a sky that hadn't seen a rainbow in a long time.

The place was Small Wonder Records, the time was now! Small Wonder, as its title suggests, is not a monolithic multi-national company run along ITT lines. It's a record shop with its own label, boasting four releases to date, the fourth of which displays the manifold talents of Patrik Fitzgerald.

That's right, Patrik Fitzgerald. Whaddya mean, WHO? Don't you read the singles reviews any more? OK, for the less observant: Patrik Fitzgerald scored Single Of The Week from Charles Shaar Murray a couple of weeks ago.

It's a zippy five track opus, retailing at 85p a shot, "Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart" is the name. Originally 2,000 copies were pressed, but now, due to popular demand — as they say — a further 5,000 have been pumped out. CSM's review certainly helped to generate interest, and it's been heard on the Jonathan King and John Peel programmes (Patrik's recording a session for Peel for future broadcast).

So who is this man Fitzgerald? A myth wrapped in an enigma? Well, actually, no. He's a 21-year-old East Ender, ex-rhythm guitarist with a local reggae band (the token white in the line-up) and a veteran of 26 gigs at places like the Marquee, Vortex and Roxy, just him, his guitar, his poems and his songs.

Funny little songs they are too, similar to the sort of stuff John Otway's been getting away with recently, simple and catchy, but sung in an intense and committed style. He's an original, and deserves to be heard.

The old equation of singer plus guitar equals folk singer doesn't apply in his case, though.

"I've never considered myself a folk singer. I went to a couple of folk clubs, and they were pretty boring, escapist sort of stuff. The songs I do are a return to basics, just me and a guitar.

"I don't want to be tied down with a group, it can be restricting. At the moment it's just me, which is fine as there's more scope on your own, so if a song doesn't go okay at a gig, I can stop, either do it again, or read a poem."

Pix: RICHARD WALLIS

It's inevitable, I suppose, that Fitzgerald will be branded by the punk stigma (signed to a small label, short hair — he even, gasp, wears *safety pins* through his *pink* trousers!) but he's willing to tote that cross for a while.

"I suppose I *am* part of the punk thing, yeah, but Leytonstone, where I live, is a long way from the West End, so I didn't really get involved in punk until quite late. But punk can only go so far. I get sick of listening to bands whose words you can't hear. My songs are designed so that you can hear the words, and hopefully influence people.

"I'd disagree that there is 'No future', I think there *is* a future. Anything that says anything about anything is good. Even if you say something negative, it's a positive step. I think a lot of good things have come out of punk, the fanzines, people designing and selling their own clothes, the small independent labels — but even they are becoming part of the business.

"Stiff were round recently, and were interested in signing me, but I'd rather stay here on Small Wonder. It's legitimate and you're in direct contact, there's only Pete and Marion. The people who run the larger labels, they're so out of contact, it's a business for them, and I don't want to end up being marketed like washing powder."

All well and laudable, but can you avoid the business side? You've already got a manager — the first step on the laddder of rock' n' roll perdition. From there you could end up jaundiced in hotel rooms writing songs about 'the road' and the day-to-day angst of the rock business.

"Well, I've only had a manager for a week — he's a friend of Pete's — and he's just arranging gigs and things at the moment, 'cos I'm not on the phone at home.

"As for writing, well, I obviously write about what I experience, and this past week I've been experiencing the business side of things, but that's irrelevant to write about. Sort it out in conversation, sure, but it's the pits to write a song about it."

After some thought, the only influence Patrik could cite was Bowie, simply "because he sang in a Cockney accent, and didn't put on a phoney American accent." He hated his sister's Beatles records. So when did the writing start?

"Oh, when I was 16 I suppose. At school, people used to get on at me about my size and pick on me." The kid who was always getting sand kicked in his face? "Yeah, that sort of thing. But I used to think, 'Don't worry about me, I'm gonna be a pop star. If Marc Bolan can do it, then so can I!' "

Without the aid of tea leaves (tea bags aren't the same) it's hard to say what the future holds for Patrik Fitzgerald. The single is selling to everyone's satisfaction, and there's a couple more due out before the debut album. He's got about 24 songs on tape, "and there's my poems — maybe I'll do something along the lines of John Cooper Clark."

Patrik's already had one fan letter, from Edinburgh ("funny really, I've never been near Edinburgh") and one blackmail threat.

If he finds he can't write any more, he says, he'd like to go to the Bahamas. "I'd like to be a cult hero," says the fresh-faced youth. You and me both kid, but the odds are more in your favour at the moment.

PATRICK (No relation) HUMPHRIES

THRILLS

of groups like The Stranglers, to whom they've (unjustly) been compared.

Pat Rafferty's organ style *is* Manzarek influenced (at least he admits it) and Archie Brown's vocal delivery also borrows from the Lizard King. But don't let that give you the impression it's a straight re-creation show. In amongst home-grown numbers of great verve and variation come lovingly crafted versions of Jackie Wilson's "Lonely Teardrops", Clarence Henry's "Ain't Got No Home", and a nuclear rendition of "I'm Down" which makes you realise how dated The Beatles' original sounds these days.

"The lyrics to that could belong to a Pistols tune," opines Tony. "It's the same with all the other non-originals we do, they all conform to our sound 'cos they're all ninety-nine miles an hour R&B.

"Abba is another big influence on us as well, because they're writing the best pop tunes of the moment and they've got that wall-of-sound thing along with Phil Spector and Todd Rundgren. Really, though, we like any type of music that's got a bit of guts to it."

The Bucks cut their first 45 late in the summer of '77 but for various reasons "Get Your Feet Back On The Ground" didn't see the light of day until just before Christmas. Recorded in one take and retained "because it sounded fresh", the single was released on their own Blueport label to some very favourable press murmurings, not least from *NME's* Max Bell.

Sales have been similarly pleasing, moving into a second press at the rate of around five hundred a week - and justifiably so. For a new band to transfer so much live energy onto wax at first attempt is something of a rarity these days. Bassist Steve Brooks comes on like Tamla's answer to Phil Lesh, forming a thunderous partnership with trapman Tim Wilder (who has since been replaced by the equally breakneck Seb Wang).

With some demos in the offing for Titanic Productions, who also handle Rich Kids, confidence is not unnaturally high. This kind of rapid progress is pretty unusual in the frozen wasteland of northern music, and it seems inevitable that Geordieland will lose its number one danceband before long.

"As soon as it'll be worth our while economically to get out of Newcastle, we will. Everyone's reconciled to the fact that we have to move to London eventually."

In a kind of pictorial testament to their inbuilt rhythm, the cover of "Get Your Back On The Ground" has Humphrey Bogart framed inside a beautifully preserved American Rock-Ola. The Young Bucks, however, are quick to deny the allegorical possibility of their music being mechanised. "Juke boxes break down. We don't!"

NORMAN BAKER

THRILLS

MICKEY DOLENZ: MONKEE BIZ AND THE MOVIES

MICKEY DOLENZ, ONE-TIME MONKEE, is currently resident in Britain. While he plays the lead in the Harry Nilsson play *The Point* at the Mermaid Theatre, he's staying in Nilsson's Curzon Street apartment.

For a start, the apartment is slightly unreal. It's all dark blue, chrome and stainless steel. It looks like a set piece from Ringo Starr's Zarak interior design store. It's also slightly unreal coming face to face with Mickey Dolenz. I mean, after all those years of *Circus Boy* and The Monkees, it's almost hard to believe that he really exists.

In fact Mickey Dolenz is not the product of a Hollywood bioculture tank. He's a real live human being sitting there, intelligent, attentive and charming. He appears older, tougher and more perceptive than any Monkee. He's neither Plastic Man nor the melodramatic stereotype of the ex-child actor so loved by the movies.

Despite the congenial atmosphere, however, there's still the feeling that you're sitting opposite a phenomenon. The first question has to be, how confusing was it being in one of the biggest manufactured entertainment units in the history of mankind?

"You mean The Monkees?"

Yeah.

"It became very confusing. Initially there was no confusion. I was an actor who was cast as a drummer. I did, in fact, learn to play the drums just like I learned to ride an elephant in *Circus Boy.*"

The real confusion started to set in when The Monkees left the contained world of the TV show and went out on the road. They played a massive US tour. The opening act was a bunch of newcomers called The Jimi Hendrix Experience. In this kind of company, role confusion set in with a vengeance.

"I didn't exactly know whether I was an actor or a musician. The Monkees were certainly manufactured, but they were no more manufactured than a lot of things in rock and roll. The Monkees were put together in much the same way as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young or Blind Faith."

After touring, The Monkees went to work on their movie *Head.* Over the years, *Head* has become something of a paradox. On the surface it looks like a simple extension of The Monkees' TV show. Below the surface, it begins to unfold as a very strange post-psychedelic comedy that progressively rips through one phoney reality after another.

"It was a reflection of the Hollywood tinsel and the unreality and illusion that make up a lot of entertainment."

With people like Jack Nicholson and Frank Zappa involved in the making of the film, it was hardly surprising that it turned out to be something much more than a jolly, family Monkee flick.

Unfortunately the public, if they wanted anything at all, wanted a jolly, family Monkee flick. *Head* was something of a box office disaster. For a while it was paired with Dennis Hopper's *Last Movie* as a cautionary example to the film industry of what happens when a bunch of freaks are let loose with enough budget to make a motion picture.

Oddly enough, *Head* still enjoys a continuing, if modest, lease of life as a regular feature at art cinemas and repertory movie houses.

Mickey Dolenz is far from discouraged by its fate. "My first love is film."

I suggest that maybe his notoriety as a Monkee could make it difficult to land himself anything more than lightweight parts.

"Yeah, but it's a problem that I wouldn't trade for anonymity. It's the problem of success. I'm considered as a personality, not an actor. When my name is mentioned they think of Mickey Dolenz in the same way they think of, say . . . Jackie Gleason."

The name Jackie Gleason triggers another idea. It took Gleason's playing the part of Minnesota Fats in the Paul Newman film *The Hustler* to break out of the typecast mould as a fat funnyman. Mickey immediately picks up on this.

"Something like that would help me a great deal."

Acting isn't the only thing that Dolenz is interested in.

"I intend to be a film director. In fact, I've already directed films, that's one of my main priorities. I have a number of TV and motion picture projects. I'm a great science fiction fan and I have a bunch of science fiction things in the pipeline. Since old George Lucas had his success (*Star Wars,* that is), it's made these films a lot more possible."

At this point we digress into a lengthy discussion about how much good *Star Wars* will really do the SF movie, in the long run.

"I'm afraid the only movies they're interested in at the moment are ray gun films. They could easily replace the western. It's the new frontier."

Mickey Dolenz himself seems to be on the edge of a new frontier. You walk in expecting to find maybe a neurotic has-been, and you're actually confronted by a confident young man with a lively mind and driving ideas.

Aside from the movies, he also has an album project on the blocks.

One thing's certain. It's not yet possible to write off Dolenz as just an ex-Monkee.

MICK FARREN

THRILLS

THE END

Another first for the NME . . .

THE THIS WEEK BOX!!!

(That's right, the ***This Week*** *Box)*

TOM ROBINSON

which is so good, and so long, and so readable, and so long — it's somewhere further up along that way (turn right after the singles) if you want to have a peep — that we couldn't fit all of it in. There was this embarrassingly long postscript, see, and well — to hang with it . . .

HERE IT IS — YET ANOTHER HISTORIC FIRST FOR NME — THE POSTSCRIPT TO THE FEATURE YOU HAVEN'T READ YET . . .

***GAY NEWS IS BACK** in court next week, appealing against the Whitehouse Blasphemous Libel conviction, and against the punitive sentence meted out: a nine-month suspended prison sentence and a £500 fine for editor Denis Lemon, plus a £1,000 fine and Ms Whitehouse's costs against the paper.*

In support, the National Gay News Defence Committee is organising a protest march this Saturday Jan 11 in London. The demonstration has three main aims:

1. To show support for GN in next week's court case. The appeal begins on Monday in the Strand Appeal Courts (which will, incidentally, be picketed). At the same time, Lord Ted Willis will be attempting to get his bill to repeal the archaic blasphemy laws through its second reading in the House of Lords.

2. To protest against W. H. Smith's stance as public censors. The semi-monopolistic newspaper retailers/distributors decided last week to stop selling Gay News in the few London branches that were stocking it — despite the paper's successful sales figures in those shops. The reason given was Smiths' objection to the debate on paedophilia in the GN letters column; this ignores the fact that the paper's editorial policy had been critical of the Raedophilia Information Exchange, and that its correspondence debate, rather than any kind of endorsement of PIE, was merely a concerned effort to air a topic which is all too easily treated with hysteria elsewhere.

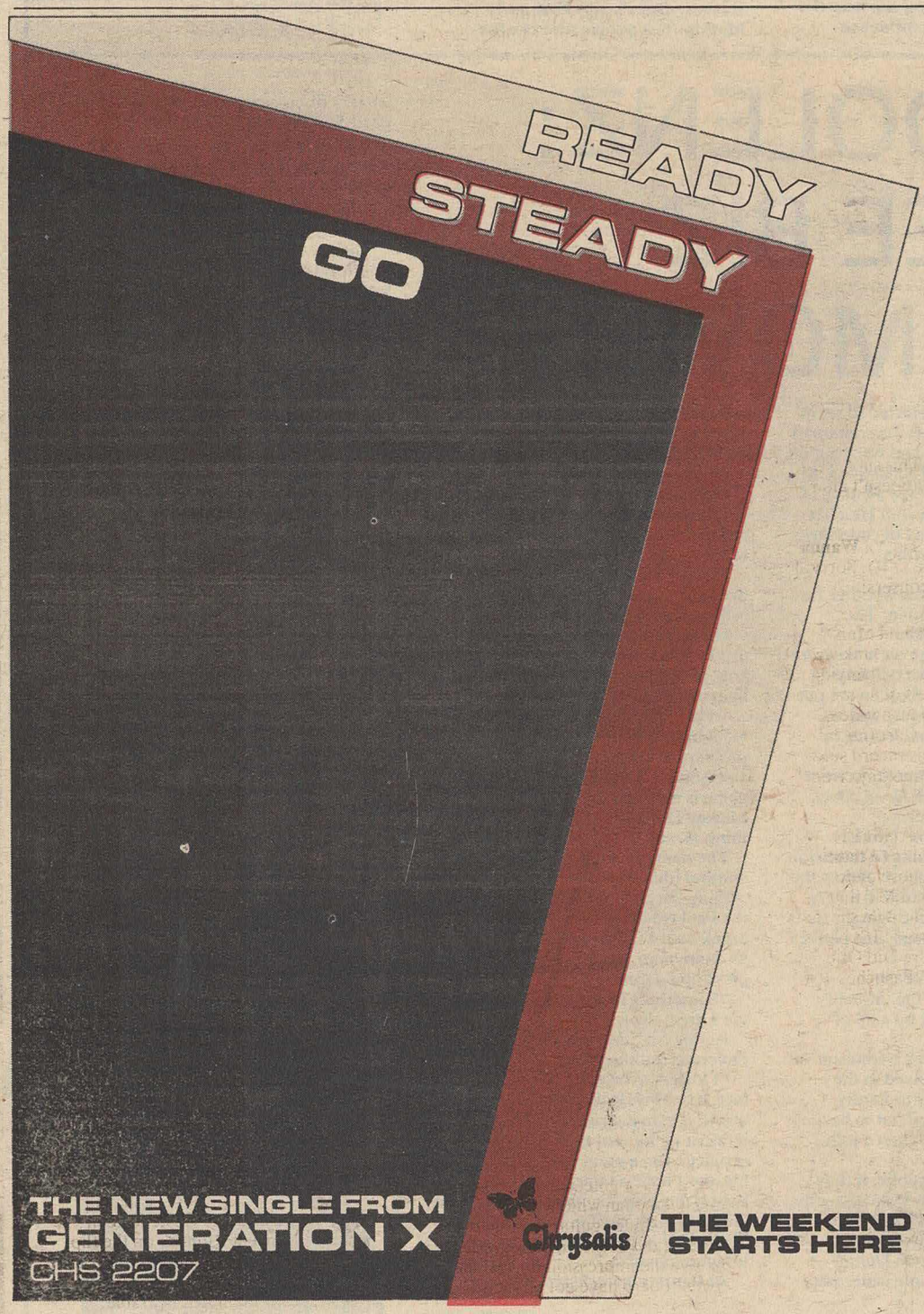
3. To publicise the increasingly violent attacks on homosexuals. After the Royal Vauxhall Tavern attack mentioned in the main Tom Robinson feature, the National Front have leafletted the Black Cap, a gay pub in Camden, threatening that it's the next in line for NF assault.

The demonstrators intend to gather at Temple tube station at 1.00 pm Saturday. Leaving there at 1.30, they will march via the Strand, Charing Cross Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus to Trafalgar Square, where a rally will take place.

All four members of the Tom Robinson Band will be there. Plus their road crew. Maybe even their equipment . . .

It won't cost a penny.

Good little Postscript eh! Back to more mundane matters, ***next week*** *in NME (yawn, yawn) we've got two, also very long, articles/interviews with* ***BOB MARLEY*** *and* ***XTC*** *and lots of other dull and predictable stuff. Well whaddya want, history every bleedin' week!*



Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Elvis talking LP available

IN A recent "Imports" column, an Elvis interview album was listed but no label or catalogue number given. Can you supply this info and tell me where I can obtain the disc? — **R. JONES, London N.W.2.**

● The "Elvis-Exclusive Live Press Conference" album, recorded in Memphis, Tennessee, on February, 1961, is on Green Valley GV2001. The record is imported by WRD (World Record Distributors) of 35 Great Russell Street, London W.C.1, who do not deal direct with the general public but will supply any local retailer. One word of warning before ordering though — I've heard the disc and the recording quality leaves as much to be desired as a head and shoulders shot of Dolly Parton.

IN THE *NME Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Rock,* three Barefoot Jerry albums are mentioned, namely "Watchin' TV", "You Can't Get Off" and "Grocery". The trouble is, I've read somewhere that the band released two albums prior to "T.V.", the first simply called "Barefoot Jerry" and the second, "Castles". I have also read that "Grocery" is a double-album re-issue containing both of these titles and not, as is printed in the book, comprised of previously unissued material. How about all this? And how about "Keys To The Country"? — **ELDORADO SLIM, Sweden.**

● Curses on you for discovering flaws in our meisterwerk! Tis true that "Grocery" (Monument) contains "Barefoot Jerry" (Capitol, 1971) and "Castles" (Warner Bros, 1973). On the other hand, "Keys To The Country" (Monument, 1976) was released too late to be included in the first edition of the Encyclopedia but *is* listed in the shiny, new and updated version that's currently bedecking the shelves of all leading British bookshops (Published by Salamander, price £3.95). Now back to your Carlsburg and Abba records, you smorgasbord snaffler!

HOW ABOUT some info on John Stewart? I've got quite a few of his records and would be grateful if you could supply a complete album discography. Also could you tell me if Stewart's "Signals Through The Glass" album was ever released in the UK? — **KEVIN TYRRELL, Grendon, Northampton.**

● A new Stewart album, "Fire In The Wind", has recently been released by RSO, while the Lonesome Picker's past solo efforts have been "Signals Through The Glass" (1968), "California Bloodlines" (1969) and "Willard" (1970), all on Capitol; "The Lonesome Picker Rides Again" (1971) and "Sunstorm" (1972), both Warner releases; plus "Cannons In The Rain" (1973), "The Phoenix Concerts Live" (1974) and "Wingless Angels" (1975), which emerged on RCA. Prior

to his solo career, Stewart was a member of The Kingston Trio for several years, during which period he recorded a score of albums with the group.

"Signals Through The Glass", recorded with Buffy Ford, whom Stewart later married, was never given a British release but it was re-issued in the States just a couple of years ago and is still listed in the *Schwann Catalogue* under the catalogue number Capitol SM 2975. Which means that you can order a copy from an import dealer if you can spare the shekels.

IS THERE a really good discography of '60s British groups that I can get my grubby mitts on? I've seen one mentioned in *NME* from time to time but our local bookshops have never stoked any such desirable item. — **B. W. WOMERS, Harrow, Middlesex.**

CAN YOU tell me something about a group called The Birds and how many records Ron Wood made with them? — **GLENN WEBSTER, Nuneaton.**

● *British Beat* by Chris May and Tim Phillips, published by Sociopack Publications in 1974, is a good collection of biographies and discographies dealing with British groups of the '60s, though this publication fails to provide record numbers and is a bit sparse in its fax on such outfits as The Birds, Episode Six (Ian Gillan and Roger Glover), The Syndicats (Steve Howe, Chris Squire, Pete Banks) and suchlike. More recently, Brian Hogg, editor of fanzine *Bam Balam,* published *Smashed! Blocked!,* an excellent, duplicated discography covering these groups and many others. Of The Birds he writes . . . "Ron Wood (guitar), Ali McKenzie (vocals), Tony McKenzie (guitar), Pete McDaniels (bass) and Kim Gardner (bass) originally formed as The Thunderbirds. As The Birds they managed one TV appearance on *Thank Your Lucky Stars,* also appearing in a film *The Deadly Bees,* where they performed "That's All I Need Is You". The group split in 1966, when first Kim Gardner, then Ron Wood, left to join The Creation. The Birds' first single was "You're On My Mind"/"You Don't Love Me" (Decca F12031 — November 1964), this being followed by "Leaving Here"/"Next In Line" (Decca F12140 — April 1965), "No Good Without You Baby"/"How Can It Be?" (Decca F12257 — October 1965) and "Say Those Magic Words"/"Daddy, Daddy" (Reaction 591 005 — August 1966), the last disc originally being issued as by Bird's Birds."

***Smashed! Blocked!* can be obtained from such shops as Rock On and Compendium or by post from Brian Hogg, Flat 1, Castellau Dunbar, East Lothian, Scotland, price 50p inclusive of postage.**

PLEASE settle an argument on which there is a sizeable wager by informing me whether Stevie Wonder was born Stephen Judkins, as stated in the *NME Book Of Rock,* or Stevland Morris, the name mentioned in the "Key Of Life" booklet. — **RICHARD GREEN, Dagenham, Essex.**

● The story goes that Wonder, one of six children born to his mother by different fathers, was christened Stevland Morris though is father's moniker was Judkins. To complicate matters even more, he was also known as Steve Hardaway for a while, Hardaway being the surname of his stepfather. All of which makes you wonder why, with such a widespread choice to names to draw from, he had to record under the psudonym of Eivets Rednow.

I HAVE been trying for some time to obtain a copy of "The Runaways — Live In Japan", a Japanese import, but my local shops cannot obtain it even though they've contacted a well-known import wholesaler. Tony Parsons gave the record a superb write-up sometime ago, and I feel that I must obtain a copy — but from where? — **W. ARMITAGE, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancs.**

COULD YOU help to locate an album called "Nippon Gin" by The Far East Family Band? All I know about it is that it was produced by Edgar Froese of Tangerine Dream. I've tried to buy the disc from local record shops but all they tell me to do is to try the nearest off-license. — **G. GRAHAM, Blackpool.**

● Wots with all this craving for Nip culture up there in hot-pot country? Will Stomu Yamashta cut his next live album at the Flotal Hall, Southport? Did George Formby really give Bowie koto lessons? While you're waiting for the answers, contact Louis Raynor of Flyover Records, 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith Broadway, London W6, who will get you anything from Japan except a good line in geisha girls.

SINGLES

IN THE FACE of this week's deluge of dreck, the only other records worthy of any consideration owe more to the past than the present or future and then two of those are re-issues.

THE CANNIBALS: Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White (Big Cock). Throated by former Count Bishops' frontman Mike Spencer, these London-based lads are amongst the select few of this week's releases who appear to know what they're doing. For this, their first (and only single, CS&M says they're defuncto) record, produced, pressed and distributed by themselves, they've heisted The Standells' mid-'60s garage classic, slightly amped up the tempo and offer an interpretation that favourably measures up to the long-deleted original. Nice pithy sound from jangling guitars, solid bass and drum work with Spencer often exuding more clout than most front men around. On the flip, The Cannibals' prove they're no slouches when it comes to handling an R&B ballard. Evocative of the stance The Stones adopted when nailing "If You Need Me" and "Time Is On My Side", Spencer pays a subtle tribute to the memory of Sam Cooke on Toussaint McCall's "Nothing Takes The Place Of You", with a stand-out solo from guitarist Peter Gunn.

GENERATION X: Ready Steady Go (Chrysalis). Seems it's open warfare between Billy's Boys and The Weller Gang as to who can emerge as The Bright Mod Hope Of The '70s — the winners to be crowned outside Lord John's in Carnaby Street! If The Jam have plumped for "My Generation" period Who, The Idolettes are obsessed with "The Who Sell Out". A '60s name-game opus, "Ready Steady Go" has Idol confessing his carnal desire for the '60s rock show's soppy presenter Cathy McGowan to the point where he'll put down *Juke Box Jury* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars.* Five'll getcha ten that most of Gen X's generation won't know what the hell they're on about ("RSG" being *BOF* terrain) and that before the '70s are over the Mary Quant mini-skirted dollybird look enjoys a revival. Though Gen X are erratic in live performance they at least appear to enjoy themselves and haven't become jaded and cynical. Not only that, they improve with each new release. Anyway, I like 'em. Sometimes! I wonder who'll be the first band on the street with a rock-opera concept album — Gen X or The Jam?

THE FLYS: Love And A Molotov Cocktail (EMI). Shades of early Bowie in the vocal before The Coventry based Flys deliver a strong singalong hook. Nice guitar riffs, tight drumming, reasonable potential, but still missing that added extra to set it apart from their nearest rivals.

999: Emergency (UA). Beatleisms sub-consciously filter through in the vocal harmonies during this spirited performance. At least, on record, 999 are making a concerted effort to project their own personality. A for effort, if not achievement.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE TOM ROBINSON BAND: Rising Free EP (EMI). Don't Take No For An Answer/Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay/Martin/Right On Sister. If you've been fortunate enough to catch the TRB live, you'll know there's much more to them than "2-4-6-8 Motorway". If you haven't, you should. This magnificent little EP, which so accurately captures them in full-flight, is an instant remedy for those who haven't seen 'em, while fulfilling the expectations of those who have. What makes the TRB such a formidable force is not only that they have carved themselves an instantly distinctive persona, but that they are capable of presenting eloquent controversial social comments like the self-explanatory "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay", and the Women's Lib support song "Right On Sister" in an honest and totally acceptable manner. Such anthems come across without appearing the least bit self-conscious or premeditated. Furthermore, Robinson's skill as lyricist, tunesmith and rock raconteur, along with his contemporaries Costello and Dury, elevates him to the Great British Songwriting Pantheon of Noel Coward(!), Townshend, Lennon and Davies. With someone as gifted as producer Chris Thomas minding the store, the TRB have encountered no problems transferring the energy of their live performance onto wax. On the flame-out rocker "Don't Take No For An Answer", Thomas has them right up front punching out like fury. At this point in time, could be that the TRB are the only Brit-Band that come close to being all things to all people.

If the Mary Whitehouses of this world don't poke their oar in about the presence of "Glad To Be Gay" and the packers down at the EMI depot don't stage a walkout because of the Gay Switchboard help-line phone number being printed on the sleeve, nothing will prevent this EP from being a justifiable chart topper.

"Don't Take No For An Answer" (an open letter to Ray Kink Konk?) is ear-marked as the plug cut, but I hope that despite the excellence of the song, the nation's jocks will have sufficient bottle to play "Glad To Be Gay" because it needs to be heard. If you believe that, just once in a while, rock 'n' roll can alter peoples attitudes, this song can.

Buy two copies: one for yourself, the other for someone who doesn't know what they're missing. The TRB's potential is frightening.

NOT SO OLD(IES) BUT GOOD(IES).

THE FOUR SEASONS: Harmony/Who Loves You/December 1963/Silver Star (Warners). Positive proof on seven inches of black 33⅓ rpm wax that not only do most LPs contain only, at the very most, an EPs-worth of material, but that disco need not always be all style and no content. Wears well after just over two years and will probably continue to do so.

THE THREE DEGREES: Dirty Ol' Man (Philadelphia). Always reckoned this record. Great title, great lyric, great put-down. On the strength of the first Philadelphia LP from which this is taken, I anticipated The Three Degrees were set to repeat the kind of extended chart run previously notched up by The Supremes. Like far too many black acts, they dissipated their talent and worked the scampi 'n' chips circuit. There was no need to compromise their original formula because both the music and visual appeal was strong enough to cross-over into every major market on its own terms. Do we really need to have them wimpering "McArthur Park"? The flip is an elongated version of the same song. Currently more popular in Japan than hari kiri, The Degrees have re-recorded "When Will I See You Again" in Nipponese.

NOW THE BAD NEWS:

HANK B MARVIN GUITAR SYNDICATE: Flamingo (EMI). This man shouldn't be wasting his talent making records for people who only ever listen to music in lifts. Betcha Hank B has still got a great album inside of him screaming to get out; trouble is, he's hanging out with the wrong crowd. Next time yer want to make an album, give me a ring Hank, and I'll get you some heavy duty friends together.

JUDAS PRIEST: Better By You, Better By Me (CBS). Old Spooky Tooth barnstormer given an earnest titanium overcoat.

REVIEWED BY ROY CARR

TITANTIC: Flashback (Barclay). Trouble with calling yourself Titantic, is that one is *always* associated with imminent disaster. This sub-Santana samba sale remnant doesn't alter that opinion.

PETER BROWN: Do Ya Wanna Get Funky With Me (TK). Sorry, I left it in my other trousers!

ANDRE CARR: Island Man (Calendar). Which ever lunk wrote the press handout accompanying this travesty has even less of an idea about either Salsa or Soul (separate or mixed) than Andre Carr (no relation). To say this record sucks is the highest compliment my critical integrity allows.

MANHATTEN TRANSFER: Walk In Love/Four Brothers (Atlantic). Personally, it's the more overt commercial aspects of MT that I enjoy the least. As a single shot, my preference is for either "It's Not The Spotlight" or "Where Did Our Love Go" from off their "Pastiche" LP.

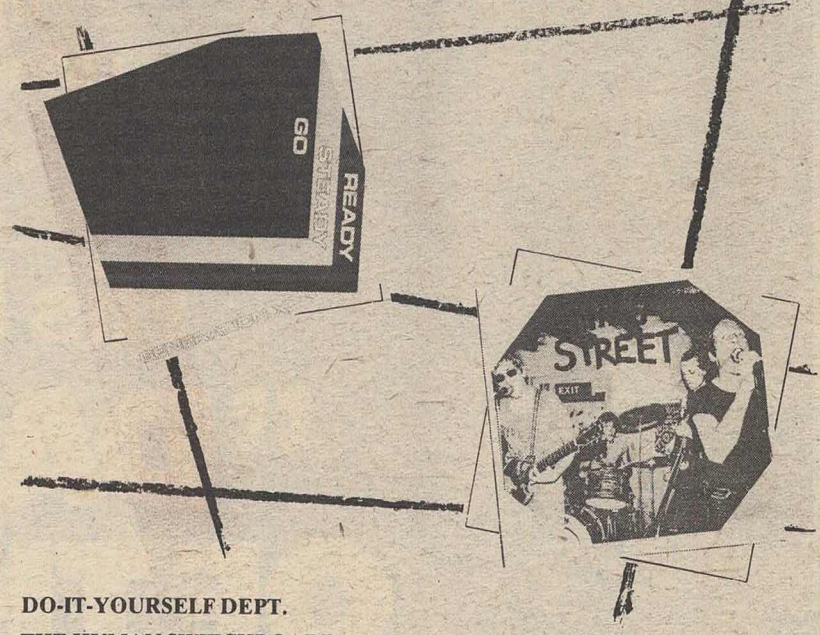
Nevertheless, this will be gobbled up avariciously by the thousands who bought Streisand's "Evergreen", while the flip, the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross scat of Woody Herman's "Four Brothers" will appeal to the hipster-flipsters who dug DeNiro in *New York New York* and walk around mumbling "Dig, Man! Dig!"

LINDA CLIFFORD: From Now On (Curtom). One for the disco beef bayonet brigade. *(Really!! — Ed).* Me, I'll stick with my Millie Jackson albums and Donna Summer's Greatest Thingys.

GENE FARROW: Move Your Body (Magnet). Never mind your body, this couldn't move your bowels!

MANDRILL: Funky Monkey (Arista). One for the Animal Liberation Rescue Team. This record exploits monkeys for commercial gain.

ELECTRIC CHAIRS: Eddie and Sheena (Safari). "Eddie is a teddy boy — Sheena is a punk" — and what else did you expect with names like that! The kind of contrived crassness with which vinyl junkies like to bore their friends to tears. A good idea, that *almost* makes it, but not strong enough for Kenny Everett's All-Time Bottom 30 Bad Records.



DO-IT-YOURSELF DEPT.

THE HUMAN SWITCHBOARD: EP (Rug Import). With Pere Ubu's one and only Crocus Behemoth (just love that monicker) credited as mix-down engineer, I anticipated much less than what was delivered. Farfisa, sinuey guitar, baking tray drums (and occasional bass) combine to give the impression that Human Switchboard have got all their lines crossed.

TINY HUEY: EP (Clone Import). About as much fun as twiddling with the dial of a short-wave transistor radio with weak batteries. When it comes to music (sic) Zappa did this better ages ago. And any references to Uncle Frank shouldn't be misconstrued as a recommendation.

FRONT: System (Label). I get the distinct impression that this is a band cutting their cloth to fit a fashionable pattern. What with the slide-guitar, another time-another place, they'd be muscling-in on Allman Brothers turf.

SWELL MAPS: EP (Rather). The Sound Of Solihull. Come the psychedelic revival and the re-opening of the Middle Earth Club, Swell Maps will probably cop a gig on the graveyard shift.

STEVE HOOKER AND THE HEAT: EP (Take Away). Another deja-vu from the not-too-distant past. Opening cut, "If You Don't Do The Business", evokes faint flashes of "Personality Crisis" and those halcyon days when The Runt and yours truly used to catch The New York Dolls at the Hotel Diplomat before they recorded their first album. That's where any similarity begins and ends.

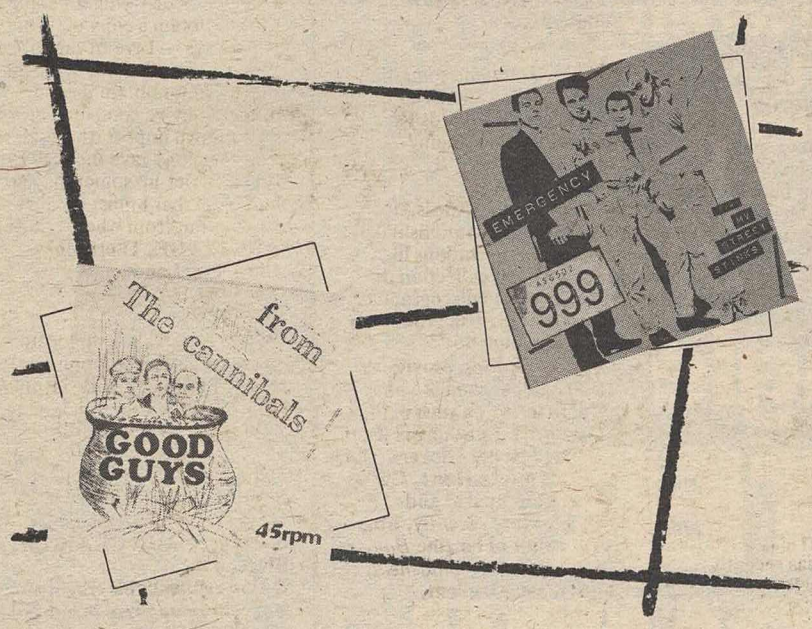
CHINA STREET: You're A Ruin (Criminal). Definitely a cut (no pun intended) above the rest of the DIY singles. Some charitable A&R man could do worse than making a *professional* one-off (at least) with these Lancaster lads. Now fellas, go away and write something even better than "You're A Ruin".

EURO-PUNK

THE NASAL BOYS: Hot Love (Periphery Perfume). The sound Of Switzerland and not a yodel within ear-shot. Identikit punk. Forget that brown shoes don't make it — neither do tight black leather trousers.

TITS: Daddy Is My Pusher (Plurex). The Sound Of Holland and not a . . . oh forget it. I could say this record gets on my tits, but it ain't worth the effort.

FRANK XEROX AND THE COPY CATS: Judy In Disguise (Arista). The John Fred and The Playboys classic brought into total disrepute. Years ago there was a theory you could take any old song and soop it up to cash-in on any passing trend. By bashing this out at break-neck speed, some idiot assumes that it'll be picked up by the less discriminating pogo'ers. Misguided ain't the word! If the A-side don't cut it, which it doesn't there's always Bruce Costellosteen and The E Street Rumour on the flip. Search and destroy. Didn't I tell you, it was a lousy week. Thank you Tom Robinson for making it bearable.



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'I've only been acclaimed as a campaigner for gay rights since I ceased to be one'

TOM ROBINSON

By PHIL McNEILL

Pictures of naked young women are fun
In Titbits and Playboy, page three of The Sun;
There's no nudes in Gay News, our one magazine,
But they still find ways to call it obscene . . .

LONG BEFORE Mary Whitehouse ever discovered the hideous charge of 'blasphemous libel' on which she spiked *Gay News* last year, the vigilante forces of our nation had worked out another method of hurting Europe's foremost homosexual newspaper. If anything, it was even more slimy than Whitehouse's tactic.

See, *Gay News* has always been most careful to stay well within the highly flexible limits of the laws governing obscenity. Like the song says, no nudes, no porn, no sensationalism. No way could GN be found to contravene the Obscene Publications law.

But — and this was the big BUT that the authorities latched onto sometime around 1974 — just because a paper isn't obscene doesn't mean you can't take it to court. It may come out of the case innocent, but the British courts have a clever way of fining the innocent: LEGAL COSTS.

Twice in 1974 *GN* fell victim to the British legal system. Police swooped on newsagents in Bath and some other south coast town, took the paper to court — and the judge, although deeming the magazine innocent, refused to award legal costs, thus depriving it of the several thousand pounds required to mount its defence against the police's rejected charges.

It was at a benefit to raise funds for one of these *Gay News* legal battles that I first saw Tom Robinson.

The venue was the Royal Mail pub in Upper Street, Islington, the date late 1974. A typically jolly gay get-together it was. *GN* editor Denis Lemon — already a hero and potential martyr to the people there — blushingly handed out the prizes in the raffle, and then, to fill the gap before the headlining drag queen made her entrance, a pallid youth got up on the stage and diffidently strummed out a totally unmemorable little ditty he'd just penned.

That young man, of course, was Tom Robinson. If you'd told me then that three years later he would be leading one of the fiercest rock'n'roll bands in the country, you would have been laughed out the door.

So how *did* he get from sentimental acoustic love songs to Whitehall-up-against-the-wall?

The glib answer would be: money. It would be very easy to accuse Tom Robinson of jumping onto a political slogan bandwagon just as the whole 'movement' gathered impetus late in '76 — and people have already done so. One of those people, who has known Tom for five years now, is Ray Davies.

A well-known groover, rock'n'roll user,
Wanted to be a star.
But he failed the blues, and he backed a loser
Playing folk in a coffee bar.
Reggae music didn't seem to satisfy his needs,
He couldn't handle modern jazz because they played in difficult keys.
But now he's found a music he can call his own,
Some call it junk, but he don't care — he's found a home . . .

He's the prince of the punks and he's finally made it,
Thinks he looks cool but his act is dated,
He acts working class but it's all baloney,
He's really middle class and he's just a phoney,
He acts tough but it's just a front —
The prince of the punks!

He tried to be gay but it just didn't pay,
So he bought a motorbike instead.
He failed at funk so he became a punk,
Because he thought he'd make a little more bread.
He's been through all the changes from rock opera to Mantovani,
Now he wears a swastika badge and leather boots up past his knees,
He's much too old at 28, but he thinks he's 17,
He thinks he's a star but I think he looks more like a queen.

He's the prince of the punks and he's finally made it,

Continues over page

THAT WAY... SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY. SING IF YOU'RE

From previous page

Thinks he looks cool but his act is dated,
He talks like a Cockney but it's all baloney,
He's really middle class and he's just a phoney,
He acts tough but it's just a front —
Prince of the punks!

Thus spake Uncle Ray on the B-side of his recent seasonal opus, "Father Christmas". Sure, it could be applied to most current bandwagon jumpers — indeed, Ray denies that it was written with Tom in mind — except that Robinson *is* generally believed to be 28 (he's actually 27), he *does* have a motorbike, he *is* gay, he *did* use to sing in a coffee bar (Cafe Society had a residency at Bunjies when they first signed to Konk), he *is* middle class, he *does* adopt a Cockney accent for a couple of songs . . . . and he *does* want to be a star.

Oh yes — and here's the rub — he's finally made it too.

Even among TRB admirers, the question nags: what the hell was Tom Robinson doing in that wimpy band all those years? How come he's only just started playing hard, committed rock in the past year?

So . . . what I'd like to do is explain *why* Tom was in a basically heterosexual band in the first place, to counter some of the more disdainful write-offs of Cafe Society that have gone down in recent Tom Robinson interviews, and to trace Robinson's path from indifference to dedicated activism and (as he would claim) back to non-activity.

A VERY rough chronology: Tom Robinson met Ray Doyle and Hereward Kaye in Middlesbrough around 1969/70. Tom 'came out' around 1971/2. Cafe Society was formed in 1973 after a reunion with Doyle and Kaye in London. His first 'political act' was to work at Gay Switchboard, which he did from early '74 to late '75.

In other words, although he was openly homosexual by the time he formed Cafe Society, he was not 'politicised'. By the time he *was*, his career with Cafe Society was well underway. Being a gay activist began virtually as a hobby, and at first had little or no relevance to his 'day job'.

Maybe this calls into question Robinson's increasingly frantic 'commitment' — coinciding as it has done with his increased success — but I think not. In fact, if we pry into Tom Robinson's past we see a remarkably clear-cut path of self-realisation and action.

Early in 1975, he did his first ever interview. It was in *Gay News*.

Q: What do you see as your responsibility within the gay movement?
A: Just to be openly that I think. If every gay in Britain was to come out overnight, an awful lot of the prejudice and ignorance that abounds among hets would disappear. This is a thing that so many people don't realise about coming out. They imagine that if they come out people will think they're a 'nasty queer', whereas in fact when one comes out with one's friends they change their idea of what a 'nasty queer' is.

A lot of people rationalise their fears about coming out. They say they'd lose their job or it would hurt their friends too much. One has to be very scrupulously honest with oneself to make sure one's not making excuses.

I was lucky in that I have a very tolerant father, who is heartily in favour of all forms of sexuality except asexuality.

Q: There are always times — when one meets someone on a train, say — when it would be so much easier not to come out to them. Do you have that sort of experience?
A: Yes, there are always occasions when one does find oneself passing *("passing for straight" being the opposite of "coming out of the closet")*. I wonder if there is such a thing as a totally come-out person? I expect there is . . .

TOM ROBINSON has since become such "a totally come-out person" that he now says that he is "an Uncle Tom. I'm a straight man's homosexual . . . a lone homosexual in straight circles."

In passing — we happened to be talking about a song from TRB's new EP, "Right On Sister", and in what ways men could or could not support women's rights — Tom told me recently that he would "deeply resent a heterosexual writing about what it's like to be a male homosexual."

I'm already aware of the trap, having encountered a bit of flak for supposedly patronising women whilst criticising The Stranglers' sexism on "Rattus Norvegicus".

All the same, I reckon it's possible for anyone to think about major personal 'confessions' from their own lives, then to consider the stigma attached to homosexuality — after all, it's only ten years since it was illegal! — and begin to appreciate the pressures on gays not to come out.

Hopefully this may go some way to explain why when Tom first joined Cafe Society he was apparently prepared to sublimate his sexuality in a group format, rather than storm the barricades from the first minute he registered with an oppressed minority. ("Registering" is actually the telling appellation Tom gives to his decision to become a member of CHE — the Campaign for Homosexual Equality.)

And then, of course, there was Cafe Society's music — which was actually very good. I interviewed Tom for *Let It Rock* in June 1975, and asked him then if he might not be happier in "an all-gay band".

"I suppose I might consider it," he replied, "but they'd have to be incredible, because I really believe in Cafe Society."

AT THAT TIME Cafe Society were, I guess, at about the peak of their blighted career. Their sole album had just been released: everything before them led up to it, subsequent events just led down.

From the start, Cafe Society were an imaginative, 'professional' trio. The demo tape they cut for Ray Davies — the one that persuaded him to sign them early in '74 — contained a couple of the songs that would finish up on their debut album 18 months later. Even at that early stage, the crafted harmonies that gave the band its principal musical *raison d'etre* were inch-perfect.

The album is still good.

On the inner sleeve, each member wrote a note about another: Tom on Raphael, Ray on Hereward, Hereward on Tom.

"I sing the song of my friend Tom / Getting ready for his evening cruise / He looks askance in his baggy pants / And sparkling tennis shoes / He grabs his scarf and his other half / And they're gone before there's time to glance / 'Cos it's Friday night and tonight's the night / They go to Kings Cross to dance.

"On a silent shelf there's a photo of himself / And harmonicas from A to G / A reel-to-reel, an A. S. Neill / And a letter to the *NME* . . ."

They were a sentimental band. Ray: "Hereward is a top hat and a rose, a mask and a melody, a song and a smile. He's corny — we should all be so lucky."

Top hat and a rose indeed — there *was* a real corny side to Cafe, a penchant for music hall which came out in their one single, "The Whitby Two-Step", and which is still uncomfortably prevalent in TRB's "Martin".

But Ray, as Tom put it, "sang with a frightening intensity". A great singer, with a lovely warm rasp to his voice. Combined with Hereward's lyrical passion and Tom's deft arrangements, it made for an album which deserved to sell considerably more than the derisory 600 copies it finally shifted.

Robinson was more impatient than the others — though none of them speak too highly of Ray Davies and Konk's record (or lack of — they eventually bust up because the second album never looked like seeing the light of day).

Had more Cafe Society product actually crept onto the market, the band might still be together, and The Tom Robinson Band might not exist.

ON THE OTHER hand, Tom's entry into the world of sexual politics definitely caused a certain amount of aggro in Cafe Society. At the same time as he gradually became frustrated within the confines of a band he now terms "great, but hopelessly '60s", so Kaye and Doyle became irritated by Tom's attempts to inject gay content into the stage act. He now compares their feelings then to how he would feel if one of his band was a health food freak who insisted on singing songs about the evils of white bread . . .

The first real infiltration of gay matter into Cafe's material was, in fact, quite absurd.

Soon after he first started working with Gay Switchboard, Robinson became involved with Gay Representation Action Group, who wanted to get a radio programme together for gay people. Tom wrote a jolly little jingle for the show — which, as far as I'm aware, never reached the airwaves — and somehow it got into Cafe's set.

Audiences for the likes of The Kinks, Barclay James Harvest and Leo Sayer — all of whom the trio supported on tour — would blink with amazement when the three guys strumming guitars would suddenly gather at the mike and croon: *"If you're down in London town and happen to be gay / There's a great information service open every day / It will tell you who and where and when and how and why and more / On eight three double seven three two four."*

End of jingle. The Gay Switchboard number, incidentally, is still the same.

Perhaps understandably, the bigger the audiences they played it to, the more embarrassed the other two began to feel.

As it happens, the jingle *did* get played on the radio. "Kenny Everett played it once," grins Tom, "and for an hour afterwards Gay Switchboard was swamped with calls with the answer to the Capitol Radio Competition."

But let us digress to Gay Switchboard. Up till his stint with them, Tom's only gay 'involvement' had been to attend a few discos. Then a friend casually invited him to come over and see what went on, and Tom decided to join in.

"I was just an ordinary volunteer," he recalls. "It's in Kings Cross — this office with three phones and two or three volunteers on a shift." Tom used to work an afternoon a week.

"The phones were just manned 24 hours a day. You'd get these calls in the middle of the night saying *(adopts deep Scottish voice):* 'I'm in Abercrombie, and I think I'm a lesbian' *(laughs)* — or somebody in Hampstead police station who'd just been arrested.

"You were like the ambulance service to the front lines. You really saw what was going on at the front, in the daily lives of ordinary homosexuals right across the country.

"There were calls from people who'd never spoken to another gay person in their *lives* . . . a lot of silent calls. The phone would ring, and they wouldn't say anything, but they wouldn't hang up either.

"You'd just talk to them, constantly, reassuringly, until you got them to talk. I always used to do that because that was what you were told to do — just on faith — until the first time I actually persuaded somebody to talk after five minutes. After that it was just a natural thing, because you knew there really was somebody at the other end. Or you'd ask them to tap the phone so you'd know there was somebody there, listening. Terrified people all across the country calling you."

EVEN SO, Tom Robinson still wasn't angry. I remind him of that first time I saw him, the *GN* benefit gig at the Royal Mail, and he laughs at how innocent he used to be.

"Jesus, yes — I remember it well. But it all felt like a bit of a game, it all felt rather jolly. I didn't really feel . . . *(punches fist into palm)* 'This means *you* — and this means *your* teeth . . ."

Ah, no. The younger Robinson was a man who really *did* feel "Glad To Be Gay". The song by that title on the new TRB EP is actually "GTBG Part II", or "(Sing If) You're Glad To Be Gay" — and it was written in direct response to "GTBG Part I".

It's the same old story all over the world
When a boy meets a boy and a girl meets a girl
We all come together 'cause we're happy to say
It's a natural fact and it's good to be gay.

We've been analysed, ridiculed and driven away
By our elders and betters just for growing up gay
They trampled on our feelings till we hid them for shame
Well now Glad To Be Gay is the name of the game.

Don't feel guilty if you're passing for straight
If you wanna be yourself, well it's never too late
People won't mind if you're honest and gay —
You might even find that they prefer it that way.

'Cause it's the same old story all over the world
When a boy meets a boy and a girl meets a girl
We all come together 'cause we're happy to say
It's a natural fact that it's good to be gay . . .

A typically infectious number, it was written specifically for the CHE Conference in Sheffield in 1975.

"A jolly little sing-along calypso," Robinson spits contemptuously. "'A natural fact — it's good to be gay'! And I really believed it!"

Over the course of the next 12 months, Robinson discovered that people really *did* mind if you were "honest and gay", and that rather than "prefer you that way", they'd prefer you either locked up or hospitalised.

"A year later I'd been thoroughly disillusioned not only by the apathy of the gay movement itself, but by the things that were being thrown at us as the gradual clampdown and the backlash came.

"A year later I wrote '(Sing If) You're Glad To Be Gay' as a *reaction* against my own naivety in writing 'Glad To Be Gay Part I'.

"I'm sure I've gone down in print saying this lots of time before, and I'll probably end up quoting myself, but we had *fascist* editorials — there's no other word for it — in the *Sunday Express* and the *Telegraph*, about 'The Buggers' Charter of 1967', and the *People* writing stories about vicars and scoutmasters with monotonous

HAPPY THAT WAY... SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY. SING IF

regularity during the early part of '76 . . .

"We had the Peter Wells case. Peter Wells was sent to prison for *two years* for having sex with a consenting 18-year-old — at 18 you're meant to be an adult, man. You're allowed to vote, kill, buy a house, get a mortgage — you can do *anything* except go to bed with another guy."

Beginning to sound unnaturally like a politician even in the confines of his dowdy little Highgate bedsitter, Tom runs on through the list.

"One of my best friends, David Seligman from Gay Switchboard, got beaten up by queer-bashers. His face is still scarred even now.

"Incognito, which is a gay publishing chain, got busted, and its shops were closed down. For obscenity. Okay, Incognito published a bunch of sexist shit, but they were busted because it was gay."

By the time of Gay Pride Week, at the beginning of August 1976, Robinson was transformed. During that week, he staged his solo *Robinson Cruising* show for four nights at the Little Theatre, St Martins Lane, receiving an approving, sensitive *NME* review from Penny Reel (who, interestingly, recently remarked to me that he found the TRB's sloganeering style trite and outdated).

For that performance, Robinson would sing "Glad To Be Gay", then reel off a list of gay clubs and pubs whilst a stooge in the audience hollered out the fate that had recently befallen each one of them: "closed — closed — busted — closed — busted — busted — closed . . ."

Tom's ire was not lessened by what he saw as his brothers' and sisters' apathy in the face of the backlash, retreating placidly to whatever new boundary the law chose to ring around them.

He would then perform "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay".

The British police are the best in the world
I don't believe one of these stories I've heard
About them raiding our pubs for no reason at all
Lining the customers up by the wall
Picking out people and knocking them down
Resisting arrest as they're kicked on the ground
Searching their houses and calling them 'queer'
I don't believe that sort of thing
Happens here . . .

Sing if you're glad to be gay
Sing if you're happy that way
Sing if you're glad to be gay
Sing if you're happy that way

Pictures of naked young women are fun
In Titbits and Playboy, page three of The Sun
There's no nudes in Gay News, our one magazine
But they still find ways to call it obscene
Read how disgusting we are in the press
In the Telegraph, People and Sunday Express
Molesters of children, corruptors of youth
It's there in the papers, it
Must be the truth . . .

Don't try to kid us that if you're discreet
You're perfectly safe as you walk down the street
You don't have to mince or make bitchy remarks
To get beaten unconscious and left in the dark
I had a friend who was gentle and short
He was lonely one evening and went for a walk
Queer bashers caught him and kicked in his teeth
He was only hospitalised
For a week . . .

So sit back and watch as they close down our clubs
Arrest us for meeting and raid all our pubs
Make sure your bovfriend's at least 21
So only your friends and your brothers get done
Lie to your workmates, lie to your folks
Put down the queens, tell anti-queer jokes
'Gay lib's ridiculous' — join their laughter
'The buggers are legal now —
What more are they after?' . . .

So sing if you're glad to be gay . . .

Written initially as a venomous send-up of male homosexual complacency, with a verse (since deleted) referring specifically to Peter Wells, "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" is both misinterpreted *and* completely bizarre when it's yelled out lustily by a predominantly het TRB audience.

"Yes, very bizarre," Tom agrees. "It was on the strength of the thing as a song rather than who it was for or about, that it ended up in the set. Now it would be a sell-out *not* to play it.

"I don't know how I feel about hearing 2,000 heterosexuals singing it at the Lyceum. I have very serious reservations about it.

"I don't know how I feel about going to play in Middlesbrough, and I see all these butch young men who are either working down the docks or the steel works or unemployed, who I used to be in terror of having my head kicked in by when I used to live there, standing there waving their scarves, going: 'SING IF YOU'RE . . . .'

"I don't know how I feel about that. All the time I lived in Middlesbrough I was terrified out of my life, in case anyone found out I *was* gay . . ."

APART FROM the anti-homosexual backlash over that year, '75-76, the other major influence on converting Tom Robinson from passive pride to militant action was a New York theatre group called Hot Peaches.

A radical, outrageous drag show, their leader Jimmy Centola became a firm friend of Robinson's — indeed, he guested on the *Robinson Cruising* shows — and it was his brash drag queen approach that pushed Tom out of his previous laidback 'cool' stance and into fist-brandishing anger.

"Apathy ruled that summer," Robinson recalls. "Still does, come to that." Then Hot Peaches came over to do a week's stint at the ICA. They needed a guitarist, and Tom was enlisted . . .

"It was just sweltering in the theatre — people had their shirts off — and every night there was another riot down the Colherne. While we were playing, the news was filtering back. That's when I wrote 'Long Hot Summer' — a gay street-fighting song."

Its inspiration was taken from a Jimmy Centola rap/poem, in which he would describe the events which took place at Stonewall, New York, one night in 1969 — the gay world's most famous riot.

"Went down to the Stonewall wearing the trousers and white shirt that my mother had bought for me, and there was men dancing with men and women dancing with women, and then right at the back there was ***my*** *sisters, the queens, in all their glory . . .*

"And the whistle done blow and in they come, pushing and shoving just like a bunch of pigs — and nobody was saying nothing, 'cause in those days if you was gay you did not say you was gay . . . till they come to the queens. Well, this pig, he came up to Miss Marsha, pushed her over and ripped her dress . . . this pig went to hit her, so I said: 'Hey, why don't you leave her alone, she ain't hardly bothering you none' . . .

"So first they came in and busted up our fun, then they busted up our faces, and then they plain old done busted us . . . But you know, I don't mind that, 'cause it was the beginning of 'gay liberation'.

"But you know something? Now everybody done forget who done what and who for, and sometimes I go into gay bars and I see all my sisters and brothers in all their ***liberated*** *glory — and you see, over the bar, a sign saying: 'No drunks, no dogs, and no drags'.*

"Now can you imagine comparing ***me*** *to a dawg? I don't care y'know, 'cause they can eighty-six me out of every gay bar in New York and I'll pay it no mind, 'cause I've got mah friends — friends who love their gay sisters and brothers,* ***including*** *the queens . . ."*

Robinson spits this out now, word for word — he has an amazing memory — to illustrate Centola's straight-ahead, shocking, audience-confrontation approach. I never saw Hot Peaches, but according to Tom they would stun even the most upfront gay into a new self-pride.

Again written principally for gay consumption, "Long Hot Summer" actually found its way into Cafe Society's set towards the end of Tom's sojourn with the trio. Indeed, its easy flow matched that group as irresistibly as its tension now matches TRB.

'Hey Joe, get up and go — wouldn't like to tell you twice'
Hey Mac get off my back — didn't ask your advice
All this heat out on the street telling us to move along
It's gonna be a long hot summer from now on . . .

Hey man, I don't understand — I ain't hardly bothering you
'Say fag, you're just a drag — we ain't nearly finished with you'
There's too much heat out on the beat, telling us we don't belong
It's gonna be a long hot summer from now on . . .

Hey Sam, give us a hand — we can't make it alone
But we can all make a stand next time the whistle gets blown
Get your feet out on the street when you hear the heat is on
It's gonna be a long hot summer from now on.

That song was first unveiled during the *Robinson Cruising* Gay Pride Week shows — when Tom's band included, incidentally, Cafe's Ray Doyle and a guy who would later play guitar in an early incarnation of the Tom Robinson Band, Roy Butterfield (a.k.a. Anton Mauve). It must have struck an ironic note, with its call to resist police harrassment, because the Gay Pride Rally which climaxed the week was apparently governed with an iron fist by the friendly bobbies.

A SWIFT DRIVE through the crosstown traffic to a Queensway Chinese restaurant, and Tom describes the events of that day.

We're actually discussing the compromises *Gay News* makes in terms of toning down its content to get a place on W. H. Smith's racks, Tom defending it staunchly against those gays who put it down — "they're as stupid as Mary Whitehouse is shrewd" — but he has to admit that even he couldn't take the respectable face that the Gay Pride Rally attempted to put on homosexuality.

"The reason I sang 'Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay' at the rally in Hyde Park was because I found out who the speakers were — like the 'Gay Vicar of Thaxted' (a safe, religious homosexual frontman), Ian Harvey (former Tory MP) . . . there was nobody radical there at all."

So Robinson performed "SIYGTB", followed by a song written by Bradford GLF (more of whom later). "Halfway through singing it a message came through from the police: 'If he doesn't shut up we'll arrest him'. I had to stop in mid-song. Mind you, 'Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay' isn't the most pro-police song."

I can imagine them being irritated . . .

"Yes. We *were* surrounded and practically outnumbered. They used the same tactics on us as they later used on the blacks at Notting Hill, only the blacks wouldn't put up with it. We did.

"We arrived at Hyde Park, and I think there were eleven buses of reinforcements waiting. And they made a little avenue for us to walk down into the park, and then just fanned out into a circle around us. A real heavy show of strength — like, 'You may *think* you're liberated, but just don't come it!'"

The Notting Hill Carnival '76, less than a month later . . . the rise of the National Front . . .

"Coming to a realisation that *gay* people were copping it, was only a short way away from looking around and seeing that it's happening every *night* in Brixton. You only have to open your eyes, once you realise it's happening to *you*, to see it's happening to other people.

"So yeah, that's how I became politicised."

Three months later, infuriated with the lack of *danger* in Cafe Society, he quit the band and started fixing up gigs for a group that didn't yet exist . . .

ON ITS DAY, that group can be devastating. The Tom Robinson Band is one of the very best rock'n'roll bands to emerge in the great rock renaissance.

Without them, Tom would still be plugging away inside the closed world of sexual politics, instead of blasting out his 'message' in punk clubs and concert halls, in newspapers and on the radio.

Without Danny Kustow, Brian Taylor and Mark Amber you would probably never have heard of Tom Robinson.

What's more, they're all good interviewees, judging by what I've seen of them in print (particularly the excellent interview in Rock Against Racism's *Temporary Hoarding* No. 4).

However, the TRB feature awaits another writer. The idea of *this* one was sheer exploitation of the fact that Tom and I have been good mates for so long.

HE IS UNIQUE in that he is the *only* rock singer of the new breed of 'street' kids who actually had a solid 'political' involvement *before* he began singing about it. In fact, as the story shows, initially he sang for his bread and spent his spare time campaigning — totally the reverse of the singer who forms a band (or for that matter, the writer who joins a paper) and *then* finds an issue to beat his/her breast about.

As Tom says, in a most telling turn of phrase, "You know, I've only been acclaimed as a campaigner for gay rights since I ceased to be one."

Although he hasn't allowed his CHE membership to lapse, he is no longer involved in the nitty gritty of sexual politics. He doesn't even do benefit gigs (preferring to donate gig money — like the recent Hope gig for Gay Switchboard) because the band find the audiences either too unresponsive or too preoccupied with the niceties of whether Tom demonstrates the correct stance.

The classic example of *that* particular problem came with the celebrated incident in Bradford when the lesbians of the local Gay Liberation Front 'zapped' TRB — stormed the stage — during "Right On Sister", accusing Tom of being patronising. Most people would come out of that incident cursing the women who interrupted the show. Tom's reaction?

Continues page 30

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RECORD OF THE YEAR
LINDA RONSTADT
'BLUE BAYOU'

BARBRA STREISAND
'LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN'
('EVERGREEN')

DEBBY BOONE
'YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE'

ALBUM OF THE YEAR
JAMES TAYLOR
'JT'

FLEETWOOD MAC
'RUMOURS'
*FLEETWOOD MAC, PRODUCER

GEORGE LUCAS
PRODUCER, 'STAR WARS'

SONG OF THE YEAR
***BARBRA STREISAND**
'LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN'
('EVERGREEN')

***MARVIN HAMLISCH**
'NOBODY DOES IT BETTER'

BEST NEW ARTIST OF THE YEAR
STEPHEN BISHOP
DEBBY BOONE

BEST FEMALE POP VOCAL PERFORMANCE
LINDA RONSTADT
'BLUE BAYOU'

DOLLY PARTON
'HERE YOU COME AGAIN'

BARBRA STREISAND
'LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN'
('EVERGREEN')

DEBBY BOONE
'YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE'

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INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT

have received nominations

BEST MALE POP VOCAL PERFORMANCE
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
'AFTER THE LOVIN'

JAMES TAYLOR
'HANDY MAN'

STEPHEN BISHOP
'ON AND ON'

BEST GROUP POP VOCAL PERFORMANCE
CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
'CSN'

FLEETWOOD MAC
'RUMOURS'

BEST FEMALE COUNTRY VOCAL PERFORMANCE
DOLLY PARTON
'(YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME)
HIGHER AND HIGHER'

BEST MALE COUNTRY VOCAL PERFORMANCE
KENNY ROGERS
'LUCILLE'

BEST INSTRUMENTAL COMPOSITION
MARVIN HAMLISCH
'BOND '77 JAMES BOND THEME'

BEST ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SCORE
OR TELEVISION SPECIAL
MARVIN HAMLISCH
'THE SPY WHO LOVED ME'

BARBRA STREISAND *
'A STAR IS BORN'

BEST CAST SHOW ALBUM
'ANNIE'
BROADWAY AND MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

BEST INSTRUMENTAL ARRANGEMENT
CHICK COREA
'MUSIC MAGIC'

BEST ARRANGEMENT FOR VOICES
FLEETWOOD MAC
'GO YOUR OWN WAY'

CLASSICAL FIELD
ALBUM OF THE YEAR
ISAAC STERN* VIOLIN
'CONCERT OF THE CENTURY'

CLAMMA DALE* SOPRANO
'GERSHWIN: PORGY AND BESS'

BEST OPERA RECORDING
CLAMMA DALE* SOPRANO
'GERSHWIN: PORGY AND BESS'

ANTAL DORATI CONDUCTOR
'HAYDN: ORLANDO PALADINO'

JERZY SEMKOW CONDUCTOR
'MUSSORGSKY: BORIS GODUNOV'

BEST CHAMBER MUSIC PERFORMANCE
INSTRUMENTAL OR VOCAL
EMANUEL AX* PIANO
DVORAK: 'QUINTET FOR PIANO IN
A MAJOR, OP. 81'

ISAAC STERN* VIOLIN
TCHAIKOVSKY: 'TRIO FOR PIANO,
VIOLIN AND CELLO IN A MINOR,
OP. 50—PEZZO ELEGIACO'

BEST CLASSICAL PERFORMANCE
INSTRUMENTAL SOLOIST OR SOLOISTS.
ITZHAK PERLMAN VIOLIN AND CONDUCTOR
VIVALDI: 'THE FOUR SEASONS'

BEST CLASSICAL PERFORMANCE
INSTRUMENTAL SOLOIST OR SOLOISTS
(WITHOUT ORCHESTRA)
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN PIANO
BEETHOVEN: 'SONATA FOR PIANO
NO. 18 IN E FLAT MAJOR, OP. 31 NO. 3'
SCHUMANN: 'FANTASLESTUCKE, OP. 12'

ITZHAK PERLMAN VIOLIN
KREISLER: 'ITZHAK PERLMAN PLAYS
FRITZ KREISLER—ALBUM 2'

BEST CLASSICAL VOCAL
SOLOIST PERFORMANCE
VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY*PIANO
RACHMANINOFF: 'SONGS'
VOLUME TWO

*shared credit

design / starkman

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From page 27

"It's cool. I stopped playing it at once. It was written as a statement of solidarity with those women, and if they don't want it I'm just gonna play the next number."

As it says on the sleeve of the new "Rising Free" EP, on which "Right On Sister" is the last track, the song was inspired by Jill Posener, a playwright whom Robinson worked with in Gay Sweatshop, because "that was the first time I'd worked with real dynamite lesbians. It's not about women's lot — that's for women to write about. I wrote it from a man's standpoint, and most women take it in the spirit it was intended.

"I can understand it if *Spare Rib* don't like it when they review it — I dunno . . . . But I'd just like to point out to women who find it patronising that I *did* have a letter from a 14-year-old girl who said: 'Dear Tom, Thank you for "Right On Sister". I thought me and my penfriend in Norway were the only two who felt like that.'

"Now that girl doesn't care what's right on or politically correct, but that one little song, stupid and banal as it is, touched a chord in her. I hope that means something to feminists.

"There's such a danger with the Left generally — and people involved in sexual politics in particular — that the things they attack are on their own side. For instance, the Bradford GLF lesbians zap us but not The Stranglers.

"It's their party trick. The rest of the band were totally freaked out by it," he chuckles.

It's evident that Tom actually quite relishes the ins and outs of the gay politics he reckons to have left behind. Nevertheless, it's obvious he must now reach thousands of hung-up gay kids who've never even heard of CHE, GLF or Kinsey, and would never dare to read *Gay News*.

His grounding in sexual politics is a breath of fresh air in rock music. For a supposedly libertarian genre, there are an astounding number of people in this business who don't even realise how much their exploitation of their own and others' conditioned responses to sex reinforce an oppressive status quo.

Tom Robinson has sexual oppression sussed. Amazingly, he's the first major rock singer to simply *be* homosexual rather than pose about and use the 'abnormality' of gayness as titillation. As Steve Clarke observed, his onstage persona is "low-key macho". He has a horror/fear of appearing camp, because for him it's not a flirtation, it's a hard fact. No bisexual chic, and no gratuitous outrage (not onstage at least — though he did manage to outdo any attempts at outrage I've ever seen when we went for a meal together at Christmas, in a posh West End restaurant, and Tom merrily sported an extraordinarily 'obscene' Seditionaries fist-fuck T-shirt for all and sundry to blink at).

ROBINSON'S awareness of political games also makes him extremely wary. So resolutely upfront is he about his desire to be successful, I doubt whether even my most cynical colleague could berate TRB for selling out.

"I wanna be a star," Tom insists.

But, I offer, you are also very dedicated to personal communication. The newsletters, free badges . . .

"Only because that makes you more successful as a rock star," Tom deadpans. "Obviously, if an audience feels personally involved they'll enjoy it more. You give away a free badge that cost three pee to make, they'll wear it as a present from the band. That's sound marketing. I don't understand why other people don't do it.

"Kids pay £1.50 to see you, £4.00 for an LP, 80p for a single, £2.00 for a T-shirt . . . If you can't give them a little three pee tuppenny ha'penny badge, what's it all about? If you make people feel you care about them, that makes *them* care about *you*.

"That's why we write back to all letters. If you don't, word gets about. So you send them badges even if they forget the stamped addressed envelope, and Charlie out in South Glamorgan tells all his friends: 'Jesus, I got a personal reply, and I didn't even send a stamped addressed envelope!' That's ten people's worth of good vibes.

"It all makes good financial sense."

So all these people who write to you are just being used?

"I didn't say that. But it *does* make perfect commercial sense."

Even so, the sight of the TRB office in full spate during a letter-answering session is completely unnerving. I dropped round one evening recently — no set-up job or anything — and there was the whole band and a couple of friends sitting on the floor surrounded by *mountains* of mail, scribbling and typing personal notes to stuff in all these envelopes along with badges, stickers and newsletters.

Baffled, I retreated to manager Steve O'Rourke's empty office (yes, that *is* Pink Floyd manager Steve O'Rourke . . . Tom reckons he's such a nice guy, he was almost hurt when I expressed suspicion: good business sense again, as O'Rourke has already exerted his weight by getting EMI to put out what amounts to half an album at single price with "Rising Free") and only the exhausted Danny Kustow was tempted off the factory floor to share my indolence.

"The thing is," Tom stresses, "all those things are *not* against my personal interests."

Again, he's completely honest about making compromises for commercial success — for instance in choosing "Motorway" as the first single. At the same time he praises to the skies bands who he reckons *haven't* compromised, like The Sex Pistols (he recounts an incident at the Music Machine where Johnny Rotten accosted him and hissed: *"Don't ever give in"* and was promptly sick on the carpet) and the feminist band Jam Today, whose stance is so 'pure' that their drummer even resents men being in the audience. Jam Today, he says, don't make any bread, but they act as "a signpost for the rest of us".

On the other hand, I suggest, Jam Today don't reach as many people as you. Would you say it was necessary for bands like them to inspire groups like yours, who are more likely to effect change?

"NOOOO!" he howls. "I'm not gonna say that! Bollocks. I'm not gonna go round blowing *that* trumpet. I was pissed off when Ray Coleman (in *Melody Maker)* invented the quote 'Clash and Pistols equivocate, we don't'. I never said that. I said that their *stance* is equivocal, but I didn't say immediately afterwards: 'We don't'."

In fact, he proceeds to detail how he's actually "ripped bits off" from those two bands, and later goes into a whole long list of people he's blatantly taken ideas and inspiration from: Hot Peaches, Frank Zappa (Zappa used to do a kind of Mothers News column in some papers, which inspired the TRB bulletins), Hereward Kaye, The Kinks, Dylan, Bobo Phoenix (whose onstage ferocity with Dead Fingers Talk made Tom discard Cafe Society's "discreet performance"), Robert Godfrey (whose persistence in keeping The Enid afloat through numerous trials and tribulations was another inspiration), Andy Fraser ("the guvnor bass player") . . .

"I'm a magpie," he says. "I'm not an original thinker. I've gotta admit the only *new* thing about TRB is the synthesis."

AND, I WOULD venture, the honesty and the extremism. Extremism? Yeah, I know what you're thinking — TRB are safe. And it's true. In a world where the rock audience's senses have become blunted by ever more ludicrous extremes of outrage, in a world of pop groups bidding desperately to outdo one another for grotesque appellations (Moors Murderers, "Pretty Paedophiles", etc.), in a world where rock journalists pretend to be literally bored to the point of suicide (if only . . .) and search for ever more nonsensical insults just because last week's idol didn't toe some party line that he or she hadn't the least idea existed . . . In this world, yes, TRB are 'safe'. They're polite, they're friendly, they don't provoke riots.

I would even doubt, despite their outspokenness about, say, homosexuality or the National Front, whether they are in any more physical danger than you or I — except, that is, when Tom frequents gay pubs like the Royal Vauxhall Tavern, which was recently raided by over a dozen heavies in NF badges who stormed in and smashed glasses, furniture and the barman's ribs, and hospitalised one customer before fleeing in waiting taxis.

Listen, I'll tell you what's extreme about Tom Robinson: he is making a stand on behalf of *people*. There is no mistaking what he's saying, no way — apart from the odd ode to a motor car or some tiresome imaginary brother — that any TRB song, uh, equivocates.

And he's not just preaching to the converted (not that it would necessarily invalidate anything if he were) because not only is he going to reach an audience who come to *rock* first and *listen* later, but also his major statement — that human rights are inseparable, that you *can't* divide it up into homosexuals, immigrants, women, etc, etc, that you *have* to decide which side you're on — that statement is a cliche only for those who can't be bothered to think about it.

It is extreme. It requires that hoary old beast: constant re-evaluation of oneself.

Our prejudices are so conditioned into us that even now — after watching and supporting the gay movement from the outside for several years — even now I listen to "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" or Tom's Jimmy Centola rap, and I discover that there is still room to lower my personal barrier of irrational fear of homosexuals by another notch. The work of twenty years is not necessarily undone in less than a decade.

Tom Robinson, I would suggest, is extreme because he is *rational*. Normally we think of people as extremists — Patti Smith or Johnny Rotten, for instance — for exactly the opposite reason: because they lay bare their irrationality. This sparks against our own insecurity, and our need to come to terms with their extremism is cathartic — and, incidentally, a powerful factor in their success, both artistic and commercial.

But Tom Robinson is just plain old rational. Straight. Mr Nice Guy. In fact, I'm slightly surprised he's so popular in these times of mental machismo . . .

Characteristically, Tom tries hard to defuse any attempts to lumber him with a saintly image, and I don't blame him. But everyone is someone else's guru, and in some respects Tom Robinson is mine right now.

It's easy to become complacent about truisms like the evil of the National Front, and Robinson's constant reiteration of his beliefs acts upon me in the same way it would appear that, say, Jam Today inspire him.

FINALLY, LET ME make a guess about the album.

See, they've already dispensed with most of the off-centre stuff: "Motorway", "I Shall Be Released" (the George Ince song), "Don't Take No For An Answer" (the Ray Davies song), "Martin", "Glad To Be Gay", "Right On Sister".

Which leaves . . . . "Up Against The Wall", "Power In The Darkness", "Long Hot Summer", "Winter Of '79", "I'm All Right Jack", "Better Decide Which Side You're On", "We Ain't Gonna Take It" . . . the street-fighting songs, the wide-screen anti-Front songs, the backlash songs.

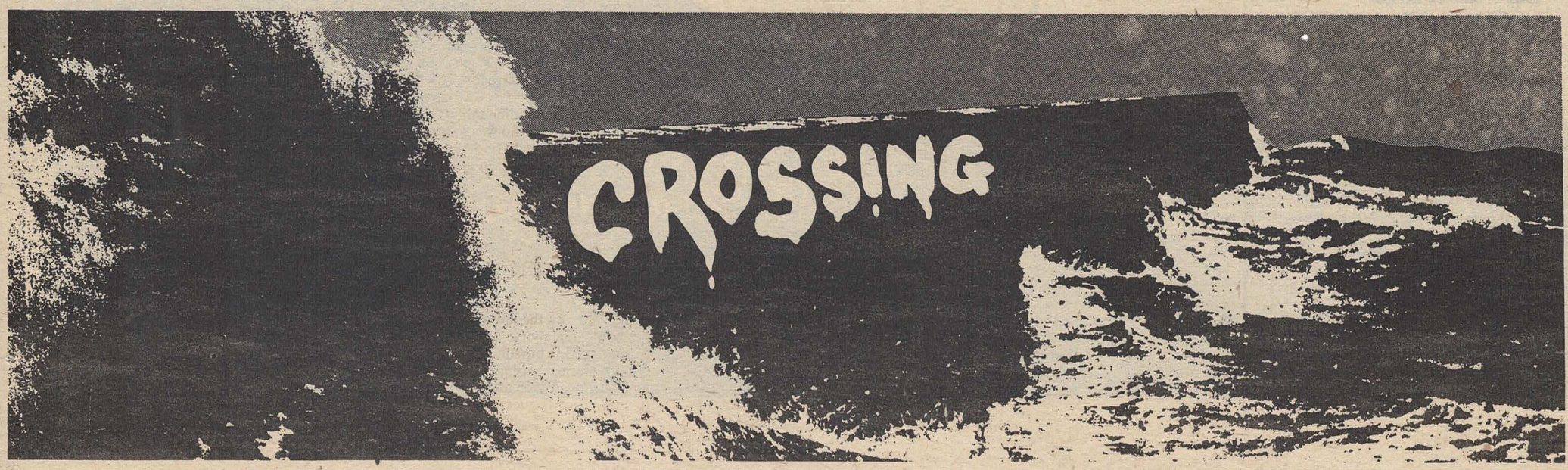
Take a listen to "Don't Take No For An Answer" on the new EP. LOUD. Now think: Chris Thomas is producing the album, that band is playing it, those are the songs they're playing . . .

I tell you, it will a real fist in the face of oppression — *our* oppression as well as 'theirs'.

A clenched fist, naturally.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

"Prince Of The Punks" reprinted by permission of Ray Davies / Davray Music 1977. "Glad To Be Gay", "Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay" and "Long Hot Summer" reprinted by permission of Tom Robinson.



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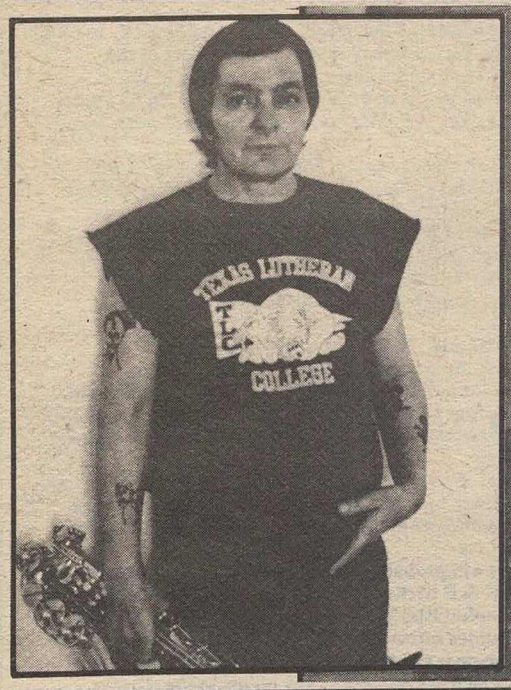

Art Pepper Before And After Life

And still going strong. The alto legend is working again after beating heroin addiction and 12 years in jail.

Right: Pepper, slick snd healthy in the early Stan Kenton days. Above: The unbeaten product of Smack 'n' San Quentin

By ROY CARR

IF ART PEPPER had turned police informant as suggested by the Los Angeles Narc Squad when he was first busted in 1953, then undoubtedly life might have turned out just that much easier for the celebrated alto saxist.

As it was, his determination to remain tight-lipped and unco-operative made him a marked man.

In those days heroin addiction wasn't regarded by the authorities as a curable disease. The emphasis was on Criminal Offence. And for the next six years Pepper was subjected to persistent police harrassment.

He proved to be a three-time loser-user and in 1960 was incarcerated in the notorious San Quentin State Prison.

By the time he was paroled, in 1966, aged 40, he had spent 12 years behind bars.

He cut his last solo album, "Intensity", for Contemporary Records in November, 1960, since when the exhilarating sound of his alto sax has all but been stilled. Silent, but by no means forgotten . . . for during that 16-year break in transmission the realisation that Art Pepper is arguably the greatest living white modern jazz alto saxophonist has been rightly established.

NOW, at the age of 52, Art Pepper has finally stopped running scared. He's been *clean* since the end of the '60s, and on the Methadone programme for the last five years. For the first time in his star-crossed career he admits to being in complete command of his destiny.

He's been back in Contemporary's studios, blowing even more brilliantly than before, and thankfully, almost all of his remarkable back-catalogue is currently on re-release.

His earlier lifestyle may have ravaged his once-brooding matinee idol good-looks, but an expression of having come-to-terms with life is etched deep into his world-weary features.

ART PEPPER was only 18 when his first big break came — and also his first taste of bad luck. He was invited in 1943 to join the prestigious Stan Kenton Orchestra. However, the US Army had prior claim to his services and within three months shipped him off to Europe.

This was just one of many traumatic experiences that scared his early life.

As a child he was starved of affection. Reared by a grandmother, he fell in love and married the first pretty girl who turned his head. And since his in-laws apparently had a premonition that he was going to be killed-in-action, they pressurised their daughter to become pregnant pronto.

Ironically, Pepper didn't go off to fight the Hun, but became a Military Policeman stationed outside London's Marlborough Magistrates' Court.

"I wasn't ready for the responsibilities of being a father." He speaks with compassion while sipping a mixture of Galiano and coffee in a diner situated on Hollywood's Sunset Strip.

"I was far too young. As soon as I had found love, I was sent overseas for three years. Man . . . it was so unfair".

He quickly turned to drink for solace.

After his discharge he spent 12-months working in an L.A. meat-packing plant until in September, 1947 Stan Kenton again invited him to rejoin his Orchestra, and he remained with Kenton until he left to record his first solo album for Discovery in 1952.

The Kenton Orchestra was always on the road, so Pepper left his child with his in-laws and took his wife on tour. Then during a stint in New York they received a phone call that the child was sick. Filled with remorse, Pepper's wife immediately flew back to the Coast, insisting that she would never again accompany him.

"That just about killed me," he recollects. "I was young. I'd just come back from the war and I desperately needed love."

Once again the bottle helped anaesthetise the pain — until one fateful night when the Kenton Orchestra played Chicago.

After propping up the hotel bar until six a.m. Pepper staggered upstairs looking for a re-fill and into a bedroom full of smacked-out musicians where the nymphomaniacal girl singer from another band was the centre of attraction. She took one look at the stupor Pepper had drunk himself into, said she had just the thing to pep him up, invited him into the bathroom and gave him his first snort of the Big H.

"Right up until that night," says Pepper. "I'd always tried to stay well clear of drugs because I was aware that I had an addictive personality. But after that first snort . . . I felt so good and immediately forgot all about my problems."

It was only a matter of time before he began mainlining.

"I probably wouldn't have gotten hooked if my wife had still been with me.

"The whole time I was on drugs the only way I could justify it to myself was that all the other musicians I knew were doing it."

Women were as much a part of Art Pepper's ruin as narcotics. Officially married four times, he's also had three common-law wives.

It was in 1953 that he got busted for the first time.

"It happened just down the street from where we're sitting," he says matter-of-fact.

Though he won't name the person who fingered him, Pepper reveals that he was a trumpet player and a habitual user.

Earlier in the day the police had busted the trumpet-player who, to save his own skin, falsely accused Pepper of being a big-time dealer.

A gun at the head and handcuffs on the wrists were his first introduction to the Feds.

Downtown they offered him a *taste* and then his freedom if he would name his connection and assist the police in making an entrapment. But he refused.

At that time first offenders didn't get the slammer for possession, but for refusing to co-operate he received two years in the Federal Pen. And he had only been back on the streets for three months when he was picked up again — for carrying Codine tablets — and got another 12 months in the county jail plus 414 days parole time.

"I was told time and time again that no way in the world would they violate me on that score, but once I'd served my year in the county jail instead of setting me free the Federal Marshal sent me to Terminal Island to serve those 414 days for possessing those Codines."

In fact the Codine tablets belonged to a girlfriend who was so afraid that her mother would find out about her liaison with Pepper that not only did she refuse to give evidence that would clear him but begged Pepper to remain silent.

His silence cost him 414 days of his life.

DESPITE REPEATED run-ins with the law and periods of inactivity, Art Pepper still managed to pursue his career as one of America's premier horn players.

Between 1955 and 1960 he did innumerable guest shots on albums by trumpet player Shorty Rogers and drummers Shelly Manne and Joe Morello, and also produced something like a dozen timeless albums as leader of his own group, the most notable being "The Artistry Of Pepper" (Pacific Jazz) and such Contemporary Records classics as the awe-inspiring and aptly entitled "Smack Up" featuring Jack Sheldon (trumpet) and Frank Butler (drums), "Intensity", "The Way It Was!", "Art Pepper Plus 11 — Modern Jazz Classics" and an LP he cut with trumpeter Chet Baker called "Playboys".

At a time when not only narcotics but, to a lesser extent, an undercurrent of racism and misguided elitism were eroding the jazz scene, Art Pepper was one of the few musicians whose boundless creativity transcended the hostilities between the West-Coast Cool School and New York's Hard-Bop Brigade.

Pepper had no truck with such prejudices. When gigging at the Hermosa Beach Lighthouse he regularly played with Hollywood's finest and also the new jazz wave of Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry and Paul Bley with equal panache.

On such Contemporary albums as "Gettin' Together" and "Art Pepper Meets The Rhythm Section", he illustrated his adaptability by fronting Miles Davis's epoch-making rhythm sections of Wynton Kelly or Red Garland (piano), Paul Chamber's (bass) and Jimmy Cobb or Philly Joe Jones (drums).

But despite all this, the drug problem was still there. He was busted yet again and found guilty of possessing half an ounce of heroin. His reluctance to assist the police in organising a stake-out got him four-and-a-half years in San Quentin.

And since imprisonment wasn't

■ *Continues over page*

ALBUMS

TOM WAITS
Foreign Affairs
(Asylum)

HE COULDA bin a contender, y'know. No ordinary schmo, not just some cultish paluka — but Mr. Big.

I mean not just any Joe gets to have a song of his crooned out by The Eagles — no less — on one of their platinum discs. Yes, Tom Waits could've had it all.

So what does he go and do? After the bouquets and royalty cheques have been thrown in his corner, he turns round without blinking and spits out the moon dead in the face of Lady Fortune, shuffles back to Manny's cut price liquor store and stares down, down into the dregs of a dirty glass, belches and settles for cold comfort.

No more MOR easy-riding, no slick wallpaper blends — Waits chose to stay true to his muse, to make with the snake eyes and the ornary gestures. He reaches straight for the hard stuff. One deft swig and he's out on his own again.

Tom Waits is a man of substance, see. A real character walking tall in the subterranean zone a million miles from the music biz environs frequented by sallow-faced lost souls staring out of skyscraper windows, souls who have to call a cab when they want to case the action on the streets.

It's like this. Habitually, I've got no time for barflies. Sloppy drunks who talk too much just give me haemorrhoids. One for my baby and one for the road. That's Waits' pitch too — but he's got something more going for him.

He can be sloppy drunk, sure, and maudlin as hell too. Christ, he even gets out of control sometimes and starts growling like some white kid imitating Louis Armstrong — a heinous sin. Plus he's read Kerouac and the Beat poets far too much — like they were the Bible of Jive or something.

Still, there's something truly righteous glowing from these grooves that finally places his trashy genius in just the right perspective.

His last two efforts had their share of pros and cons though their blemishes did tend to outweigh too much for comfort. The double live "Nighthawks In The Diner" wallowed far too much in its ethnic Americana, more often than not driving away any listener not instantly keyed in on the reams of small town references in all the raps. Although a definite step in the right direction, "Small Change" still seemed to confine itself to Waits' select bar room bunch.

But now with "Foreign Affairs," we're presented with the work of an artist who's finally honed himself a cutting edge. The downtrodden, soused romantic in Waits is still heavily in evidence, of course, but instead of being obliged to wade in the waters of blurred, drunken schmaltz, the listener can savour other joys.

Songs like "Muriel" are short, eloquent and 'touching.' In the same vein "I Never Talk To Strangers" allows guest artiste Bette Midler to play Shirley McLaine in *The Apartment* with such conviction that this performance alone deserves to bring her much-maligned style back into favour.

"A Sight For Sore Eyes" is more bar bathos — nothing to get excited about but an affecting portrayal nonetheless. The album's final, title track fights off a veritable OD of dewy-eyedom with superb lyrics that even transcend Waits' noxious 'Satchmo' growl.

That's just middlin' fare though, because "Affairs" proves irrefutably that Waits' talents are in an ascendant, especially when he's tackling more feistily paced compositions. "Jack And Neal" — a long-expected eulogy to Kerouac and Casady's joyful wanderlust — captures the style and swing of that great (and underrated) writer's rambling literary excursions exquisitely: loads of be-bop imagery clustered together to give a vivid portrait of those 'road' sagas ladled out in a cocksure manner that the Master himself would have beamed at upon hearing.

The finest fillip is located at the beginning of side two when Waits takes on the role of old-time squealer selling tales of sinister crime and vengeance for a thimbleful of whisky in "Potter's Field."

Here, Waits truly rises to the occasion, performing his wild monologue with a gravel-hearted panache that would have done Robert Newton at his best proud, while the orchestration, borrowing equally from Gil Evans and those classic Sam Fuller thriller soundtracks, lends the piece a chilling credence.

"Potter's Field" proves indubitably just how potent and vivid a wordsmith Waits is, firing off images and gut-bucket couplets that so many purported greats try for without coming close to pulling off. Just play the aforementioned tracks next to any similar work by Bruce Springsteen or even Patti Smith and the shortcomings of the latter pair or anyone else become all too apparent, pinpointing that hazy line between art and over zealous artifice.

So where does all this lead to beyond one brilliant album by Tom Waits? Well, "Foreign Affairs" has been out in the States for months now and still hasn't dented the Cashbox Top 100. And, of course, it doesn't stand a cat in hell's chance of breaking anywhere else.

But that's only because this is music that demands one's total attention — nothing less — and when it comes to the old singer-songwriter brigade, the 'placebo' syndrome still calls the shots where big bucks are concerned.

That's why Randy Newman has finally broken big in the States with "Little Criminals", of course — because dragging in The Eagles, even for the purposes of musical irony, only ends up diluting the pith of a great collection of songs.

Tom Waits continues to stand alone — incongruous, often self-indulgent, occasionally overreaching himself — but always unique. His is a talent that could single-handedly fuel the pens of maybe twenty songwriters and he's just too precious to be ignored that much longer.

A true subterranean, he won't come to you so you'd better make the effort to come to terms with him.

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AND A RABBIT IN HIS

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Double Live Gonzo
(Epic)

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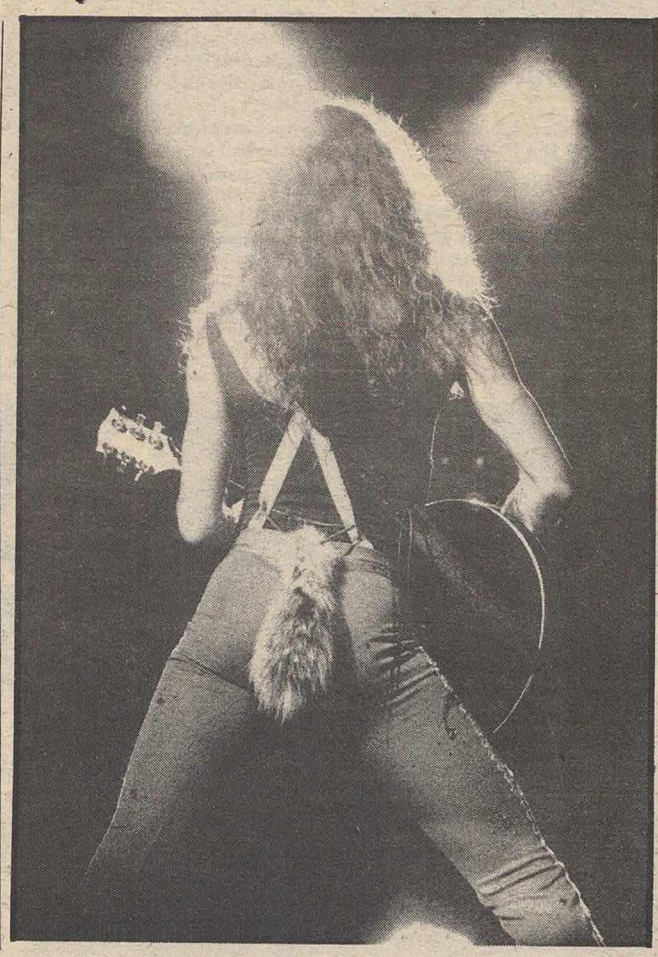

ALBUMS

TOM WAITS
Foreign Affairs
(Asylum)

HE COULDA bin a contender, y'know. No ordinary schmo, not just some cultish paluka — but Mr. Big.

I mean not just any Joe gets to have a song of his crooned out by The Eagles — no less — on one of their platinum discs. Yes, Tom Waits could've had it all.

So what does he go and do? After the bouquets and royalty cheques have been thrown in his corner, he turns round without blinking and spits out the moon dead in the face of Lady Fortune, shuffles back to Manny's cut price liquor store and stares down, down into the dregs of a dirty glass, belches and settles for cold comfort.

No more MOR easy-riding, no slick wallpaper blends — Waits chose to stay true to his muse, to make with the snake eyes and the ornary gestures. He reaches straight for the hard stuff. One deft swig and he's out on his own again.

Tom Waits is a man of substance, see. A real character walking tall in the subterranean zone a million miles from the music biz environs frequented by sallow-faced lost souls staring out of skyscraper windows, souls who have to call a cab when they want to case the action on the streets.

It's like this. Habitually, I've got no time for barflies. Sloppy drunks who talk too much just give me haemorrhoids. One for my baby and one for the road. That's Waits' pitch too — but he's got something more going for him.

He can be sloppy drunk, sure, and maudlin as hell too. Christ, he even gets out of control sometimes and starts growling like some white kid imitating Louis Armstrong — a heinous sin. Plus he's read Kerouac and the Beat poets far too much — like they were the Bible of Jive or something.

Still, there's something truly righteous glowing from these grooves that finally places his trashy genius in just the right perspective.

His last two efforts had their share of pros and cons though their blemishes did tend to outweigh too much for comfort. The double live "Nighthawks In The Diner" wallowed far too much in its ethnic Americana, more often than not driving away any listener not instantly keyed in on the reams of small town references in all the raps. Although a definite step in the right direction, "Small Change" still seemed to confine itself to Waits' select bar room bunch.

But now with "Foreign Affairs," we're presented with the work of an artist who's finally honed himself a cutting edge. The downtrodden, soused romantic in Waits is still heavily in evidence, of course, but instead of being obliged to wade in the waters of blurred, drunken schmaltz, the listener can savour other joys.

Songs like "Muriel" are short, eloquent and 'touching.' In the same vein "I Never Talk To Strangers" allows guest artiste Bette Midler to play Shirley McLaine in *The Apartment* with such conviction that this performance alone deserves to bring her much-maligned style back into favour.

"A Sight For Sore Eyes" is more bar bathos — nothing to get excited about but an affecting portrayal nonetheless. The album's final, title track fights off a veritable OD of dewy-eyedom with superb lyrics that even transcend Waits' noxious 'Satchmo' growl.

That's just middlin' fare though, because "Affairs" proves irrefutably that Waits' talents are in an ascendant, especially when he's tackling more feistily paced compositions. "Jack And Neal" — a long-expected eulogy to Kerouac and Casady's joyful wanderlust — captures the style and swing of that great (and underrated) writer's rambling literary excursions exquisitely: loads of be-bop imagery clustered together to give a vivid portrait of those 'road' sagas ladled out in a cocksure manner that the Master himself would have beamed at upon hearing.

The finest fillip is located at the beginning of side two when Waits takes on the role of old-time squealer selling tales of sinister crime and vengeance for a thimbleful of whisky in "Potter's Field."

Here, Waits truly rises to the occasion, performing his wild monologue with a gravel-hearted panache that would have done Robert Newton at his best proud, while the orchestration, borrowing equally from Gil Evans and those classic Sam Fuller thriller soundtracks, lends the piece a chilling credence.

"Potter's Field" proves indubitably just how potent and vivid a wordsmith Waits is, firing off images and gut-bucket couplets that so many purported greats try for without coming close to pulling off. Just play the aforementioned tracks next to any similar work by Bruce Springsteen or even Patti Smith and the shortcomings of the latter pair or anyone else become all too apparent, pinpointing that hazy line between art and over zealous artifice.

So where does all this lead to beyond one brilliant album by Tom Waits? Well, "Foreign Affairs" has been out in the States for months now and still hasn't dented the Cashbox Top 100. And, of course, it doesn't stand a cat in hell's chance of breaking anywhere else.

But that's only because this is music that demands one's total attention — nothing less — and when it comes to the old singer-songwriter brigade, the 'placebo' syndrome still calls the shots where big bucks are concerned.

That's why Randy Newman has finally broken big in the States with "Little Criminals", of course — because dragging in The Eagles, even for the purposes of musical irony, only ends up diluting the pith of a great collection of songs.

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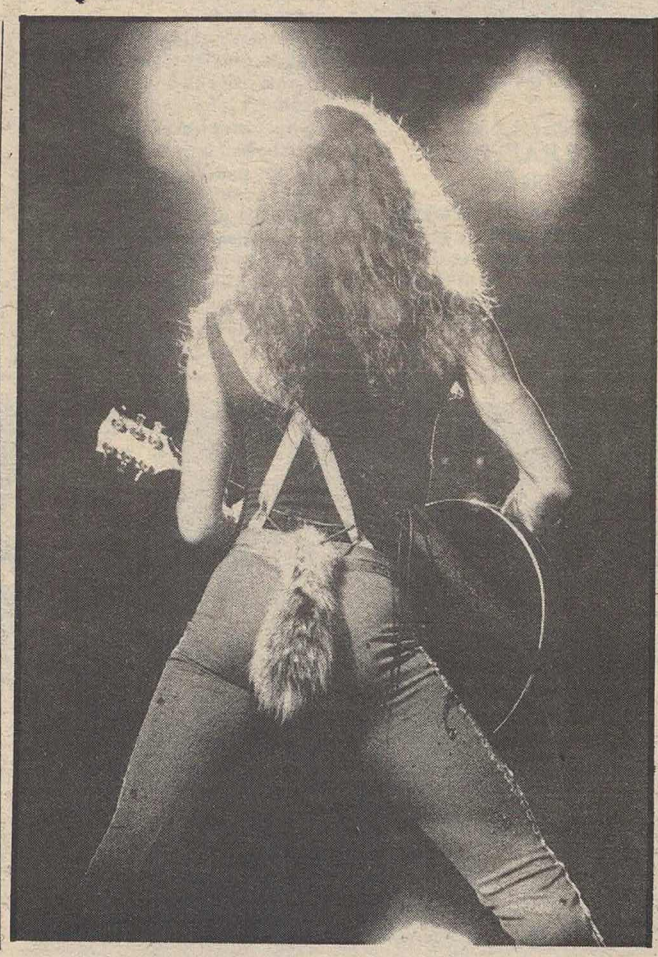


THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH
The Best Of The Undisputed Truth (Motown)

WHAT FUNKADELIC are to Parliament in George Clinton's set-up, The Undisputed Truth were to The Temptations in Norman Whitfield's scheme of things; while most of his '70s productions have been adventurous, Whitfield really let himself go to town on this group.

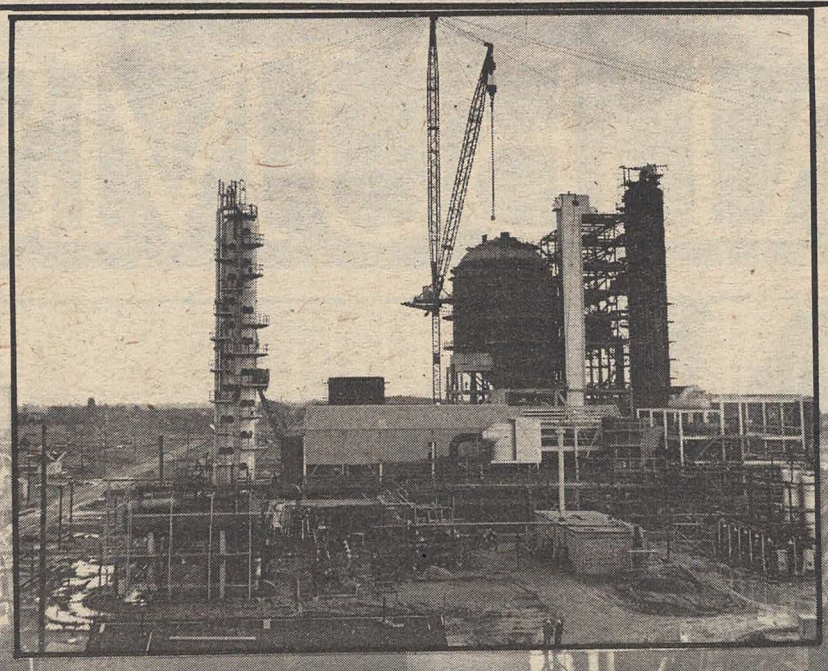
He and they were ahead of their time. Despite the fact that Sly had apparently paved the way, Undisputed Truth was never a spectacular success for Motown. Ironically, now that other groups have succeeded with related music (particularly Clinton's lot) Whitfield has marginally compromised the Truth for their releases on his own label.

This 14-track compilation from the group's six Motown albums, released from 1971 to '75, provides a timely reminder of just how extraordinary their previous recordings were, including such formidable creations as "Smiling Faces Sometimes", "UFO's", "Big John Is My Name" and their version of The Temps' hits, "Superstar" and "Papa Was A Rollin' Stone".

Having packaged the single album in a folder sleeve it's a pity that Motown didn't see fit to include some informative notes and / or session details in amongst the cosmic photo montage. (For instance, I assume that the excellent musicians behind the Truth are basically the same lot who now call themselves Rose Royce but it'd be nice to know for certain).

Still, ephemeral trappings can't disguise the fact that it's a bumper value release.

Cliff White



MAN, MUSCLE & MACHINE

THROBBING GRISTLE
The Second Annual Report Of . . . (Industrial Records)

THIS RECORD will not be repressed.

A neat double edge there. Throbbing Gristle borrowed the money to have 785 pressed, of which 500 have already been sold. That's in six weeks, with no advertising at all, and as far afield as the USA, Sweden, France and Germany. The borrowed money has been paid back and there's just enough to do another record. Which is the idea.

When the record is sold out, it is not going to be repressed. Throbbing Gristle can now do another for the same cost as repressing, so they'll move on. Which is what it's all about.

This is a very harrowing record. Darkly subjective. Not for those who feel that they perhaps can't trust themselves. On some sort of musically historical level (a debased one but an easy hanger), it's approximately John Cage, Maurice Kagel, Lamonte Young, Terry Riley even. Closer to home, it could be the first Faust album, Lou Reed's "Metal Machine Music", Fripp and Eno's "No Pussyfooting", Cluster and Eno's recent collaboration or high period Amon Duul 2.

Electronics and voice loops, echoes, effects and collage. What is this music exactly? I don't know. This is a reaction and response record. I could supply sound reasons why I er, can involve myself in this music, but that would be futile. It's up to you. This is highly personal music; it's (probably) spiritual — and therefore maybe even good for you.

On the sleeve Throbbing Gristle (Chris Carter, Peter Christopherson, Genesis P-Orridge and Cosey Fanni Tutti) proclaim: "In the forthcoming year we hope to increase the number of live demonstrations and the variety of their locations.

"We also hope to continue our film work and to extend into a new area of preparing customized tapes of piped music for shops and factories, and finally to continue releasing records for public consumption."

German composer Karlhein Stockhausen once said: "People in advertising and politics know very well what sounds do to the masses. Oh yes. The Khmer people in Cambodia moved 30 and 40 ton stones with elephants pushing and people pulling on ropes.

"Trumpet blowers who periodically blew very sharp signals had an important function, helping to synchronise thousands of people pulling on ropes in order to move such stones even one inch.

"Sounds can do anything. They can kill. The whole Indian Mantric tradition knows that with sounds you can concentrate on any part of the body and calm it down, excite it, even hurt it in the extreme."

"Second Annual Report Of . . ." is available from all Virgin Records shops, from Rough Trade, Bonaparte Records, Ramone Records and Boy Boutique in London or direct from Industrial Records, 10 Martello Street, London E8. That's at £5 including p&p, 10 dollars for the USA — and you get information, stickers, posters, postcards, etc . . .

Yes, intensity can be fun.

Paul Morley

STEPHAN MICUS
Implosions (JAPO)
OSAMU KITAJIMA
Osamu (Island)

MICUS AND Kitajima display quite different approaches to what can loosely be termed "ethnic musics": respectively, preservation and assimilation-/subsumption.

Micus takes traditional instruments from various cultures — Shakuhachi, Rabab, Sitar, etc. — and utilises them with "the sincere desire to understand the essence of these cultures". Whilst the instrumentation is similar to his earlier, unfortunately-titled "Archaic Concerts", the cross-cultural mixing of instruments on that album is largely absent; instead, Micus oberdubs several tracks of a single instrument and adds vocals over the top.

The overall effect is pleasing, but a little too reverential at times. The directions suggested by the earlier album would seem to be the more promising.

Osamu Kitajima's work differs from Micus' in that it combines old Japanese instruments like the Koto and Shakuhachi with a plethora of modern western instruments — banks of keyboards, synthesisers galore, electric guitars, etc.

The resultant music could be piped with equanimity through Japanese airport lounges and supermarkets. The links it retains with Japanese culture are tenuous in the extreme; it could, in fact, be seen as a musical monument to the westernisation (and trivialisation) of Japan since 1945.

From the meandering koto-funk of "Purple Hills And Crystal Streams" to the lavish, widescreen romanticism of "Hear The Rain, See It Fall" and Minnie Riperton's high-register oriental-style cooing on "Yesterday And Karma", "Osamu" is to Nipponese war-babies what the Eagles are to LA cowboys. Nothing but retouched dreams.

Great muzak for hijacked Japanese airline passengers.

Andy Gill

EDDIE MONEY
Eddie Money (CBS Import)

BRUCE BOTNICK — revered for his long association with The Doors as their engineer and producer of "L.A. Woman" — has directed the first album by singer-saxist Eddie Money with such expertise that the producer comes close to emerging as the overall personality.

Its not that Botnick has deliberately set out to upstage the artist, just that he's able to add such style, presence and atmosphere that he's elevated the leading man to the point where he outstrips other newcomers working in this particular genre.

All I know about Eddie Money is that he's an ex-US cop, who croaks in the time-honoured fifty-cigs-a-day husk usually associated with such Brit blue-eyed soulsters as Rod Stewart, Joe Cocker and especially Paul Rodgers — a singer from whom Money has borrowed a number of familiar stylistic devices. He cuts such upstarts to the quick.

Lyrically Money's songs — which for the most part he co-authored with guitarist Jimmy Lyons (now where the hell do I know that name from?) — don't reveal any deep insight into the singer's personality, but refer intead to stock-in-trade rock 'n' roll imagery.

See, this album's finest moment comes when Money is handed Smokey Robinson's much-covered "You've Really Got A Hold On Me" to sing. This tasteful, ultra funky re-arrangement of the old Motown Master simply oozes Top 40 playability and indicates that Eddie Money as interpretive performer is an avenue that should be seriously explored in the future.

Roy Carr

GALLAGHER AND LYLE
Showdown (A&M)
GERRY RAFFERTY
City To City (UA)

GOING, GOING, ALMOST GONE

IF IT were a matter of talent alone, Gerry Rafferty and not Gallagher and Lyle would be the more successful of these two Scottish songwriting acts.

Gallagher and Lyle's breakthrough with "Breakaway" (the song and the album) was certainly long overdue when it occurred, but their songs, despite the duo's knack for crafting a memorable melody, have never seemed as genuinely inspired as the more erratic Mr Rafferty's material. Quite simply, his songs have more passion, come from the heart, not the head.

However, things being what they are, markets and personalities all important (Rafferty is by far the least co-operative interviewee I've had the bad luck to encounter, actually nodding out in the face of my *scintillating* dialectics), Gallagher and Lyle have become firm favourites with the David Hamilton crowd whilst Rafferty has all but sunk without trace.

Rafferty's last recording turned out to be Stealer's Wheel's swansong — 1976's "Right Or Wrong", not so much a band, more the collective vision of Rafferty and Joe Egan.

And I'll be very surprised if "City To City", despite its considerable merits, pushes Rafferty back into the public eye. Recorded at Chipping Norton with familiar sessioners like Henry Spinnetti (drums), Jerry Donahue (guitar) and 'names' Andy Fairweather Low, Paul Jones (he plays harp on one track) and Barbara Dickson, "City To City" isn't an album I can unreservedly recommend.

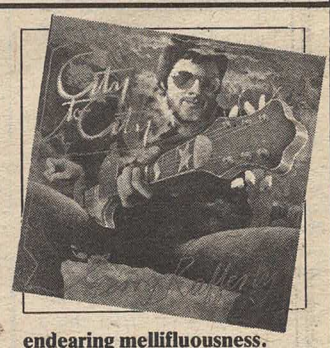
Rafferty's ability to write an exceptional song is still evident as the standout "Baker Street", a song about disillusionment with city life that's given an 'epic' treatment complete with wondrous sax motif, displays only too well.

Elsewhere there are songs, these often hinting at Lennon-McCartney, that certainly don't grow on trees. Witness side two's "Mattie's Rag" with its inferences of "Martha, My Dear" and "The Ark", which features a traditional Celtic prelude.

But though Rafferty's songs are immaculately put together, the overwhelming impression is of a record that would have benefited immensely from much more stringent song editing.

Still, it is Rafferty's first statement for some time and above all indicates that time hasn't eroded his considerable talent. A pity it's not deployed to greater advantage; sadly it's *not* an album that immediately ingratiates itself.

Gallagher and Lyle's record is by contrast entirely lacklustre and reeks of Contract Fullfilment. Apparently by joining forces with producer Bill Schnee, an American who has in the past worked with Steely Dan (as engineer?), Neil Diamond and Pablo Cruise (some credentials, huh?), these two songbirds hoped to add more punch to their usually endearing mellifluousness.



With its light funk overtones, the title cut (issued as a single) augered well, but closer inspection reveals it to be nothing more than songwriting by numbers. Benny and Graham can do better. They've found their niche, but rather than playing down to it, now's surely the time for them to really prove how special they can be.

Steve Clarke

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Philip Mount HI-FI ANSWERS on Test May 77

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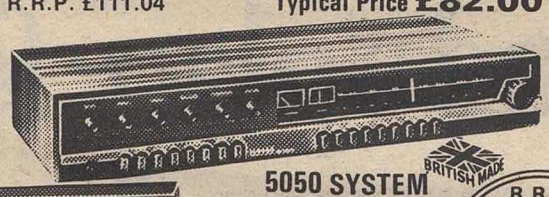

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BY 3 GREAT NAMES

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This system provides true High Fidelity sound for a price usually associated with lesser quality music centres. Both the AMSTRAD 3000 MK. II TUNER and 7050 CASSETTE DECK will complement and upgrade this system.
(The system may also be built around the AMSTRAD 5050 TUNER AMPLIFIER by substituting the 5050 in place of the 2000 MK. III AMPLIFIER).

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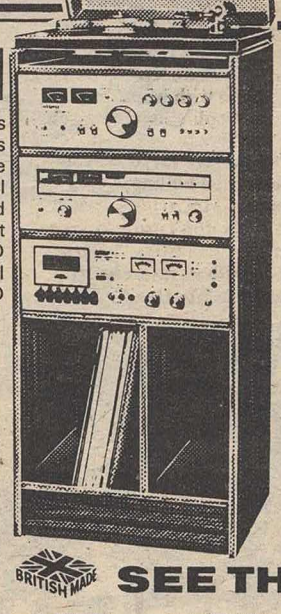
The Amplifier, Tuner and Cassette Deck are finished with high quality brushed aluminium front panels, aluminium control knobs and switches. It is not possible to describe this system in brief terms so we recommend that you call at your nearest stockist and judge for yourself or write to us for details.



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David Line, POPULAR HI-FI Feb 76 issue.

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Priest's Halford: Punk? Never 'eard of it.

Up Against The WALLY!!!

JUDAS PRIEST
Stained Class (CBS)

HEAVY METAL is astonishingly and a little embarrassingly — God, it just won't lie down — very much alive.

Correction — *diluted* HM is very much alive, giving the impression of being far more energetic a movement than *pure* HM ever was.

As HM has evolved, both old and new exponents have felt the need to 'adapt' and 'innovate'. Such advancement has usually indicated directionless mellowing or naive meddling with distinctly odd ideas. Base HM distorted itself gradually. It even tried to get clever and literary.

But it's turned out a poor mix of lumps that won't dissolve. Some have slipped the trap by virtue of sheer spite (The Pistols), genuine cleverness (Blue Oyster Cult), downright funkiness (Thin Lizzy) or technical mastery (Led Zeppelin). Most other however have pomped, popped, meandered, spilt, reformed, lost themselves, played musical chairs . . .

There again, if HM in some form or another refuses to quit, then so does its audience. Indeed, there's a whole new breed of addicts. HM is almost a true underground music again. I'm reliably informed that throughout the land exist vast numbers of gritty, knowledgeable afficianados who live for nothing else but the sweet tones of such as UFO, Budgie, Lone Star, Rainbow, Ian Gillan Band, Rush, Kiss, Mahogany Rush, AC/DC, Pat Travers, Starz, Rex, Angel, Judas Priest themselves and so *very* many more. Having witnessed worshipping congregations at several of these bands' concerts, I'd say that their fans are predominantly under say, 17. Young and loud. Wow! A teenybop underground movement.

Meanwhile Judas Priest, in the midst of a no doubt hugely successful tour of the nation, release their fourth album. And the titles — "Saints In Hell", "Savage", "Invader", "Beyond The Realms Of Death"; archetypal open-mouthed fantasies, poorly etched and rarely elusive. Gloomily slanted, ultimately false escapism that won't absorb or stretch. Obviously serves a purpose, though.

This is, I suppose, some of the purest HM I've heard for a long time. Approximately like the third and fourth Black Sabbath albums, but a little easier and a little crisper. Not as dumb though. Not quite.

Maybe Priest recall Sabbath so closely 'cos they both come from Brum. Superficially, there are plenty of similarities. Those same simplistic frameworks are filled in with fuzz, echoes, screams and solos.

Not forgetting the absolutely clueless vocals. A voice Priest's Rob Halford may have, but he has no idea at all how to use it — like Ossie Osbourne (dear chap), but much less 'lovable'. Occasionally Halford hints at what might be a more effective delivery and almost helpfully accentuates Priest's dark (weak) diatribes with a Peter Hammill-type strangled doppelganger. But mostly, it's all mindless . . .

Nine tracks then. "Exciter", which opens, is routine cornball, really quite exquisite in its way. Machine gun riff, lots of busy drumming, screwed guitar solos. It's the best song on the record because it's the first. But alas, the novelty (nostalgia) soon wears off.

The second side gets a little extreme. Dramatic? "Beyond The Realms Of Death" (but is there life *before* death, lads?) alternates acoustic reflection with triumphant thrashing — and *that's* the album's most complex undertaking.

There's nothing here I'm not already familiar with that's not available elsewhere. The worst HM is tedious HM, like this — no attack at all.

A Top 50 album nonetheless, must be. And Sabbath are back, begging forgiveness, Rush are selling out faster than their gigs are set up . . . Don't make me laugh. Popper-pow???. No, this is the year of HM.

Stand by for the resurgence. You might as well. It won't go away. Cough — Wally!!! — dammit.

Paul Morley

ROBERTA KELLY
Zodiac Lady (Oasis)
MUNICH MACHINE
Munich Machine (Oasis)

FROM THE saviours that brought you Donna Summer — more brand new machines!

Produced, written and arranged by the same nonentities at MusicLand Studios, Roberta Kelly is accompanied by the Munich Machine and the Midnite Ladies while the Munich Machine is accompanied by the Midnite Ladies and for all you or I know Roberta Kelly could be amongst them. Both albums list the same backing singers, and just the engineers (not the musicians) are credited.

No progress, my clone, no progress. Titles like "I Wanna Funk With You Tonite" (spot the deliberate mistake) and "Love To Love You Baby" are so patently put-up — you know they don't care and they don't even fake good like Donna did. So much for the Munich Meconauts.

The automaton idealogy was a decadent novelty somewhere around pubescence — alas, machinedom holds allure no more. The ones who got us into it — Bowie, for all his puerile politricks, and Ferry, for all his sins — both sources of great glittering joy for '72's disinherited teens — were very intelligent people.

This lot (Baldursson, Koppers, Moroder, Bellote) are an unimaginative crew. They aren't even interested in how it feels to be vicious and numb and remote-controlled; they just want to shift product.

Roberta Kelly's record is tuneless trash bleeding from the hook of Astrology. It had to happen — after wringing blood from a stone, squeezing cash from the cosmos. The songs have names like "Zodiac" *("All searching for the sign that goes with their own sign of the zodiac")*, "Funky Stardust", "I'm Sagitarrius" *("If you question my integrity you'd better keep away from me")*, "Sunburst" (an almost-bearable, almost-speed love-song) and "Moondreaming".

As I hate the New Disco so much maybe I should just stop writing about it, but I can't help being amazed at the ever increasing banality of these records. They're so soul-destroying and pseudo-successful that buying one would seem to me like purposely shopping for South African tinned pears.

The masterminds of this genre are never less than white, while the persona / person pushed as the image is always black — because it's a tried-and-true fact that people will accept trash as "soul" from blacks, whereas they might throw it back in a honky's face.

One might be grateful if Machine-Music spurred one to new heights of Terpsichorean ecstasy, but as there was no joy in the making there is no joy in the dancing.

Julie Burchill

BOOTSY
Player Of The Year
(Warner Brothers)

INITIAL REACTION, panic. Bootsy blows a gasket, the Hound Dog Rock machine slips a cog, Casper gives up the ghost, is this the end of civilisation as we know it?

Oh dearo dear, thought I (and I), Dr White diagnoses far too much powder up the nostrils and not enough feet on the ground. To be influenced by Sly Stone and Jimi Hendrix is one thing; to make exactly the same mistakes is something else again.

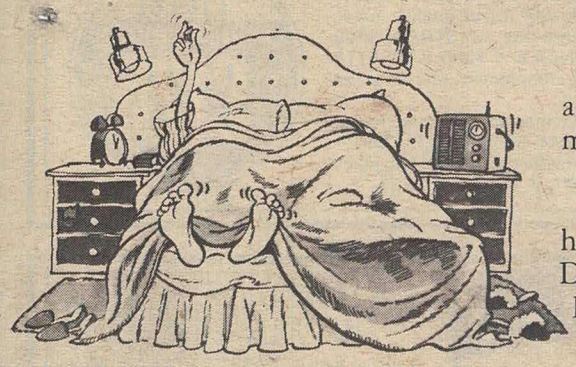
Come the double-take, the second opinion, and reality lurches back into view again. Everything is coooolll. 'Twas me that was out of tune all along, I'd just forgotten to adjust my receivers to the necessary wavelength.

There's even less that is immediately sensible on this album than on Bootsy's previous two. The familiar funky fun, the hard-hitting stuff, is hidden away on side two, where the full power of The Rubber Band breaks loose in the looney guise of "Bootzilla".

The Space Bass is given its head, the band jump aboard The Muthaship and Bootsy comes storming in like a demented Yogi Bear. He's a doll for all seasons, just wants to be your toy, all you gotta do is wind him up.

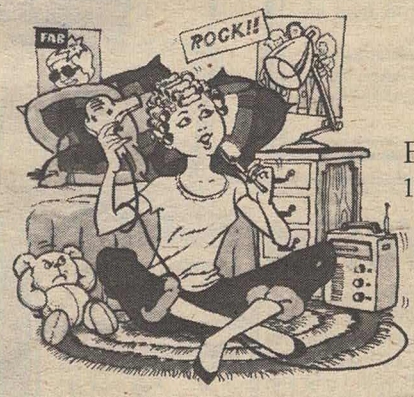
"Roto-rooter" is another storm of swagger and strut, Bootsy pulsing his way through a tongue-twisting rap that I'd have thought beyond the capability of someone in his condi-

There's a time and a place for everything.



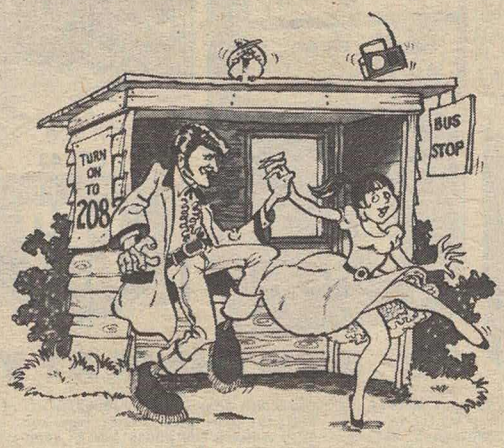
The time is between 7pm and 3am, seven days a week. The place is Radio Luxembourg on 208m medium wave.

Monday 10pm-11pm. Rosko in Exile.
Emperor Rosko with all that's hot and happening in the USA featuring artists like Donna Summer, Barry White, Eric Carmen and Rosko's special oldies. Can also be heard Thursday 10-11pm.

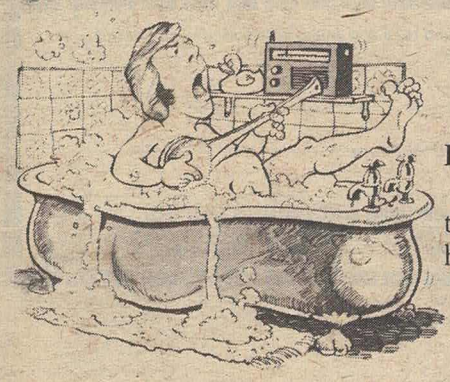


Tuesday 9pm-11pm. Top 40
Wednesday 7-7.30pm. Top 10
The Top 40 singles presented by Bob Stewart and repeated on Sunday 10pm-midnight.
The Top 10 singles on Mon, Wed, Thur, Fri and Sat from 7-7.30pm.

Friday 10pm-midnight. Black Trax.
Groove to Mike Read's selection of the best soul and jazz sounds around by big-name black artists like Stevie Wonder. George Benson and Deniece Williams.

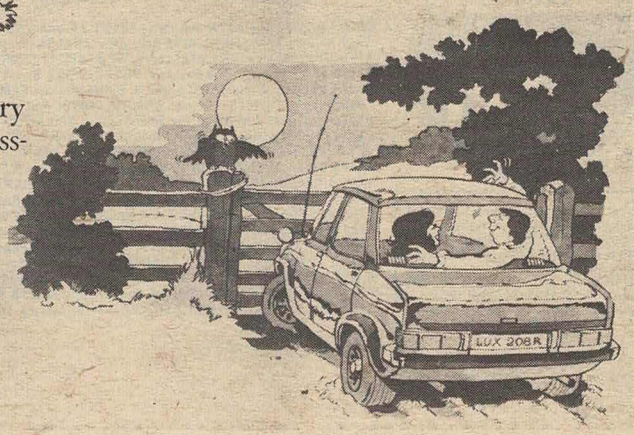


Sun/Mon/Thurs/Fri. 9pm-10pm. Gold Mine
Tony Prince takes you for a trip down memory lane with hits from the 50s right up to six months ago.



Wednesday 9pm-11pm. Top LP Chart
Bob Stewart takes you through the top-selling LPs in his own inimitable way.

Saturday 11pm-1am. Country
Bob Stewart plays a broad cross-section of country sounds from California to Nashville. And featuring people like Dolly Parton, The Eagles and Olivia Newton-John to name a few.



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Radio Luxembourg. Much more music. 1439 Khz.

tion. He's looking for a snake charmer; Mudd-Bone and P-Nut chant the innocent rhyme, *"Hey little girl won't you come out to play"*, behind him, just in case you don't get the message from the frontman. It gradually disintegrates into total insanity, but it's fun while it lasts.

So that's it for the heavy gear. Oh well, there is also the opening track on side one, "Bootsy (What's The Name Of This Town?)", a mainly instrumental clash of flute, sax and synthesizer over the expected funky bass.

If you're of a similar mind to me, avoid this track to start with since it's the one that put me off the album in the first place. It seems to be an attempt to describe life on the road, in which case I suppose it succeeds. It's hectic and messy.

Bootsy steps back to allow Mudd-Bone and P-Nut to front the rest of side one, "May The Force Be With You" and "Very Yes". Both are calm, almost gentle love songs that drift soothingly through waves of half-constructed verses, supported by the ever present pulse and-slurp of the oiliest bass in the business. "Very Yes" is the saner of the two performances but both are hypnotic once you get in the mood, saved from boredom by some nice little bits of chewns that waft in and out. The singing is very fine, if eccentric.

Back on side two, Bootsy commandeers the other couple of mellow songs, "Hollywood Squares" and "As In (I Love You)." They're both killers.

"Hollywood" is hardly a ballad, it grooves along fairly insistently with plenty of funky t'ings popping off all over the place. Mellow it is though, as befits girl-watching in the LA sunshine.

As for the last track, this really *is* gentle. Cue in sound of waves lapping sea-shore; cue in electric piano, flute and tinkling percussive things; cue in Bootsy: *"To me to hold, you close I'd like, as in wanting you."*

A final word of warning. Strange things happen when you play this album. Mine's just disappeared.

Cliff White

ROBBIE KRIEGER
Robbie Krieger & Friends (Blue Note — Import)

BY HIS own volition, Robbie Krieger always adopted a low visual profile in The Doors.

Krieger may have often been overlooked in favour of the more brasher British exponents of six-string wizardry, but he was always a player of sublime taste and great economy.

Capable of adapting his approach to comply with the innumerable moods that The Doors evoked, his style was often reminiscent of a jazz horn player's. It doesn't come as too much of a surprise to find that after the Butts Band fiasco Krieger should make his solo debut on one of the most prestigious of all jazz labels.

But not for one moment is there a flash of the cold-steel that Krieger applied to "When The Music's Over" or "Light My Fire", none of the barrel-house blues blowing that smothered "LA Woman".

This album sounds like a demonstration sampler for all the latest innovations in electronic gadgetry. The four tracks on the topside flirt with disco schleppin' out the voices for "Uptown" and "Marylin Monroe" and resorting to Framptonesque voice-bag buffoonery on "Everyday". The underside is what's commonly pigeon-holed as jazz-funk. There's so much going on and in so many directions, and all at the same time that Krieger has been and gone before you've noticed it. Pity, because he manages to get in some good licks, but not as many as bassist Reggie McBride.

Let's not dwell on the past. Better to go forward than backwards, but not, like this album, sideways.

Roy Carr

Hey man, I can rilly dig this kinda horizontal communication situation.

EARTH, WIND & FIRE
All 'n All (CBS)

CBS HAVE A problem. To be sure, it's the sort of ticklish little teaser that most record companies would be glad to scratch, but a problem it is nonetheless.

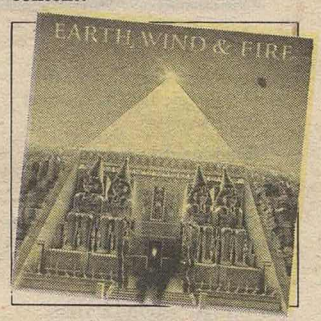
On the one hand they have — in EW&F — the biggest black group in America. Not only in America *today*, but quite possibly of all time.

On the other hand, the world outside of America is decidedly slow in acknowledging CBS's big black asset. Particularly here in Britain, which may not be such a grand marketplace as it used to be but is still high on the priorities of international corporations.

So what's so special about us that we refuse to be seduced by such a bigtime deal? Well, for one thing, we've hardly been introduced.

Until the release of this album the group has had scant promotion in this country, give or take some airplay of their last couple of singles and some very tame ads in predictable quarters.

More importantly, EW&F have achieved their monumental success in America with music that is somewhat alien to Britons, both in form and content.



The form, by which I mean the structure, the instrumentation, the arrangements, production and actual musicianship of this group is so remarkably accomplished that, given a fair hearing, I imagine their talent would surely be recognised in Britain, even in these confusing times. *If* that was the whole story.

But of course it isn't; there's also the content to consider. See, the trouble is, for all their mind-blowing musicianship, EW&F are about as puerile a bunch of lyricists as the very worst of the flower power kids.

They're all so airy fairy — and what's worse, couched in the most excruciatingly pseudo-poetical gibberish — you'd think the whole thing was a put-on if it wasn't for the blatantly obvious fact that the group have absolutely no sense of humour.

Wince? I get a stiff neck every time they start to sing.

Get a load of this: *"Watching and considering my visual state of mind/The flower fragrance help reveal to me the sign/The sign of love, I had confessed to live and really know/The sign of love which I had failed my fellowman to show."*

Still, there is a way round the problem. Instead of flinging their albums through the nearest window, persevere until you can mentally tune out the vocals. Fortunately it doesn't take long to reach this state of mind because the group sing in a light, harmonic and essentially boring style that is relatively easily dismissed.

If I'm not mistaken, EW&F consists of two guitarists, two drummers, two other percussionists, a bassman, a keyboard player and a saxman. Plus extraneous horn players. They all play like their tails are on fire and the prize for such an exciting performance is a bucket of water each. It's extraordinary, their musicianship is at such odds with their lyrics and vocals it's hard to believe the whole is not made up of two different groups.

On this particular album there are some funky exchanges of such dynamic intensity (particularly "Jupiter" and "Magic Mind") they make related groups seem like dozy thumpers. Such precision, and what's more, such clarity. And yet, such power. EW&F make better use of modern studio equipment than any other black group (although The Commodores and their producer James Carmichael run them a close second).

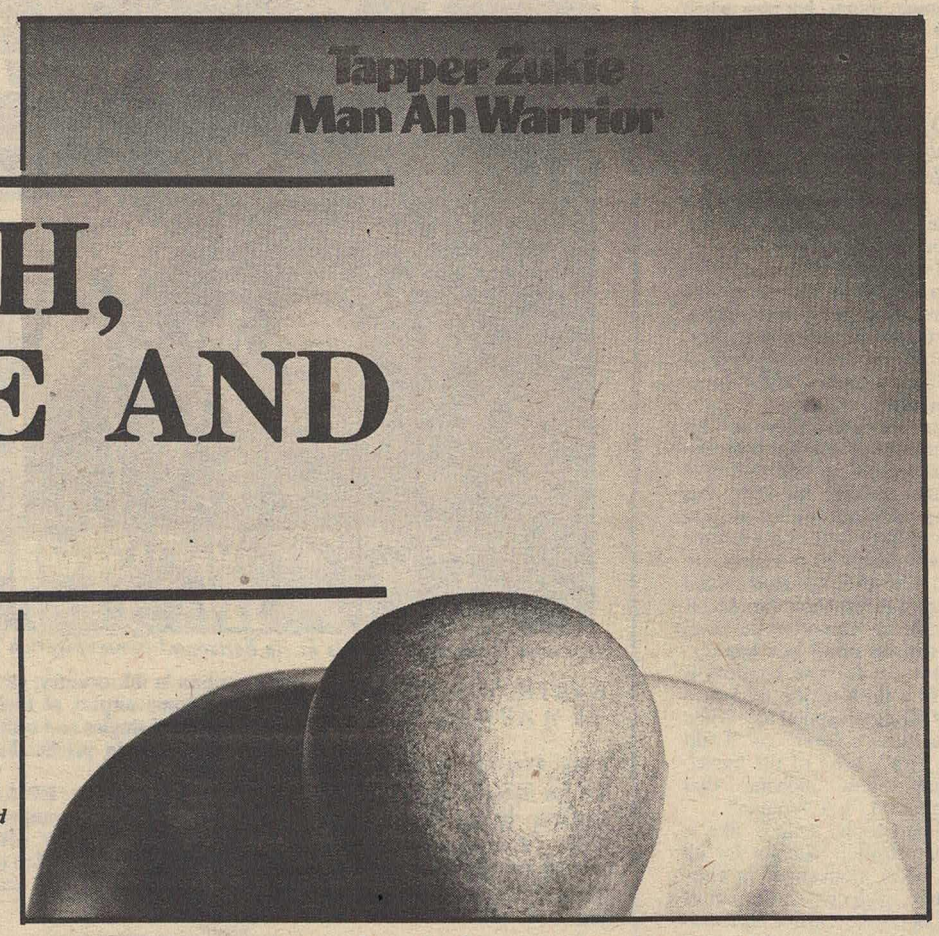
I don't mean they drop in dozens of electronic sound effects — just that their tracks are perfectly mixed to show off the individual skills of the band *without* dissipating the power of their combined effort. A rare treat.

Beside the essential funky items there are equally well constructed ballads and Latin-American moods, all of them vehicles for superb musicianship. The horn section, in particular, is aces high above other groups who attempt similar music.

So, in the final analysis, I don't think Earth, Wind & Fire are half as good as they're cracked up to be. But their other half, the music, is excellent. Allow them at least half a chance to impress you.

Cliff White

FAITH, HOPE AND HIP



The front of the sleeve . . . and (below) the back.

TAPPER ZUKIE
Man Ah Warrior (Mer)

WITH a few isolated exceptions, reggae music and I parted company towards the end of '75 with a feeling of mutual incomprehension.

About that time, Island released The Wailers live album, the first Wailers album that *didn't* have a bass sound outfit to rattle the floor and rub the hips.

About then also, the Rastafarian culture began to inweigh reggae — previously a raw expression of two of life's greater pleasures: dancing and sex — with clouds of facile sloganeering.

Now progression is fine, and so too is anything that gives much-needed spiritual comfort and returns a sense of racial pride, but when hordes of musicians simultaneously discover their 'roots' (even my reggae hero, Toots, joined the rush to come out of the closet), and when you see kids blindly flaunting the red, gold and green, accepting without question all the righteous rigmarole, don't you begin to wonder?

If you think some high moral imperative prevents the thieves and low operators that have always been part of the reggae scene from slapping Jah on a disc in order to sell more copies, then you're as big a sucker as anyone who sits around waiting for the Black Star Liner.

But back to those exceptions — there is something strong, proud and often awesome to see. Where a fundamental cry of black anguish combines with a plea for understanding and comes over in a way that doesn't have to be examined, sympathized with, or related to, but simply felt. Winston Rodney does it live. Tapper Zukie does it here.

"Man Ah Warrior" comes to you by way of Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye's Mer label, the pair being openly enamoured of Zukie's muse.

He appeared on stage with them at Hammersmith, and lent his *"Love is so sweet/Love is so pure/Love is something you must endure"* to "Ain't It Strange". He may also be remembered for his "M.P.L.A." sound system smash of '76, and currently has an ace grade single in "New Star", not included here.

It's a simple, scorching affair. All of the cuts are thrown into vivid relief by their spartan nature. No thick dub weaves, mainly a muted bass, drums and peacock-strut, proud rhythm guitar working in supple interaction beneath Zukie's didactic vocal cruising.

Zukie sings with fire, passion and a mitigating sense of wry humour. He throws up great slabs of regal verbiage, the next minute purring lightly across the melody line.

Indeed, "Man Ah Warrior" evokes a truly regal sense of . . . strength through supplication? . . . faith in humanity? Whatever, it's topped up with enough grinding rhythmic sensuality to wake even the dullest party.

Snobs will sneer at the Smith/Kaye patronage — too bad for them. Meanwhile, Zukie makes the rest of us believe that better will come.. More importantly, he might make those who haven't sussed it yet aware that it will only come through education and understanding.

He offers faith, strength, and he will rock your body line.

Paul Rambali

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND
Watch — (Bronze)

WITH THE return of the pop single, it's ironic that a past master like Manfred Mann should have been turning out turkeys of late.

It's more than a year since his American number one with Springsteen's "Blinded By The Light" and this lapse appears to be the result of his policy of aggressive indecision. It's not that he hasn't got the songs, just that he keeps putting the wrong ones out.

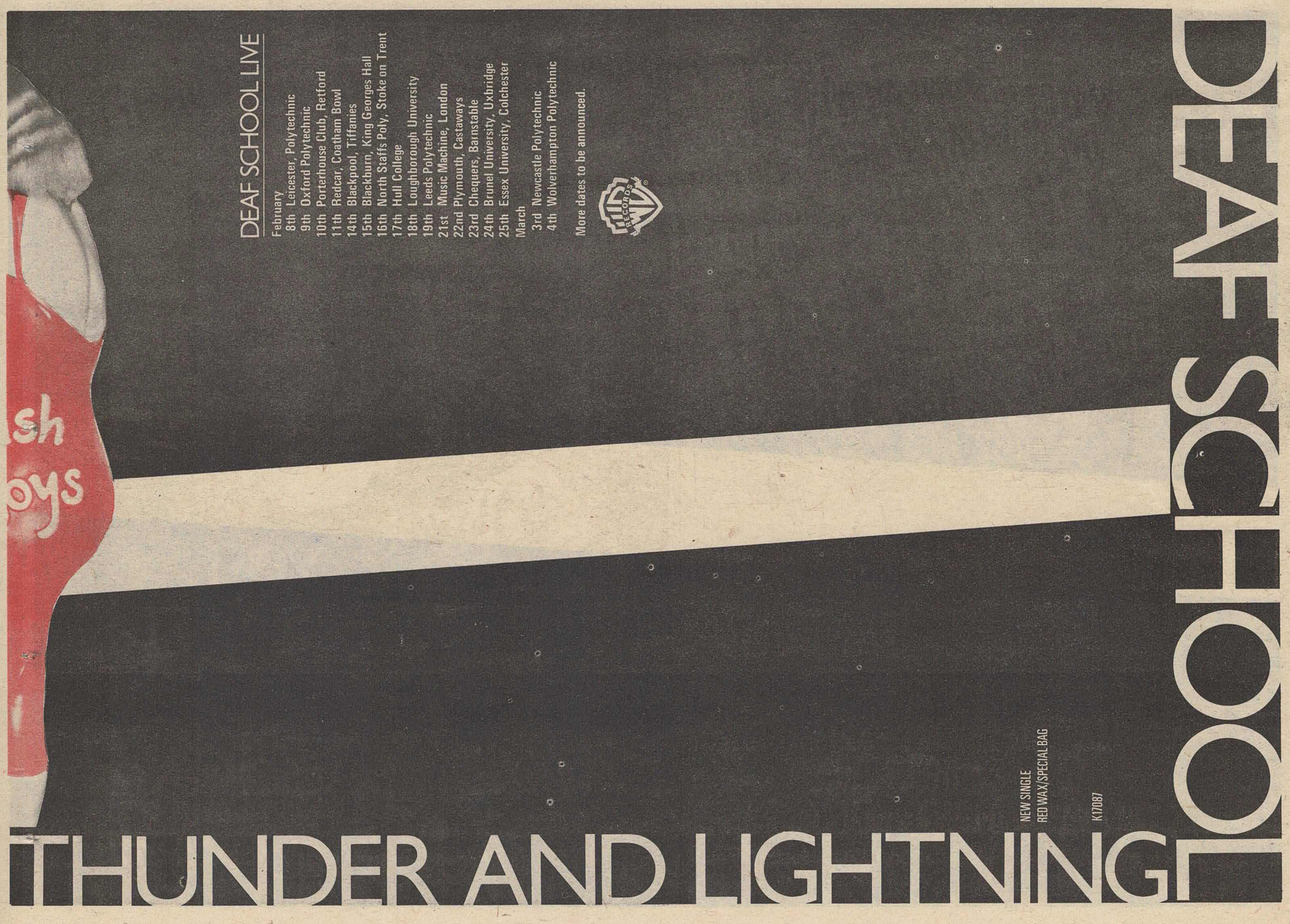
Here "Davy's On The Road Again" is a good example of a fertile tune lying fallow. Impeccable pedigree. Written by John Simon and Robbie Robertson. It's the most memorable new song from Manfred's stage act. The only one everyone bops to all the way through. Bouncy melody, intriguing lyrics, grappling-hook chorus. Just right to restore the Mann fortunes and credibility.

Or consider "Mighty Quinn", a live version of the Dylan classic that gave Manfred another number one 10 years ago. If they put it out again, the same thing could happen.

Ah well, Manfred, of course, put out "California". A bad mistake. Rock's answer to Bournemouth — as a spa for wealthy geriatrics — is hardly an endearing place to sing about. Particularly in winter.

Both sides here turn out to be nicely coherent and unified. Side two is the cheerful side. "Davy" and "Quinn", plus a no less assertive little tune called "Martha's Madman." Side one is the intellectual side. Strong on melancholy, meaningful metaphores, and instrumental prowess. Takes a little getting into, but worth the effort with its strong, atmospheric tunes like "Circles", "Drowning On Dry Land", and "Chicago Institute". Lots of finely calculated solos and neat production tricks.

Bob Edmands



LONNIE DONNEGAN
Puttin' On The Style (Chrysalis)

THE PROBLEM was simple enough. It was the answers that weren't coming through.

Diminutive artist manager Adam Faith went through the whole thing one more time, doggedly. The soft, woosome eyes — they had singlehandedly shifted 700,000 tons of best Moroccan millet between the years 1968-70 — misted over with effort.

"Item", he said, "one absolutely genuine Former Legend, complete with teeth. Problem — how to re-establish said Legend as an 'Ongoin" Concern. 'Ow about some ideas, then?"

" 'Ow about reissuin' 'is earlier work, boss?" suggested one of his team as the rest scowled with concentration.

"Ball and chain, my son, a ball and chain for the artist. We gotta liberate 'im from 'is past."

"Well then, boss, what about a name change kind of thing?"

"Now do be smart, Fingers, do be smart," pleaded Faith, "where's the sense in chuckin' 20 years of achievement down the plug 'ole? 'E was a Name then. 'E's still a Name now."

"What I mean is, why don't we re-do all them old songs, the famous ones —"

"Go on, boy, you're givin' me an idea."

"— wiv new arrangements! Maybe we'll even get some famous musicians wiv worldwide renown —"

"Like Leo," interjected Adam proudly.

"Yeah well, like 'im then."

"Boys, I will now tell you what we are gonna do. We're gonna record all them old songs what 'e done before in a new way, new arrangements an' that, and we'll get some of them stars to play on the record. On their 'ero's record!"

"Grate idea, boss."

FAITH, HOPE AND HARP

"But, boss, they'll want payin'."

"Course they'll want payin'. How else ya think these nice ol' gentlemen make a livin', eh? Now then, any ideas before I give the green light?"

"I sorta liked them ol' songs, 'Rock Island Line' an' that," said a voice.

"So did I," said Faith, "but we bin thru' that."

"Thought 'is voice was great, I did," said the same character, "like the knockin'-off whistle heard from inside the milling shop. 'E could 'oller!!"

" 'E still can," said Faith. But there was a mutter of doubt in the room.

"Boss, maybe we don't wanna change the way the old tunes was done, or nobody'll recognise them."

"But my son, we gotta change 'em a lot, or what's the use in doin' 'em at all,"

retorted Faith.

But the sublime bubble in his confidence in the project had been pricked.

Inside himself, the tiny manager figure now forbode that the plan would never work; that the Legend would simply not crank himself up to past form; that the dubious catalogue of rentastars would merely serve to call to the punters' minds a row of bank clerks slapping down wads of Giro forms in perfect unison; that the compromised musical arrangements would fall between the two black and evil-looking stools of caution and lack of imagination; that 'Leo's' harp playing would sound exactly like someone with a cold being sick into a fried egg sandwich; that . . .

'E could go on. But 'e wouldn't.

Tony Tyler

SWEET
Level Headed (Polydor)

OK, LET'S begin with the punchline: my tip for the more 'level headed' Sweet fan is to buy the single and ignore this dreadful album.

Let me make it immediately clear that this is certainly *not* going to be a Chinnichap nostalgia review. I detested Chinn and Chapman's work with Sweet with a loathing that tempered but slightly towards tolerance after the bubblegum died and the idiot-Bowie lost its more frantic edge. In fact, the only Sweet records I've got any time for came after they kicked out the terrible twins and retaliated with driving, catchy heavy pop like "Fox On The Run" and, particularly, "Action".

I even began to think they might have something going for them. Some hope. Here, let me show you just exactly how little they *have* got going for them, since they actually have the gall to print it on the sleeve for all to see.

"Everybody's dancing-/California nights/Summer in the city/California nights/ Boogie through to morning/ California nights/California

never go away/I'm here to stay."

I honestly find it hard to believe that a band who've been around as long as Sweet, even a band as patently dumb as Sweet, can commit a song of such total banality to record, let alone print the words — and I assure you the music is hardly any more original. What's more, it's typical of the entire album.

It's difficult to see what market they're aiming at. Sure, the single, "Love Is Like Oxygen" — which is much better in its abbreviated 45 rpm form (even so, it's by far the best track on "Level Headed") — hits the UK airwaves fair and square. But the rest of this album is so extraordinarily trite, so plain soppy, that it's impossible to imagine any self-respecting heavy metal freak giving it one listening without gagging on the gooey masses of sub-Eric Carmen balladry. At the same time, it comes nowhere near the veneer of intelligence and finesse required by the hip easy listening market.

Nevertheless, I can only construe "Level Headed" as a half-baked attempt to follow in the footsteps of Fleetwood Mac and The Bee Gees. To put it bluntly, if this is the best they can do, good riddance.

Phil McNeill

IMPORTS

HALF BAND, half myth, **The Residents** arrived on the album scene with "Meet The Residents" in 1974

A weird affair, the music came on like Zappa in free-fall, with off-pitch pianos and inane, half-formed vocals merging into a morass of kotos, xylophones, french horns, various brass and saxes, while the liner notes also claim the presence of piped snooters and other devices straight out of the Zanyville inventions lab.

The personnel was listed as Paul McCrawfish, John Crawfish, George Crawfish and Ringo Starfish, the sleeve sporting a facsimile of the "With The Beatles" cover-shot — except that somewhere along the way, our lovable mop-tops had seemingly acquired crosseyes and a set of fangs.

All given facts regarding The Residents, who are said to hail from North Louisiana, should be taken with a massive block of sodium chloride, but if you wanna go along with the legend, then their music was fashioned by the mysterious Bavarian N. Senada and his equally mysterious sidekick, Snakefinger, who formulated "Semi phonetic interpretations of rock'n'roll".

Since "Meet The Residents", two other albums by the band have seen the light of day — namely "Fingerprince", which surfaced in 1976, and "Presents The Third Reich And Roll", an item comprising two extended-compositions-cum-rock'n'roll medleys listed on the label copy as "Swastikas On Parade" and "Hitler Was A Vegetarian".

All three discs, which are on the Ralph label, are distributed only by a record shop somewhere in deepest California, but Virgin Records have recently received stocks and say that these albums are moving out of their Marble Arch chateau with such alacrity that they'll probably be Resident-less by the time this gets into print. But be warned — further stocks are expected in the not too distant future.

Though **Ian Dury's** "Sex, Drugs And Rock'n'Roll" (Stiff) single was deleted in Britain in order to provide "an instant collectors' item", picture sleeved copies are now being ferried in from Germany (matt finish) and Holland (gloss), while pic sleeve versions of **Elvis Costello's** "Watching The Detectives" (Stiff) are also making it the KLM way.

Meanwhile, back in album-land, **Amon Duul's** "Almost Alive" (Nova) — which *isn't* a live set, has arrived along with **Andrew Gold's** "All This And Heaven Too" (Asylum).

Fred Dellar

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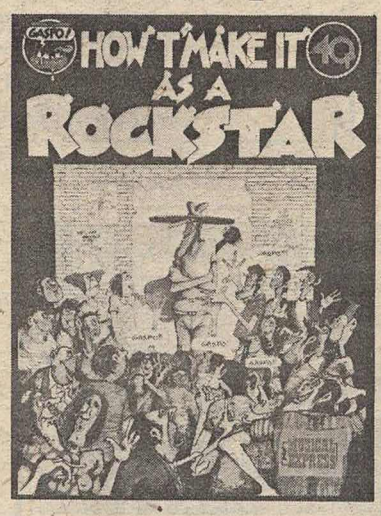

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERYSTWYTH University: THE BOTHY BAND
AYLESBURY Kings Head: ALISTAIR ANDERSON
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Halton: SOUL DIRECTION
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: XTC
BELFAST Polytechnic: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BELFAST Ulster Hall: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
BIRKENHEAD Mr Digbys: TONIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Golden Lion: THE CLERKS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STEELEYE SPAN
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: SQUEEZE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM West Hill College: DAWNWEAVER
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: THE SUPREMES (for three days)
BRADFORD Princeville Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
BRISTOL The Dugout: THE MEDIA/THE ANDROID PUPS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE TROGGS
CORK City Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
COVENTRY Mr George's: THE STUKAS
COVENTRY Warwick University: WHIRLWIND
DERBY King's Hall: THE ADVERTS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
EDINBURGH Astoria Ballroom: KRAZY KAT
EXETER Groucho's: MARTIN & THE BROWNSHIRTS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CHOU PAHROT/UNCLE SAM
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Heads: HOT POINTS
HUNCOATE White Lion: BRIAN DEWHURST
KEELE University: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE VIBRATORS/FAST BREEDER/TORCHY/ THE MOONBEAMS
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: CREPES 'N' DRAPES/SUNSTROKE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CHARGE/SCHMO
LONDON EALING Technical College: THE ENID
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: DEAN FORD
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DINO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE POLICE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON Marquee Club: NO DICE
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: RED NITE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON PUTNEY Micawbers Bar: SWIFT
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CADILLAC/SHAZAM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: J.J. JAMESON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPEEDOMETERS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: ULTRAVOX
MILLOM Ritz Club: DAVE BERRY (for three days)
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: AFTER THE FIRE
NORWICH East Anglia University: STEEL PULSE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
NOTTINGHAM Skybird Club: CAFE JACQUES/ GWAIHIR
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: THE INDEX/VAMPS
OXFORD Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
PETERBOROUGH Bull & Dolphin: GOBBLINZ
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
POYNTON Folk Centre: ANDY CAVEN
RUGBY Town Hall: THE RICH KIDS
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: THE PIRATES
SHEFFIELD City Polytechnic: KRAKATOA
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: RICHARD DIGANCE
UXBRIDGE Unit One: PUDDLEDUCK/FLOWERS OF MAY

Friday

BARNOLDSWICK Community Centre: BRIAN DEWHURST
BEDFORD Cranfield Institute: SPITERI
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TYLA GANG
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: RUSH HOUR
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: PTARMIGAN
BRADFORD Star Hotel: SAM BRACKEN
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: MITHRIL SKY
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE ADVERTS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG / DOLL BY DOLL
BRISTOL Arnolfini: HENRY COW
BRISTOL B.Q. Club: THE LURKERS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE VIBRATORS
CARMARTHEN Civic Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: HEAVY METAL KIDS
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: DEAD FINGERS TALK
DUNDEE Technical College: KRAZY KAT
DUNDEE University: IGNATZ
DURHAM University: ROOGALATOR
EDINBURGH University: SHAM 69
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CHICO
GRAVESEND Prince of Wales: REBEL
HATFIELD The Forum: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
IPSWICH Kingfisher Club: QUORUM
KEELE University: THE TROGGS
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: DEAN FORD
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: GARY & VERA ASPEY
LEEDS Grand Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Phoneix Theatre: MIDAS TOUCH
LEICESTER University: LITTLE ACRE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ULTRAVOX
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: MEDIUM WAVE/THE B.C. BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON Central Polytechnic: CADO BELLE
LONDON CHARING CROSS Hospital Medical School: SWIFT
LONDON City University: SHIRLEY & DOLLY COLLINS/ALISTAIR WEBSTER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PUMPHOUSE GANG
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON ISLINGTON Tractors: SAMSON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: THE STUKAS
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: HEADWAITER
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: GLENN CARDIER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Queen Mary College: THE NIGHT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: THE BOTHY BAND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: BLACK SLATE
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
LONDON School of Economics: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON Southband Polytechnic: SUBURBAN STUDS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: INTERCITY UNION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ADVERTISING/CHARGE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MENACE
LONDON University College Union: DEREK BRIMSTONE/BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN/FIDDLERS DRAM
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MAIDSTONE Art College: THE BOYS/THE JERKS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MARY O'HARA
MANCHESTER University: WARREN HARRY
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TONIGHT/THE SQUAD
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: WIRE/NEON/SPEED
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: CAFE JACQUES/YACHTS
NEWPORT Village Club: TRAPEZE
NORWICH Cromwells Club: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
NORWICH East Anglia University: JENNY HAAN'S LION
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM University: XTC
NUNEATON Stockingford Pavilion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PRESTON Polytechnic: UBU ROI
READING University: MUSCLES
RETFORD Porterhouse: DEAF SCHOOL
ROTHLEY Pippin: GOBBLINZ
SALFORD University: EARTHQUAKE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE PIRATES
STAFFORD College of Further Education: EAZIE
STOCKPORT Edgeley Methodist Church: THE PASSAGE
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
WALSALL West Midlands College: KRAKATOA
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: GRAND HOTEL
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: ODINSTORM
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE RICH KIDS

Saturday

ACCRINGTON The Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: KESTRAL
ASHFORD Stanhope Community Centre: SCRUFF/G.B.H.
AYLESBURY Chilter Club: SOUL DIRECTION
BANGOR University: THE PIRATES
BASILDON Double Six: BAND WITH NO NAME
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: THE JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: JOHN PEEL
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BOLTON Institute of Technology: BETHNAL
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BRIDGWATER Arts Centre: HENRY COW
BRIGHTON Clarence Hotel: DYNAMITE
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
BRISTOL Barton Hill Centre: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRISTOL Granary: SON OF A BITCH
CASTLE HEDINGHAM The Bell: THE CRACK
COLCHESTER Essex University: THE ADVERTS
CORBY Nags Head: GOBBLINZ
COVENTRY Warwick University: EARTHQUAKE
DARLINGTON Bowes Hotel: GYGAFO
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
DUNDEE University: SHAM 69
DURHAM Bede College: S.A.L.T.
EXETER University: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: TRAPEZE

Compiled by DEREK JOHNSON

TINA TURNER flies in with her full Las Vegas revue for her first solo dates here since she split from Ike. She plays two London concerts on Saturday, plus one in Sheffield on Sunday.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN He's back on the road this week for a major tour, starting in Belfast on Thursday.

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IPSWICH Tracey's: SOUL DIRECTION
IRTHLINGBOROUGH The Bull: ST ELMO'S FIRE
KINGSBURY Club: SKRATCH
LEEDS Grand Theatre: BE-BOP DELUXE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: MICK SMITH & LACEWOOD
LIMERICK Savoy Theatre: GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
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LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE ORPHANS / WARREN HARRY
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LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
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LONDON North-East Polytechnic: 999 / THE NIGHT
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: WILDLIFE
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LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE CASUAL BAND
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LONDON WC1 Central YMCA: ALWYN WALL BAND
LONDON WC1 Collegiate Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
LONDON WOOLWICH Thomas Polytechnic: JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: SPLIT ENZ
LUTON The Griffen: THE WINDERS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE RICH KIDS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: THE DRONES / THE SLUGS
MATLOCK Black Rocks: QUORUM
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TONIGHT
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: YACHTS
NEWCASTLE University: THE VIBRATORS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: HEAVY METAL KIDS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: MAGNA CARTA
OXFORD College of Further Education: THE DAMNED
OXFORD Corn Dolly: THE BRAINS TRUST
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
READING University: THE TROGGS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DEAF SCHOOL
REDDITCH Tracey's: LITTLE ACRE
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: RACING CARS / RUMBLE STRIPS
SHEFFIELD University: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
SOUTHAMPTON University: COLOSSEUM II
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRODE Baths Hall: JENNY DARREN BAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: WHIRLWIND
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: THE YETTIES
WATFORD College: GRAND HOTEL
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid Herts College: THE STUKAS
WIGAN Casino: TYLA GANG
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK West Rose Hotel: DAWNWEAVER

Sunday

ABERDEEN Ruffles Ballroom: BAND WITH NO NAME
AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: PETE QUIN
BANKHALL Miners Club: SON OF A BITCH
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRANNOCK
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: RUSH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: LITTLE ACRE / RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: THE SUPREMES
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: HAZZARD
BRISTOL Closton Hall: MARY O'HARA
CARDIFF New Theatre: PAM AYERS
COVENTRY Belgrade Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK / DAVE PEGG / IAN CAMPBELL GROUP
CROYDON Greyhound: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
ECCLES Talk Of The North: BILL FREDERICKS (for a week)
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

HALIFAX Civic Theatre: BE-POP DELUXE
HUNTINGDON The Stanley: GYGAFO
IPSWICH Royal William: RUBY JOE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: S.A.L.T.
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: COLOSSEUM II
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE ADVERTS / SHAM 69 / THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: SWIFT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DICK MORRISSEY — JIM MULLEN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: TRAPEZE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: AMAZOR—BLADES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG / DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REBEL
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin-in-the-Fields Crypt: BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN / DAVE & RUTH COOPER / SPREDTHICK
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel: IKE ISAACS QUARTER
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE DEPRESSIONS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: AMERICAN AUTUMN BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: GARY & VERA ASPEY / TED EDWARDS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: THE TINA TURNER SHOW
SHOTTON Central Hotel: TROPICAL COAL
SHREWSBURY Tiffanys: THE RICH KIDS / NEON HEARTS
SLOUGH Fulcrum Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS

EMMYLOU HARRIS and the Hot Band are always particularly welcome visitors, and this week sees the start of their latest U.K. outing at London Albert Hall (Thursday and Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday) and Dublin (Tuesday).

SOUTHEND Shrimpers Club: THE MACHINES
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: TERRY WEBSTER (for a week)
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: KRAZY KAT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: DEAN FORD / THE BOSTON RAMBLERS
WORKINGTON Seaton Club: DAVE BERRY

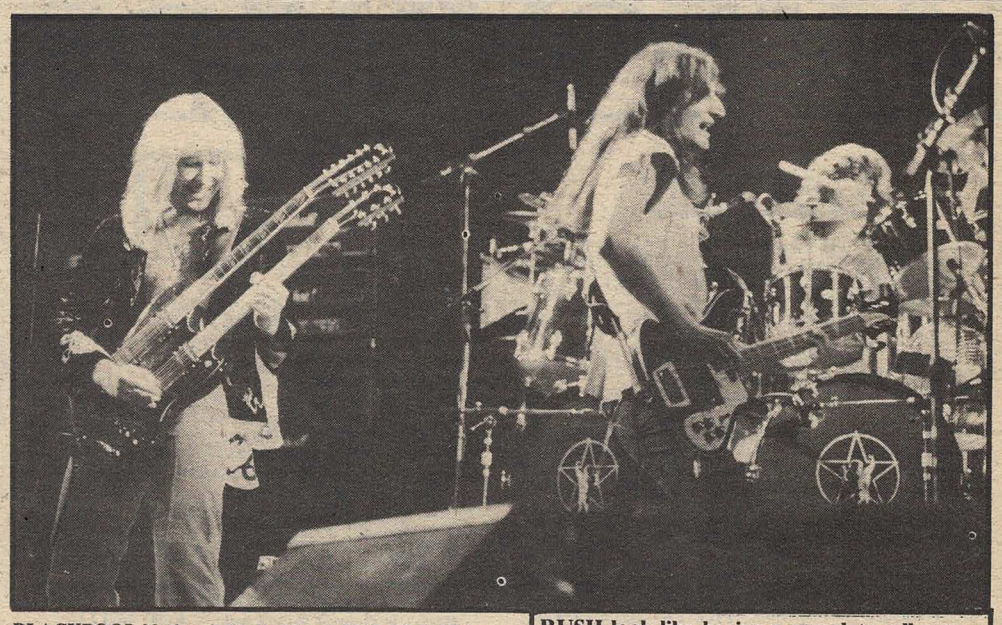
Monday

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: BAND WITH NO NAME
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Old Crown & Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE INVADERS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BOSTON Folk Club: BARRY SKINNER
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
BRISTOL Granary: THE VIBRATORS
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
COVENTRY Warwick University: KRAZY KAT
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE BOYS
DUCKLINGTON Bell Inn: NIC JONES

ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: SPLIT ENZ
GRIMSBY Technical College: S.A.L.T.
HULL Tiffany's: GYGAFO
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: OASIS
LEICESTER Bailey's: THE THREE DEGREES (for a week)
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RUSH
LIVERPOOL Eric's: COLOSSEUM II
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HOT POINTS / FRACTURE / THE GOOD STUFF BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE LOOK
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BRIAN PARRISH BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: ANNE LENNOX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVID LEWIS
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: TONY FAHEY
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON PUTNEY Blue Moon: PAUL BRADY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: MAKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CAPTAIN WEBB
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MENACE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE SNEAKERS
NEWPORT Stardust Club: THE SUPREMES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Shades Club: RAPED
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: JENNY DARREN BAND
PRESTON Moonraker: THE CRABS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
SOUTHEND Forresters Arms: VERNON & THE G.I.'s
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THOSE 4
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE RICH KIDS / NEON HEARTS
SWINDON The Affair: THE DEPRESSIONS
UXBRIDGE Unit One: THE BEAGLES
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: STORMRIDER

Tuesday

ABERDEEN: University: THE PIRATES
AYR Auchencruive Agricultural College: STRAW DOGS
BARROW Maxim's Disco: THE CRABS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUPERCHARGE
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: J. J. JAMESON
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES



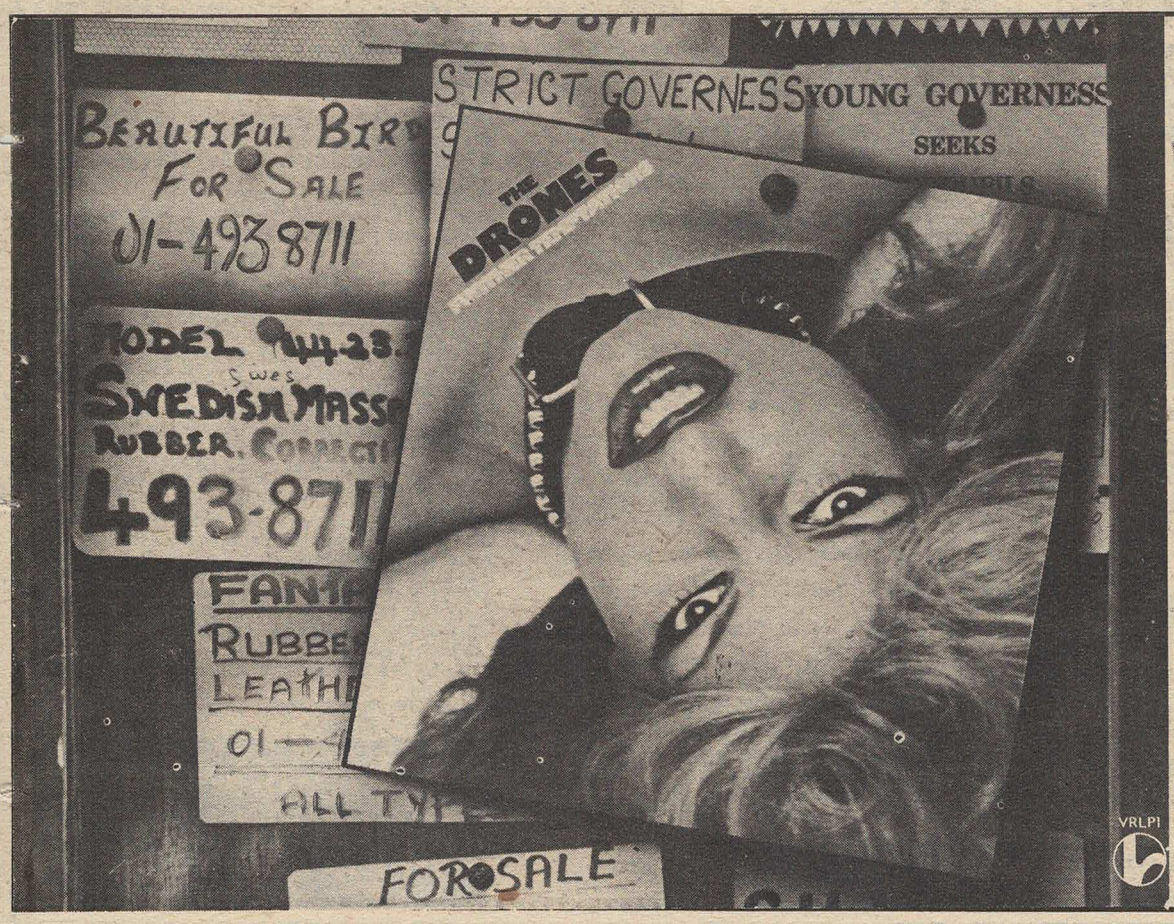
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle Hotel: THE TROGGS
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: DEAF SCHOOL
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
CANNOCK Moonraker: LITTLE ACRE
CARDIFF Top Rank: RUMBLE STRIPS
CARDIFF University: STEELEYE SPAN
CREWE Grand Junction: ANY TROUBLE
DUBLIN National Stadium: EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE HOT BAND
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: CAR CRASH / DEFIANT
LONDON BRIXTON Town Hall: HENRY COW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: OFF LICENCE / HOT POINTS
LONDON EALING Technical College: KRAKATOA
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BRAKES / THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON KILBURN The National: PAUL BRADY
LONDON LEYTON Three Rabbits: FLUFF SHOW GROUP
LONDON Marquee Club: BETHNAL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON N.W.5 North London Polytechnic: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LONDON STEPNEY York Hall: THE SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FAMOUS PLAYERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
MALVERN Festival Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
MORECAMBE The Broadway: SON OF A BIT CH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RUSH
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: THE SQUAD
NEWPORT Stardust Club: THE SUPREMES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: MUSCLES
NUNEATON Pingles: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OLDHAM Boundary Inn: BAND WITH NO NAME
PENZANCE The Garden: JENNY DARREN BAND
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: NO DICE
PLYMOUTH Mecca: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
PLYMOUTH Woods Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS / THE LEAR-JETS
PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Nelson: SOUL DIRECTION
READING Target Club: THE BRAINS TRUST
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
TORQUAY 400 Club: THE VIBRATORS

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RAPED
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: BAND WITH NO NAME
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BIG IN JAPAN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: RUDDIE
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: DEAF SCHOOL
BRADFORD University: XTC
BRIGHTON Top Rank: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
BRISTOL Granary: TYLA GANG
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN

RUSH look like having a complete sell-out on their hands for their second British tour, which is twice as long as their debut visit last year. The Canadian band kick off at Birmingham (Sunday), Leicester (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday and Wednesday).

CHICHESTER Bishop Otter College: SHORT STORIES
DUNDEE University: THE PIRATES
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: PAM AYRES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
ILFORD Oscar's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
KEELE University: LITTLE ACRE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: MARY O'HARA
LIVERPOOL University: THE ENID
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: PAINTED LADY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE BRAKES / THE SMIRKS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: LANDSCAPE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: TRAPEZE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: VIPER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LOOK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Thames Polytechnic: THE FEATURES
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
LONDON Marquee Club: TONIGHT / JIVE BUREAUX
LONDON N1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: KESTRAL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Lord Wellington: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Micawbers Bar: SWIPT
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CLIFF AUNGIER'S SHOWCASE
LONDON Rainbow (Upstairs): SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE FARDON'S LEEGIONAIRES
LONDON W1 Speakeasy: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON W14 The Kensington: THE CASUAL BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RUSH
NORWICH East Anglia University: JUNE TABOR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE BOYFRIENDS THE ULTIMATE
ORRELL Rugby Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
OXFORD Community Centre: THE NIGHT
PLYMOUTH Castaways: WARREN HARRY
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE VIBRATORS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: MUSCLES
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
TONYREFAIL Meadowvale Country Club: THE BARRON KNIGHTS (for four days)
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Winter Gardens: JENNY DARREN BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE DRONES THE SLUGS



THE DRONES on Tour

Tuesday 7th Feb. Barbarellas, Birmingham + Slugs
Saturday 11th Feb. U.M.I.S.T. Manchester, + Emergency & Slugs
Monday 13th Feb. Casterways, Plymouth + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Wednesday 15th Feb. Laffayette, Wolverhampton + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Tuesday 21st Feb. Bank House, Worcester + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Wednesday 22nd Feb. Sandpipers, Nottingham + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Thursday 23rd Feb. Rainbow Upstairs, London + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Saturday 25th Feb. Wilmott Youth Club, London + John Cooper Clarke & Slugs
Tuesday 28th Feb. Dixeyland, Colwyn Bay + John Cooper Clarke & Emergency

EXPERIENCE..."FURTHER TEMPTATIONS"
The first album from the
DRONES

All enquiries Contact Martin Claydon, Electric Circus Agency 061-224 2036

WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN MRS SLATERS PARROT SAYS HELLO! IT'S DRIVING HIM MAD (Brian B that is.) So if anyone does know phone him on - 01 261 6153, THE ANSWER WILL BE PRINTED NEXT WEEK GET DIALLING NOW!

MID HERTS COLLEGE, The Campus, Welwyn Garden City

Saturday February 11th

THE STUKAS

+ THE SOFT BOYS

Bar Disco Admission 80p

DINGWALLS

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THUR 9 CADO BELLE
SAT 11 FROM USA-THE ORPHANS
TUES 14 ST. VALENTINES DAY HOP WITH THE BOYFRIENDS
WED 15 THE BRAKES SUPPORTED BY THE SMIRKS
THUR 16 GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES

ALL BOOZE ½ PRICE PRIOR TO 10pm

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Judas Priest

+ English Assassin featuring Nigel Benjamin (ex. Mott)

HAMMERSMITH ODEON FRIDAY 10th FEBRUARY AT 8 p.m.
Tickets: £2.50, £2.00, £1.50, inc VAT. Advance Box Office: Hammersmith Odeon, Queen Caroline Street, London W6. Telephone: 01-748 4081 and all usual agents.

G.S.M.D. RAG WEEK
Friday February 10th at 8 p.m.

BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

In the S.U. Bar, Lauderdale Tower South, Beech Street (Opposite Barbican tube)

Tickets 50p students, £1.00 others

N.E. LONDON POLY

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Saturday February 11th, 8 pm - 12 midnight

999

+ NIGHT + Afterbirth

Tickets £1.20 available door

Nearest tube: Barking

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

Thursday Feb. 9th — FILTHY McNASTY *Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange*
Friday Feb. 10th 30p — ★ ROLL UPS ★
Saturday Feb. 11th 30p — FURY
Sunday Feb. 12th 30p — REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
Monday Feb. 13th — The Look
Tuesday Feb. 14th — Zaine Griff & Friends
Wednesday Feb. 15th & Thursday Feb. 16th — FILTHY McNASTY *Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange*

THE ROUNDHOUSE

CHALK FARM ROAD, LONDON NW1 8BG.
Box Office (01) 267 2564

on behalf of the Wordsworth Benefit Appeal present

THE WILKO JOHNSON BAND

Special guest appearance of

IRON FIST and THE HORDES FROM HELL
THE COUNT BISHOPS
BLAST FURNACE and THE HEATWAVES

on

Saturday, 18th February

Tickets £2, available now from Box Office
Doors Open 5.30

University of Essex S.U. presents

Saturday February 11th

THE ADVERTS

+ Support

Late Bar — Doors open 8.30 p.m.

Tickets £1.20 from S.U. & Parrot Records

Enquiries: Colchester 63211

THE ENID

Saturday February 11th

TRIAD, SOUTHMILL STREET, BISHOPS STORTFORD

Tickets £1.30 advance £1.40

THE ORPHANS

whip it out!

AT DINGWALL'S SAT. FEB. 11

VICTORIA PALACE

Victoria St., London SW1

Terry King presents in concert

THE ENID

Sunday February 19

Tickets £1.50, £2.00 & £2.50 from Theatre Box Office (Tel: 01-834 1317) and usual agents

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Greater London Arts Association

YOUNG JAZZ MUSICIANS '78

Earth Transit / South of the Border

in concert

8pm Sunday 12 February 1978

Ronnie Scott's

47 Frith Street London W1

ADMISSION £1 (50p JCS members)

OCFE SU PRESENT THE

DAMNED + JAPAN

Saturday 11th February, 8 pm

Oxford C.F.E Main Hall, Oxpens Road.

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Feb. 9/10 EMMYLOU HARRIS
Feb. 10 BOTHY BAND
Feb. 11 TINA TURNER
Feb. 12 ADVERTS & SHAM 69
Feb. 14 JOHN WILLIAMS
Feb. 16 MARTY WILDE
Feb. 17 STEELEYE SPAN
Feb. 19 THE ENID
Feb. 19 LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
Feb. 20 RUSH
Feb. 22 X.T.C.
Feb. 22 LEROY SMART
Feb. 22 WIRE
Feb. 24 THE SWEET
Feb. 25/26 BE BOP DELUXE
Feb. 26 CHRIS DE BURGH & PHILIP GOODHAND-TAIT
Feb. 26 THE STRAWBS
Feb. 26 EARTHQUAKE
Feb. 26 SAD CAFE
Feb. 26 ROY BROWN
Feb. 27/Mar. 11 CLIFF RICHARD & THE SHADOWS
Feb. 28/Mar. 1 FRANK ZAPPA
Mar. 1 GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
Mar. 3 GEORGIE FAME
Mar. 4 THE CHIEFTAINS
Mar. 5 BLONDIE
Mar. 5 ALEX HARVEY
Mar. 7 PETE SEEGER
Mar. 7 RICHIE HAVENS
Mar. 10 GALLAGHER & LYLE
Mar. 11 RENAISSANCE
Mar. 12 STRAWBS
Mar. 12 HOT CHOCOLATE
Mar. 13 BILLY JOEL
Mar. 13/18 MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Mar. 16/17 EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Mar. 18 GORDON GILTRAP
Mar. 19 FATS DOMINO
Mar. 20 TANGERINE DREAM & LASERIUM
Mar. 22 JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
Mar. 25 KANSAS
Mar. 26 JOHNNY NASH
Mar. 28 CHARLES AZNAVOUR
Mar. 29 TAPPAZUKIE
Apr. 5/8 STYLISTICS & CANDI STATON
Apr. 9 HOT CHOCOLATE

For more information send s.a.e. to:

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Thursday February 16th at 7.30 pm

MAJOR LONDON APPEARANCE OF

JUNE TABOR & JOHN JAMES

REAL ALE BAR HOT FOOD AVAILABLE

Tickets £1 advance from LSE union shop £1.20 on door

Ring 405 4872 for details.

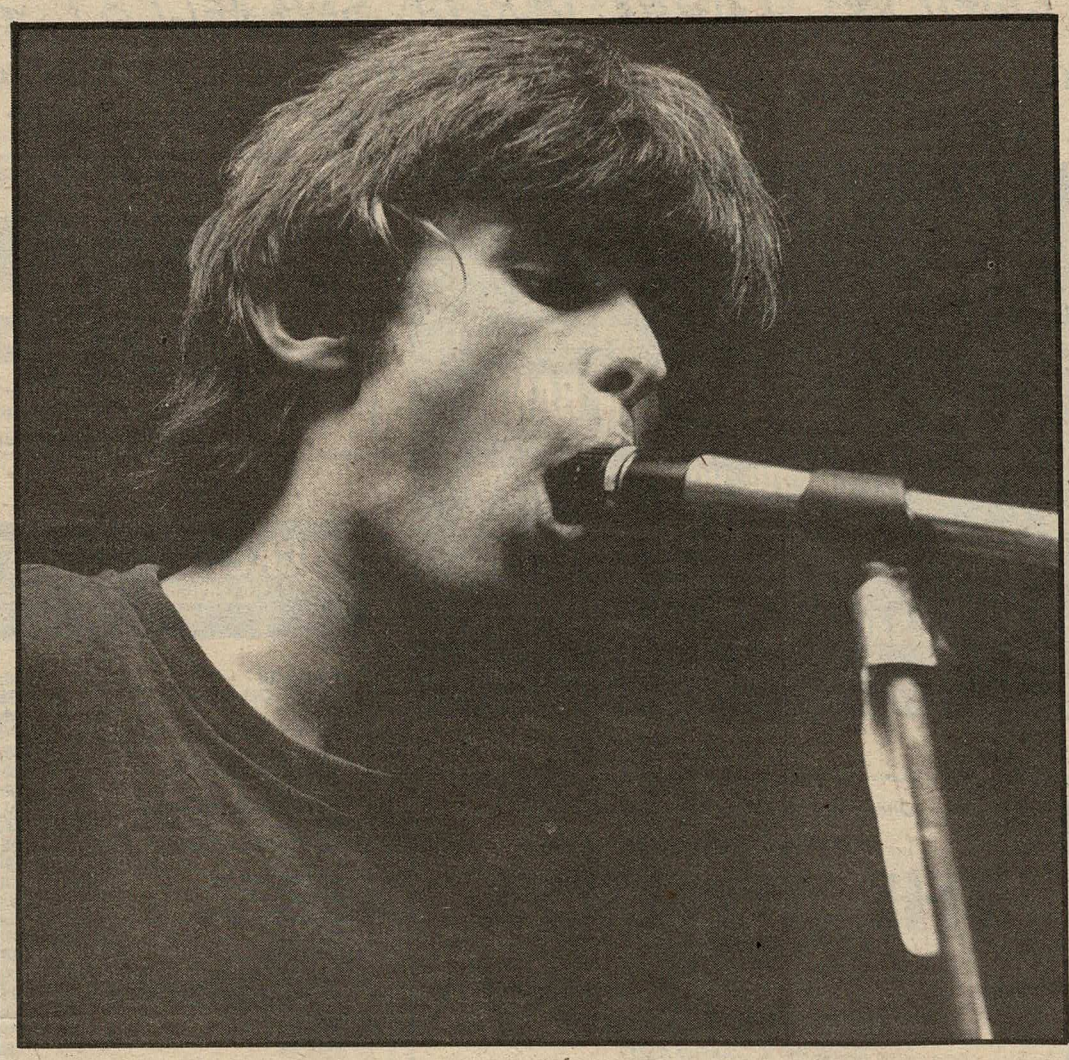
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Sun. Feb. 12 **BRIDGE HOUSE,** E.16
Wed. Feb. 15 **WOODEN BRIDGE,** Guildford
Sun. Feb. 19 **THE PEGASUS,** N.16
Tues. Feb. 21 **THE TRAMSHED,** Woolwich
Sat. Mar. 4 **THE BOAT CLUB,** Nottingham
Sun. Mar. 5 **LAKE LAND LOUNGE,** Accrington
Wed. Mar. 8 **THE CORN DOLLY,** Oxford
Sat. Mar. 11 **R.A.F. CONINGSBY,** Lincoln
Thurs. Mar. 19 **BRYAN'S CLUB,** Reading

IF MRS SLATER'S PARROT SAYS HELLO DOES THAT MEAN HE WANTS TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE?

The number he has to ring is 01-261 6153

ON THE TOWN



Lust for invention mother of discomfort

XTC

SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

IT WAS pointed out, some while ago, that a large number of punk outfits preface their name with the definite article, as compared with the previous generation of bands, who preferred, in general, to leave their monikers unanchored, floating in some mystical, many-adjectived (and usually coloured) ether.

I suppose the phenomenon can be explained away by reference to some combination of self-assurance and down-to-earth pragmatism; or rather, to *the desire to give the impression* of self-assurance, etc.

After all, which is the firmer rock to lean on: The Clash, The Damned, The This, That and The Other, or Tangerine Dream, Pink Floyd and Purple Apocalypse? (Come to that, don't "The Definite Article" beat 'em all?).

So it was really only a matter of time before some bright sparks decided to dispense with the rest and call themselves simply "The".

And, as may be expected, they're a twig on The Clash rant-from-the-heart branch, with some of the laudable "steel city rockers" local emphasis which also characterises Sheffield's 2.3 thrown in for good measure.

The high-rise flats The sing about in "Head For Heights" are in the horrifying Kelvin, Hyde Park and Park Hill developments which blot the Sheffield skyline, and their aggression comes from something more than Kings Road promenades and bondage banality, my friends.

The main criticisms that I'd make are of the occasional slips in the rhythm section, and the more general point that their basic mainstream-punk style may be a little "after the event". Forge ahead, don't tag along.

The Secret are a forgettable five-piece who eulogise vandalism, amongst other things.

They feature a little runt vocalist who's rather like a scaled-down Ian Dury (if that's possible), plus hair but minus charm and lyrical ability, and a lead guitarist with a penchant for sartorial gross-out, (red wet-look suit, gold face, gold hair), who plays guitar like he's chucking a brick through a jeweller's window.

The only interesting thing about the band, in fact, is that he actually achieves a sound not unlike breaking glass.

Here's hoping they remain a secret. Preferably one under close guard.

And so, XTC.

Good name, connotes excitement, demonstrates wit. Both of which were in plentiful supply on their "3D EP", especially "Science Friction".

How unfortunate, then, that the "White Music" album — with a few notable exceptions like "X Wires" — should be by comparison rather lacklustre.

Still, they open in spirited manner with "Radios In Motion"; snappy, bright and quick to catch, the obvious single from the album. (Whoever chose "Statue Of Liberty" instead should be summarily dealt with).

Following the album running-order, they continue with "X Wires", a bit of a baffler unless you're familiar.

Frantic, disjointed, but curiously cohesive, short splinters of Andy Partridge's guitar meshing unusually with the staccato avalanches of Terry Chambers' drums.

But, as I said, a bit of a baffler, their obverse side calling the lie on that "power pop" tag. Thank God.

"Statue Of Liberty" next, during which it becomes plain that the P.A.'s far too brittle and shocking to make for anything approaching comfortable listening.

Not, you may say, a bad thing; but I'd differentiate between the discomfort of a conceptual attack and that endured as a result of extreme mixing, pure and simple. Their sound's already sharp enough, without sticking pins in listeners' ears . . .

It also becomes plain, as the set proceeds, that the audience is about as responsive as a mandied sloth to XTC's incessant barrage of puns and fractured melodies. And, to be fair, I can't blame them.

XTC have a stage presence of sorts, but once the initial veneer of enthusiasm wears through, it appears to be based on rather shallow stylisations.

And their songs are generally *too* disjointed and jarring to please on first hearing. (Not for nothing does their uninteresting version of "All Along The Watchtower" get the best reception of the night: it seems to act as a stabiliser, something with which the audience can orientate itself.)

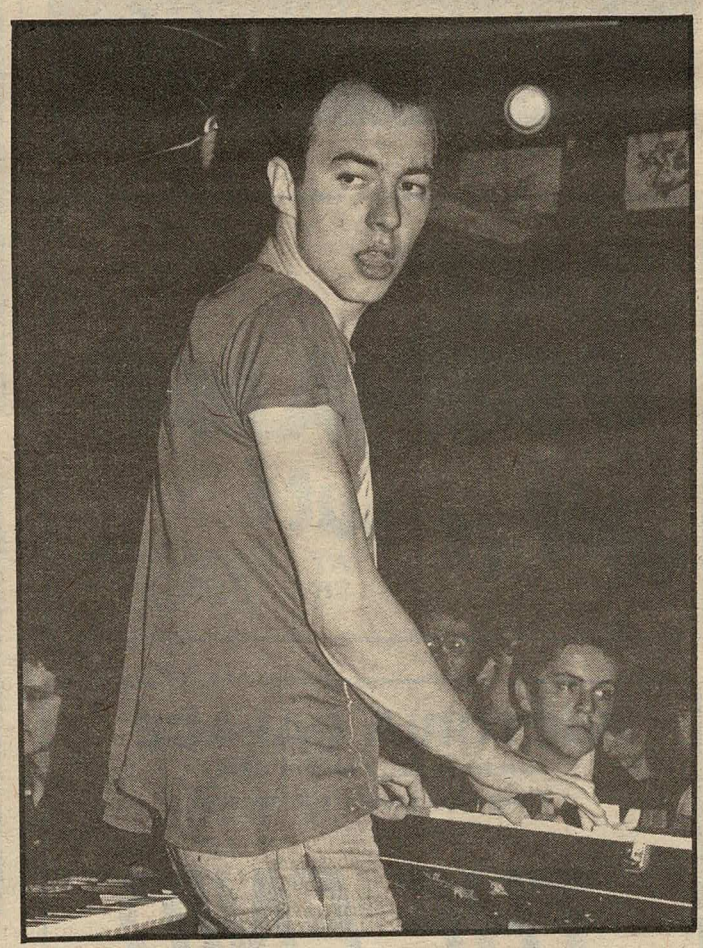
On the other hand, it has to be said that at least XTC are trying to bust open a few of pop's restrictive categories, and the basic elements of their sound — the jarring, screeching bursts of guitar, solid but unorthodox rhythm section and Barry Andrews' amusingly descriptive keyboard insertions — are being constantly arranged and rearranged in a series of bizarre textural combinations which suggest a healthy lust for invention.

In short, they're approaching their music in a manner which shames more accessible/successful bands, who should, by now, be building more than mere domiciles of convenience.

XTC try harder, as the advert goes.

But sometimes they fail.

Andy Gill



(Top) Colin Moulding; (above) Barry Andrews. Pics: ROB HALL

Cyanide

YORK

SO PYE's strangely catholic A&R department finally made a stake in the New Wave through their signing of Hull band Dead Fingers Talk and now York's Cyanide.

It was understandable that someone came to check out Yorkshire; with Manchester, Liverpool and Newcastle pretty well sussed, there wasn't much of a stomping ground left.

I'd venture to guess that Pye haven't done themselves any harm with either signing.

Cyanide landed a five-year contract worth its weight in colour receivers, and they didn't even display their wares outside of their York residency, The Grob and Ducat — a venue which subsequently closed its doors to the new music.

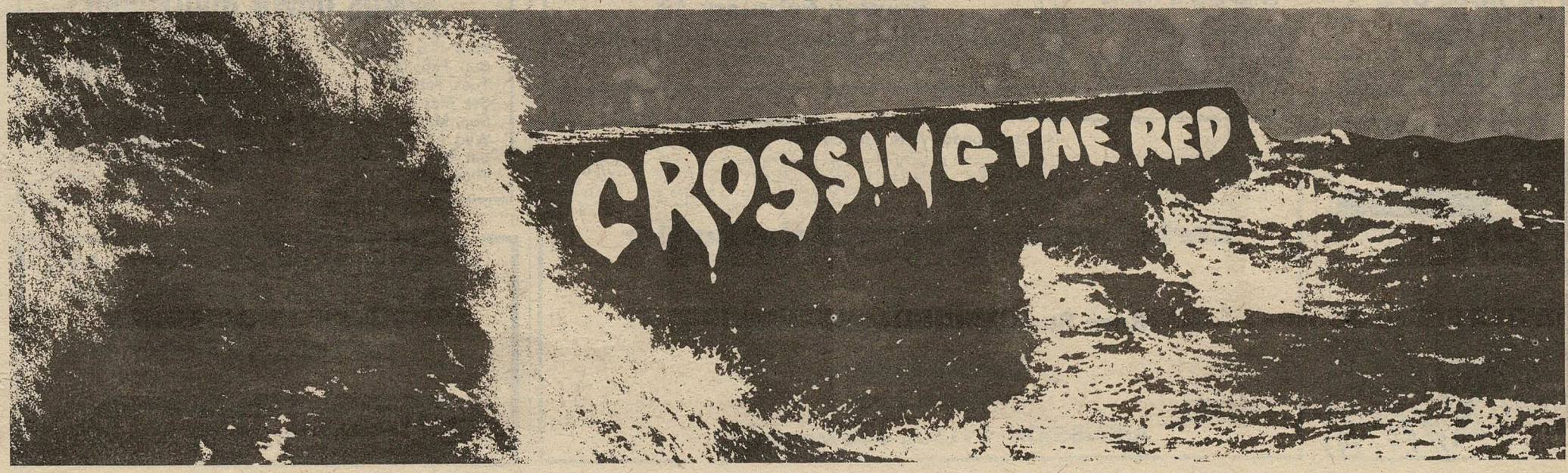
Updating the story, Cyanide played the Winning Post recently as a kind of preamble to their forthcoming album release and public launching.

The venue was important to the band's vocalist Bob De Vries — an uptight Quasimodo figure, heavy on street rhetoric, whose nickname, to those who never heard of Canned Heat, is 'The Bear' — because the joint is his local. And success hasn't changed him.

The gig — staged in a converted lounge — is free. Had it been a quid a throw, it wouldn't have been any less over-subscribed (such are provincial partisans).

The music is as uncompromising as the negative visuals. 'High Energy Rock' is the way the band describe it.

It's a reasonably accurate description, too, which is brought in comprehensible perspective when you realise that the band's drummer Mick Stewart has a preference for vintage Who, and that their



Rich Kids code uncracked

The Rich Kids/ The Flys

100 Club

NOT SO much a review; more a blurred snapshot. I just dropped in to see what condition their condition was in.

The Flys are hard, sharp and very tight. ("Plenty of zip, eh?" quipped Nick Kent, peeking over my shoulder. But you probably don't wish to know that).

They look like bank clerks but they play punk. Whatever originality and diversity they posses is in the content of their songs rather than the way they present them.

The Rich Kids look wilder and play looser. Their set was better paced and more diverse than The Flys; I detected tunes and chord changes. The content of their songs was probably good too. Had I been able to decipher their cryptic code I might have been able to confirm this.

Sorry if complaints about sound quality is a predictable BOF reaction; it seems important to me.

Elsewhere in this issue (page 49) I review a gig that was way too loud; even so most of that one was intelligable. This one was just plain muzzy.

For what it's worth, most of the crowd were obviously there to see and cheer The Rich Kids but my punkette adviser thought The Flys were better.

The first young British rock band to be allowed the luxury of a decent sound system will probably sweep the board.

Cliff White

Ain't nuthin' like the real thing, baby

The Pleasers Tonight

NASHVILLE

LABELS, schmlabels . . . Last Tuesday's spree at the Nashville, unofficially "A Power Pop Package", didn't convince me that here was the latest potent force in rock, the wave all poised to drown punk.

In fact Tonight and the bill-toppers, the much-touted Pleasers, have precious little in common, save for their instrumental line-up and a predilection for singing vocal harmonies into just the one mike, a la McCartney and Harrison of yore.

In fact, The Pleasers with their stylistically immaculate pre-"Rubber Soul" Beatles pastiche are batting on an extremely sticky wicket.

The moment they hit the stage, smart in their Beatle gear (ordered from the back pages of *NME* circa '64 and kept in cold storage ever since?) and haircuts, the amps set out just like The Mop Tops have theirs on the inside gatefold pic of "Beatles For Sale", and launch into an arrangement of "Let's Dance" that owes everything to The Beatles' handling of "Twist And Shout", one is Fairly Impressed.

The only 'error' they make is having their guitarist weigh in with heavy metal licks more akin to the spirit of 1973 than '63.

A few more numbers go by, and you still can't quite believe it. Even their own material could have come from the hallowed pens of John and Paul.

"Money" ruins it, though. Oh sure, they play all the right notes and the voice of the singer — the surrogate John Lennon — doesn't do a bad job of emulating the latter's peerless rock 'n' roll singing, but the back-up is way too neat, and all too contrived.

Surely a band like this should be playing the scampi-in-a-basket circuit, and not actually convincing real kids that this is genuine rock 'n' roll.

Tonight, however, are a different story. They too wear suits, at any rate garments that look like suits, but there is a sense of fun *and* excitement about their act which is all too rare these days.

Their sense of dynamics is very similar to The Jam's, but instead of the wall-to-wall sneers and studied looks of aggression adopted by The Jam's, and the other leading new wave groups', imitators, Tonight aren't afraid to smile and show they're having a good time.

With their snappy songs, tuneful and inventive guitar solos, there's a lot more to them than you'd have gathered from hearing their almost-hit single "Drummer Boy". Live, even that exudes an irrepressible sense of fun and energy.

As the group say themselves, Tonight are a rock group playing pop songs.

Steve Clarke

Pic: GUS STEWART

The Radiators From Space

LIVERPOOL

"Genetic Generation blitzin'" at the Ritz tomrrow belongs to the new order kids!"

There wasn't too much blitzin' at Eric's.

Coming at the tail-end of a week of trendy talent at the club, the Radiators didn't pull as many new order kids out of the woodwork as they might have hoped.

Which was bad luck on the kids.

No support band so the small audience spent several hours posing at the bar before music time.

When the four Dubliners finally emerged the crowd transferred itself to stage front and began wagging heads to the hot beat of "Contact" and "Sunday World".

The group raced through three action rockers before introducing themselves.

"Welcome to the Cavern . . . I'm John and that's Paul, George and Ringo."

Phil Chevron does most of the talking. He's the visual centre of the band, black-clad, slimmer than his mike stand, with shriek-yellow hair.

Sharing guitar and vocals to his right is Pete Holidai, wide eyed and wavy haired with leopard-skin jacket, the silver lining to Chevron's thundercloud.

Bassist Mark Megaray is wandering the boards in scarlet trousers, his instrument hoisted almost beneath his nose.

Together the front line have a similar colour-chaos impact to The Clash. They're not as dynamic, Chevron is 90% of the spectacle, but they're both in tune and tuneful.

If you've come across the "T.V. Tube Heart" album you know they've got slick melodies and direct, punching lyrics.

The combination only catches fire on stage (so far) and numbers like "Prison Bars", "Roxy Girl" and "Ripped And Torn" are fine in the flesh for dancing or listening.

The three-part harmonies-which they used on "Sunday World" are explored further in their forthcoming single "Million Dollar Heroes."

They play it twice, ". . . 'cos it's gonna be number one," but my insensitive ears block out the words. Catchy chorus though, smooth and melodic.

The two previous singles show that good tunes don't negate a powerful message. "Television Screen" and "Enemies" were two great records and the words still hit very hard.

The other peaks of the live set are "Psychotic Reaction" and "Blitzin' At The Ritz."

The former, the old Count Five classic, is a faithful rather than unusual interpretation with Chevron scowling from the lip of the stage, spraying the front row with chord-bursts; *". . . shoot them down with our terrorist guitars!"*

"Ritz," my personal favourite, is a crowd-pleaser with clapalong time and a fierce chant chorus.

Jimmy Crashe is pumping a simple but lethal rhythm on the drums; Chevron, Holidai and Megaray are adjusting well to a small intimate crowd after the long distance rapport of the Lizzy tour.

Despite microphone problems this was a slick set. Short, neat and whetting your appetite rather than satisfying you.

The Radiators' main weakness is the lack of a specialist front-man.

Chevron does most of the talking, Holidai most of the singing; they're both good at what they do but the attention of the crowd is spread too widely.

Once they stop noticing the "claustrophobic" conditions of the smaller venues the band will start working on stage as well as their songs. Then they really will make contact.

Kim Davis

debut single is an uninhibited rendition of "I'm A Boy".

There are possibly too many chords here for the 'punk' tag to stick, and also the boys are too raw (no criticism) to make an accurate stab at the subtle nuances of the new music.

Credentials-wise, Cyanide have everything squared off: De Vries' likeable vocals demonstrate the kind of frenzy you'd expect of a man whose experience of life came through packing chocolate boxes, advising American tourists on Edinburgh train schedules and labouring on his native city's exit routes; the Stewart brothers (drummer Mick and strummer Dave) are the clean-cut punk sector, the kind the girls go for, though nothing gets in the way of their playing — business before pleasure.

Dave Thompson (bass), only recently absorbed into the band, sporting a DIY Kraftwerk hairjob looks so incongruous and uncool that you'd think he was designed for gimmick-value; actually, until he gets some financial action from the new deal, he can't afford one of the more *de rigeur* image. A tight bassist, nevertheless.

We'll have to wait to see whether Cyanide pass the Metropolitan acid tests — it's one thing to take your local pub by storm, another to play the Marquee or Eric's when you're just intruding whippersnappers with potential culture lag.

Have the decency to lend an ear, anyway; you won't suffer any lasting damage — "Tourist", "Do It" and "Hate The State" are their representative songs.

Ultimately, an interesting gig. Maybe not worth respiration difficulties, but an indicator that if you've seen one punk/new wave/high energy rock band, you still haven't necessarily seen them all.

Emma Ruth

Watts not over-taxed in Swindon

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Bob Hall's Skiffle Group

SWINDON

A SMILE creeps over Charlie Watts' gaunt features.

He's sitting amidst a tatty snare drum kit in the heart of Swindon, flipping his wires into the air and skilfully catching them.

For tax exile Charlie is enjoying himself. He's getting back to his roots, playing the music he loves — and having a good laugh.

In front of him sits guitarist John Forte from Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance, and to the left is silver-haired George Green, possibly the finest boogie woogie pianist in Europe.

They are all part of Bob Hall's Swindon Skiffle Group.

Hall — a session man with over 40 blues albums tucked under his belt — assembled the band on Friday with Stones pianist Ian Stewart for a one-off gig.

Stewart's recording it for a double live album on the Stones Mobile — a rare occurrence for Swindon.

Alongside Charlie is his former flat mate from the pre-Stones days, Dave Green, now double-bassist with Humphrey Lyttelton's mob.

They kick off with "Swindon Revisited", Watts effortlessly keeping time with the strictest precision and Hall and Green demonstrating their individual brilliance.

John Forte shows his worth on Memphis Minnie's "Talking 'Bout You".

Forte was added at the last minute — at one time it was thought that Ronnie Wood would play — and slowly works himself into the set. But now he's really cooking — fully earning a wide-faced smile of approval from Charlie.

Ian Stewart joins the fun on second piano with Green moving to harp on "Key To The Highway".

Eddie Guitar Burns' "Do It If You Wanna" has the whole audience — about 150 — boogieing.

The second half has a more jazzy flavour when a top notch brass section is added.

Colin Smith, trumpet, Dick Morrisey, tenor sax, and Johnny Picard, trombone — all highly respected and experienced sessionmen — take solo after solo, pure and faultless, producing collective West Country ecstasy.

Morrisey blows his ass off on a King Curtis sax work-out, while Smith's trumpet work borders on the sublime on his own Swindon Swing".

The Blues jam "All I Got Is You" is the evening's killer with everyone — except Watts of course — taking a solo.

Charlie crowns the evening with a quick dash to Heathrow where he flies back to his South of France home.

Tax reasons y'see.

Barry Leighton

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The Rubinoos like Girls, Making Music, and You buying their records.

ADAM ANT. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Termites devour part of New Wave

Adam And The Ants

MARQUEE

IT'S PERFECTLY suitable that the (immensely favourable) review of Adam & The Ants carried in last week's *Sounds* was penned by the resident 'punk' columnist of the heinous *Ritz* magazine — the author being one Steven Lavers, who CSM recalls as originally a colleague in the *Schoolkid's Oz* venture, at which time Lavers proudly boasted that his favourite pastime was "attending Quintessence concerts".

It was a perfect example of the current trend amongst self-conscious new wave writers for an effusively earnest style — all lumpy multi-syllables tied together with dashes and perverted punctuation, no sense of humour compulsory, contradictions and gross pretensions suitable.

Paragraphs of the aforementioned hyperbole which possess absolutely no meaning when read in toto also seem to be extremely popular with this crowd.

This creeping journalistic malaise can be found in full bloom mostly within the pages of *Sounds*, though even *NME* has been forced to cow-tow to the strangulation, particularly when confronting such phenomena as Siouxsie & The Banshees.

Adam & The Ants are claimed by those who *know* (the aforementioned hyperbole-ites, natch) to be spawned from virtually the same mould that gave us The Banshees. That figures, at least superficially anyway, if you regard, say, Siouxsie & The Banshees as nothing more than a bunch of posey dorks who saw *Helter Skelter* and Visconti's *The Damned*, formulating a half-baked vision of shock-horror around the two films and performing it all in a style that would give even latter-day Alice Cooper a kind of dignity.

I don't regard The Banshees in that light, I should brusquely add, due mainly to self-penned compositions like "Social Relapse" which easily transcend all those silly-silly shortcomings by actually saying something far beyond all that oh-so-calculated amoral primping.

Adam & The Ants I'm not so sure about though.

Adam Ant is a slightly pudgy geezer with a penchant for almost Kiss-like face-chaping black make-up and the habitual leather ensemble who leads and singularly shapes the musical and conceptual vision of The Ants, who, barring an impressively precise black drummer who provides a compelling pulse to the otherwise relentlessly one-dimensional musical back-drop, are nothing to write home about.

They are just a trio going through the motions to provide an ultimately dull and listless lack of texture and dynamics.

Adam at least gives the pantomime a bit of character and, on at least two out of the three occasions I saw The Ants perform at the Marquee, carried himself with an undeniable authority that impressed certainly for the first, say, quarter of an hour — before, that is, the sheer one-dimensional inconsequentiality of the music dragged everthing down in its wake.

He's quite a trouper, is our Adam — a bit fearsome behind that ridiculous mask of make-up even though, again like Miss Siouxsie, one can't help but come away noticing that his movements are worked out not so much for the audience but more for the benefit of any photographers present.

Maybe that's one of the primary reasons for Adam and his Ants being so 'fashionable' right now. That plus the presence of current fashion-plate Jordan, whose extrovert bellowing on one song, apparently written for Lou Reed, has her tagged definitely to make it this year as punk's answer to Hawkwind's similarly voluptuous dancer, Stacia.

One thing, though, about Jordan's one-off bout of cacophonous yowling: it pushed The Ants' stance a few dints closer to a harmless cabaret / parody of all that dumb-bell fetishistic pose that permeates the rest of Adam's act.

Adam Ant, you see, is prone to expounding endlessly on such touchy subjects as hard-core sado-masochism ("Whip In My Valise"), Nazi perversions ("Deutsche Girls", "Dirk Wears White Socks") and twisted sex as pure love.

He's already claimed in interviews that his hero(ine)s include one Ilsa Koch, better known as Ilsa the She-Wolf, the governess of Nazi concentration camps responsible for the deaths of innumerable prisoners through the most gut-churning slow torture imaginable. Many of his songs lyrics eagerly back up the perversity of such a claim.

So ultimately, you're left with two conclusions.

One: yes, he is deadly serious in which case — screw 'im — the little dope *deserves* to get his balls fried just like one of his sweet heroine's victims. And if it's all a joke? Well, OK, but — ultimately, so what? It's just one giant bore being yet another trendy subscriber to amorality 'per se'.

I thought the bottom-line deal with the punk stance was one of making a definite stand — and if not, then Christ knows that's what it should be, seeing as in these dangerous days it's just not enough to twerp around with your personal morality.

Unfortunately, right now that's exactly what Adam & The Ants represent to me. Just more 'chic' twerping around for the London trendies — and I've not seen such a turn-out of Chelsea has-beens for a rock band in years than the crowd that have consistently shown up to these Marquee gigs.

The sad thing is, mind you, that this bunch look like being the next big punk thing. A record deal of sorts has already been set up with EG/Polydor and there's enough posters and all-purpose hype around London right now to gag on.

But don't be misled. The Ants are just another con as such, however brash or fearsome the exterior may appear. When it all gets real again — some years hence, I guess — this group will in my opinion be remembered along with such utterly bogus institutions as "Rent-a-Punk" and the *Ritz* Punk Column as the last death-throws of a movement that may not only be characterised for its 'brave, new' stance but for its ability to endlessly contradict itself behind a thinly-veiled veneer of bogus aggression.

Nick Kent

The Pirates

LIVERPOOL

"THIS IS the *only* classic English rock'n'roll song," snarls Frank Farley. Mick Green snaps out the unmistakeable tumbling lead into "Shakin' All Over" and the university crowd bounces as happily as if this were the band's latest Number One.

The Pirates are shaping up as a classic English rock'n'roll band. Almost perpetually on the road since they re-formed, audiences all over the country received them like the latest hot talent. No-one comments on the buccaneer gear they've been wearing since the early '60s; no-one talks about nostalgia when The Pirates are in town.

The success formula is simple. The Pirates hit every crowd as hard as they can with straight, sharp rock. No frills, no pretensions. Good time music; they do it even better than the Status Quo boogie school.

On a Wednesday night there are plenty of Pirates fans to cheer every title and scream for more. Farley, Green and drummer Johnny Spence are dwarfed by the vast expanse of stage and toppling towers of PA, but the music is LOUD.

Old favourites are still in the set: "I Can Tell" (" . . . a song the Feelgoods ripped off from us . . .") and their distinctive version of "Johnny B. Goode".

The night before the gig they put the final touches to their forthcoming album, so they're starting to work a few new numbers into the set.

"Voodoo" is a heady tribal chant with Farley beating out frantic messages on the skins. "Honey Hush" was introduced as a ballad; it's an old Johnny Burnette rocker taken at a frenzied pace with plenty of room for Mick Green's magic fingers.

There's nothing to say that you haven't already read about Mick's blazing rhythm and simultaneous solos. It's more interesting to report that Farley's singing is improving every time I see the band.

He's a much more compelling and confident front-man these days, without losing any of his basic bass touch.

Overflowing with cockney bonhomie — "How ya doin', alright?" — he won't let the audience rest until they've clapped their hands sore and shaken seven shades of dandruff out of their hair.

And the audience don't need much persuading, because they call the group back for three encores. Mick Green's sweating, Farley looks chuffed, Spence as impassive as ever. The Pirates are still slightly dazed by the manner in which crowds have taken them to their hearts.

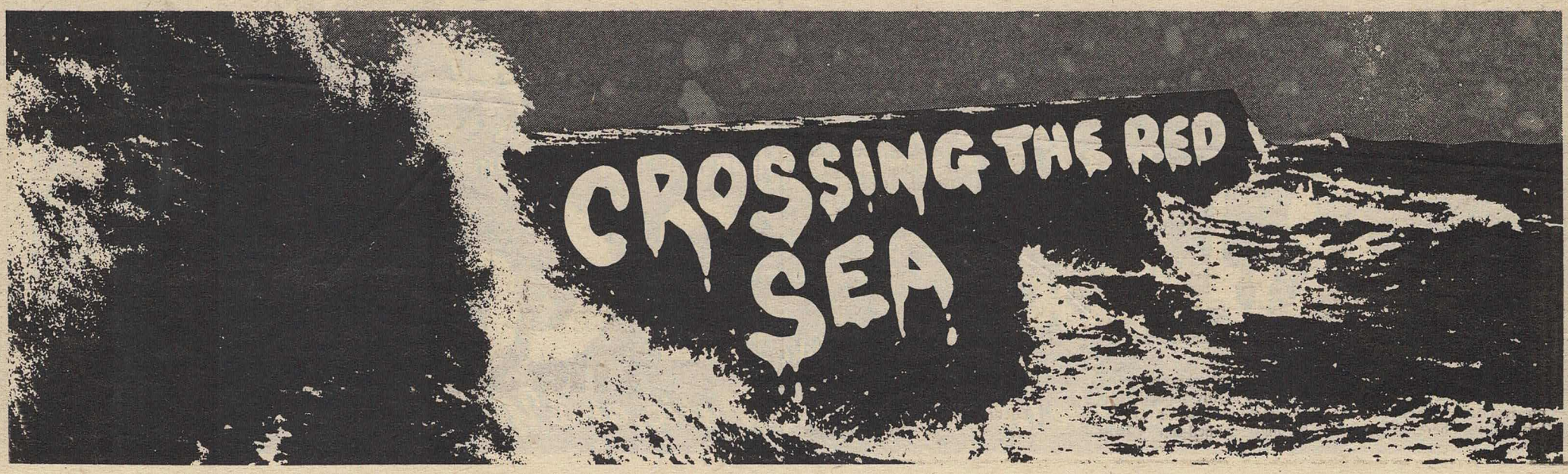
They're just doing what they know best, and incidentally doing it better than almost anyone else in the country. There are only a few more dates before they rest and think about going abroad. But they'll be back soon because there are still gigs they've never done.

My evening was almost spoilt by a nauseous bout of punk-bashing (I thought that went out with the Inquisition) but I know this was a typical Pirates gig.

In other words, the joint was conclusively rocked.

Kim Davis

Pic: ROSS HALFIN



Sweating it out in the enjoyment jungle

Magazine

THE SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

1. MAGAZINE, even by '70s standards, represent the smooth stroll to success. Howard Devoto departs Buzzcocks, mobilises Magazine. The band performs twice, signs swiftly to Virgin. A superior single follows, "Shot By Both Sides".

2. Howard Devoto is the subject of a mountain of press. Much of this press dubs Devoto an intellectual. Sometimes he's likened to Samuel Beckett.

Such allusions only confuse because they invest Devoto with an authority he does not possess. Interestingly, a letter to *Gasbag* (21/1/78) suggests that Magazine are a 'journalist-manufactured group'.

3. Nottingham's Sandpiper club. A cosy cavern deep in the bowels of the city's Lace Market. Tonight, a full house for Magazine.

Inside, all sorts of youth assemble. Short hair on all sides. Smoke. Sweat. Water drizzling down walls. Figures slumped in chairs. Eyes issuing stares . . . at the front of the stage a froth of frantic pogo people. The enjoyment jungle.

4. Howard Devoto goggles the pogo pack, and smiles. "I hope you're not b-o-r-e-d." Coy and prim in his pretty pyjama pants. When he sings his lips purse into a snooty pout. His hands cup the microphone. Devoto's vocal delivery is a wail through an imaginary harmonica. Consequently his lyrics are largely inaudible.

5. Musically Magazine impress. Simplicity, power, and melody dominate. Plus sufficient technical proficiency to outshine any 'punk' band I'd previously watched. Shrill lead guitar and sliding keyboards sustain a constant dialogue; confidently crossing into a sheet of hard-edged sound. Whilst the beat aims straight for the feet.

6. I didn't see Sam Beckett down the Sandpiper. Perhaps he prefers the reggae on a Thursday night. I did see Howard Devoto's Magazine. The perfect modern dance band.

Malcolm Heyhoe

Pics (top to bottom): Rob Hall, Gus Stewart, Peter Coleman

The Tyla Gang

CHELMSFORD

YACHTLESS? These guys sound like they're up shit creek without a paddle.

Apart, that is, from the extraordinary intervention of Beserkley Records.

But what on earth possessed them to think that Tyla was a viable eccentric?

No doubt his shrewdest move was to get earlier product out on a trendy French label. Over there, they probably thought that beret and little beard made him a Left Bank philosopher.

Over here, he tends to look like a weird cross between Fred Scuttle and the younger John Peel. Only the repeated use of the word "wankers" (as in "you wankers in the audience") serves as a reminder that here's an old pub rocker out for New Wave credibility.

As you'd expect, the music's pretty much a re-tread of familiar Stones and Chuck Berry riffs and attitudes. And Tyla's certainly acquired three useful butch sidemen to beef things up.

It's all churned out very competently indeed, with the small audience in the uninviting, council-run Chancellor Hall displaying a modicum of enthusiasm.

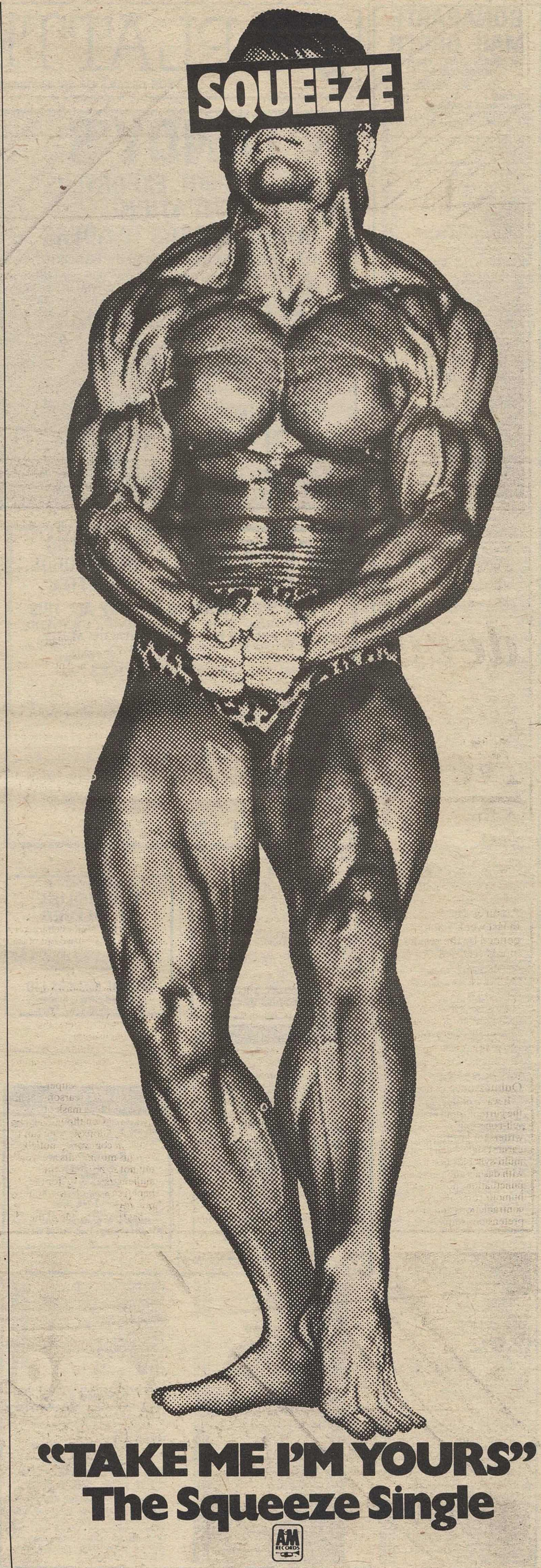
But there's nothing in the least bit distinctive about eitner Tyla's music or what's evident of his viewpoint.

There are a couple of memorable songs, possibly called "Fighting Cocks" and "Standing In The Middle Of A Hurricane", but they're precious little for the act to lean on.

When it comes to the encore, Tyla takes no chances. He's back on again in approximately a minute, just as the thin applause is slipping away.

As for the song itself, it's "Walking The Dog". A neat confirmation of the substantial debt to the Stones.

Bob Edmands



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Robert Gordon: if only he'd been legless . . .

JAZZ DIARY

TWO INTERESTING gigs from the London Musicians Collective for February — Evan Parker with David Toop and Paul Burwell on 12th and Evan with John Russell and David Holmes on 18th., both at 42 Gloucester Avenue, N.W.1, starting at 8 pm.

The closure of The Other Cinema — a frequent venue for jazz — has left the very worthy distribution service in debt. Benefit concerts are being organized in the London area, and deserves support.

Edinburgh's Platform is running a season of jazz films, with *Jiving In Be-Bop* starring Dizzy on 15th. February, and Sonny Rollins' *Live At Laren* on 22nd. The Glasgow branch of Platform is showing 4 films under the heading 'Jazz Scene USA' on 14th. and 'The Connection' on 21st.

The Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band is taking time out from its European tour to play a season at home: BBC's *Late Show* recording at Maida Vale on 13th.; the Festival Theatre, Malvern, on 14th.; 100 Club, Oxford Street, on 15th.; the Fir Tree Ballroom, Wellingborough, on 16th.; Melbourn Village College, Melbourn, Cambridge, on 17th.; Royal Station Hotel, Hull, on 18th.; Grange Arts Centre, Oldham, on 19th.; the Rolls Royce Club, Mount Sorrel, on 20th.; and the White Buck, Burley, New Forest, on 21st February.

JCS gigs in the London area include the Peter Bocking Quartet at 7 Dials on 9th., Paul Nieman's Rogue Albert at the Star & Garter on 11th., and Turning Point at The Phoenix on 15th.

The Gil Evans Orchestra and Stan Tracey Octet tour will be at Colston Hall, Bristol, on 20th. February; Guildhall, Southampton, on 21st.; Peoples Theatre, Newcastle, on 23rd.; Town Hall, Birmingham, on 24th.; Royal Festival Hall on 25th.; and Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on 27th.

Drummer Milford Graves has released "Milford Graves & Babi Music" on his own IPS label, Milford with two saxophonists, Arthur Doyle and Hugh Glover, and a knockout. Brian Case

Great voice, awful noise and the presence of the Common Man

Robert Gordon & Link Wray Whirlwind

ASTORIA, CHARING CROSS ROAD

STAN FREBERG said it right in 1958: "Too loud, man, TOO LOUD."

There were a few casualties this Sunday night — bleeding from the ears and so forth — but the majority of the audience was prepared to suffer minor haemorraging in order to appreciate the not inconsiderable talents of the parties on display.

Whirlwind are a young British quartet of rockers who have got a lot of what it takes to satisfy, but they still lack certain essentials.

For instance; too loud, man, TOO LOUD.

Not only that, they employ too much echo, haven't yet learned how to pace their set, and, perhaps most important, make no attempt to reach their audience other than by bashing out song after song in a blur of nervousness.

The only time any of them dared to look the punters straight in the face was for a brief, 'er' fank you, and the next one is . . ."

Still, they play well, sing well and look good. After a couple more years of hard graft on the road they'll probably be as impressive on stage as they are on record.

Robert Gordon, Link Wray, and their bassist and drummer have faults too.

For instance; too loud, man, TOO LOUD.

Their other main problem — well it's solely Gordon's problem really — is that Mr. G. has about as much stage presence as a wax effigy of The Common Man.

But what a voice. There were times when it might have been fiery young Elvis P. himself up on stage, hiding inside the gaunt and rigid figure that swayed slightly behind the microphone.

Not only is Gordon an even better singer than you'd imagine from hearing his records; Wray has got a lot more to offer as a guitarist than the obligatory "Rumble".

Mind you, "Rumble" — which I've always considered one of the most over-rated records ever associated, however, loosely, with rock 'n' roll — was one of the highlights of the show.

A skin-stripping, distorted, wall of sound performance, like jagged lumps of scrap metal being raked back and forth across a pit of empty oil drums.

For this one magnificent display of basic power play, the excessive volume was more than justified.

Wray, looking like a teamster's hitman in leather jacket, blue jeans, shades and black greasy locks collapsing all over his forehead, was the only real *character* on the show.

Apart from "Rumble" he fronted a long, torturous attack on "Peepin 'n' Hidin", wringing squeals of protest from his tormented axe that were more like echoes of Hendrix than the expected sounds of '50s rock 'n' roll. (Had he been black with exploding hair he's have probably been booed off stage; as it was, he went down a storm. Image in an amazing leveller).

Of course, he also supplied excellent, if LOUD, accompaniment for all of Gordon's set, along with the ace bassist and drummmer.

Apart from being far too nice a stiff to carry convincingly his role as the rejuvenator of American rock 'n' roll, Gordon proved himself to be among the best rock singers in the world today — particularly when interpreting early Elvis ("My Baby Left Me", "Mystery Train" and others), Gene Vincent ("Five Days, Five Days") and Riley ("Red Hot", "Flying Saucers Rock 'n' Roll") or transmuting the same vocal energy to new material (Link Wray's "If This Is Wrong" and Bruce Springsteen's "Fire").

If only he'd been angry or drunk — or at least a hell of a lot looser — he'd have been dynamite.

As it was, it was like watching some anonymous punk who'd been reluctantly dragged on stage to perform at his high school prom.

Cliff White

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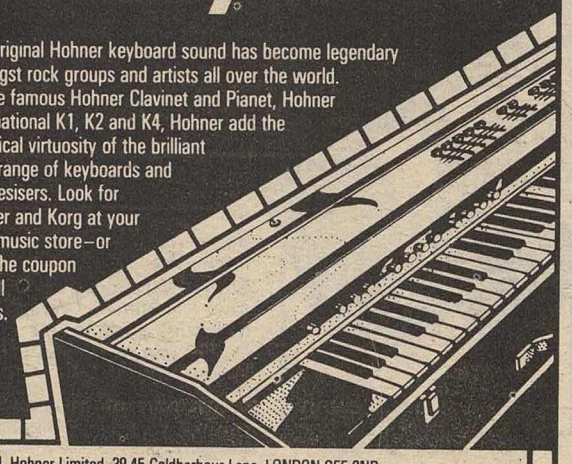

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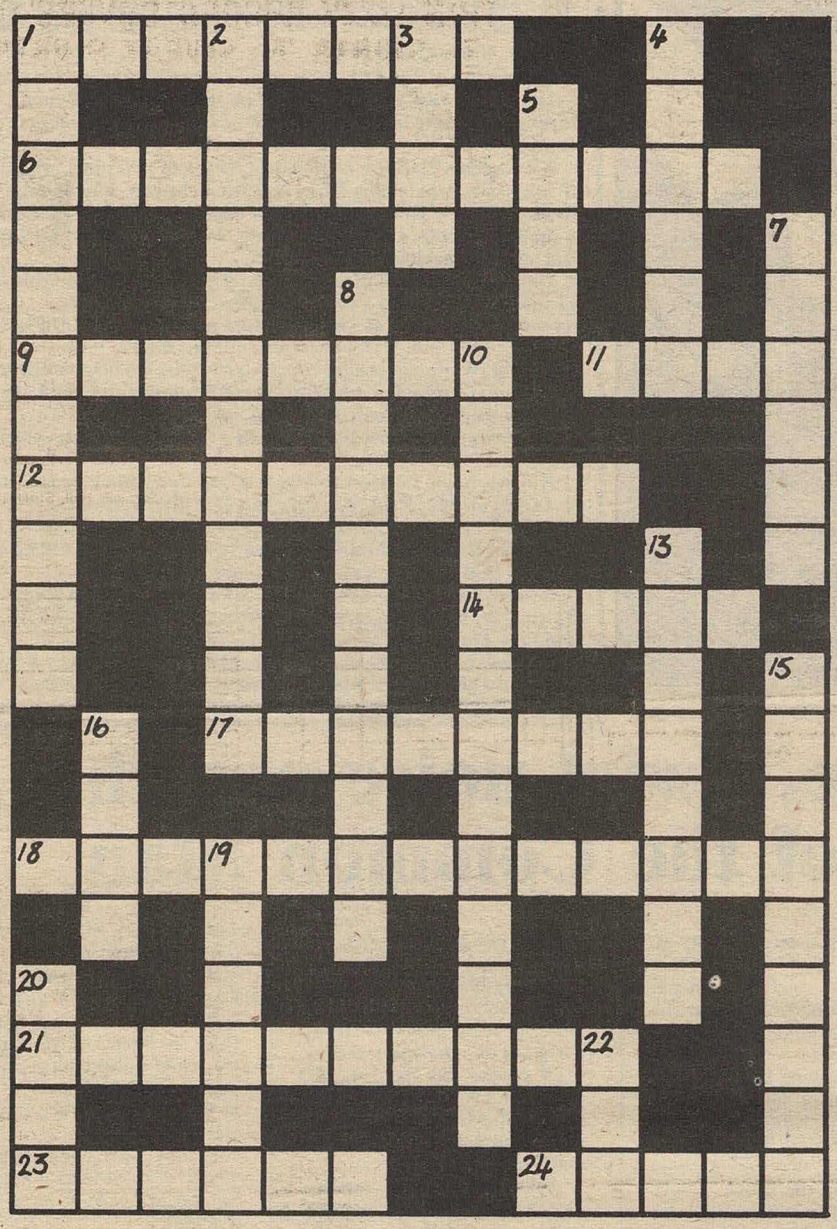

ACROSS

1 An insignificant Heartbreaker?! (3,5)
6 No old-fashioned courtship in the morning of our lives! (6,6)
9 From 1964, The Supremes' first UK No.1 (4,4)
11 Someone in The Runaways can't spell a Paul McCartney hit!
12 Bob Seger album sounding like something out of *Forum!* (5,5)
14 Tim, a.k.a. TV, of The Adverts
17 "Twisting The Night Away" in 1962 was his biggest UK hit — he was shot dead two years later in an American motel (3,5)
18 Nothing to do with 14 across, this is Mark (*Sniffin' Glue*) Perry's experimental rock group (11,2)
21 No.1 Citizen of the Modern World (4,6)
23 See 16
24 I step back and forward in the middle of a partner to Ashton and Lord!

DOWN

1 Boston minor (anag. 3,8)
2 Phil May's old, long-serving, R&B band (6,6)
3 See 7
4 The former Miss Klein who changed her name to King
5 Keyboardsman for 7 down
7 & 3 Of whom it has been said (by themselves?) "Too old to rock'n'roll too young to die"!
8 Da drummah-wid da greatest rock'n'roll band in da woirld! (5,6)
10 Mr. Hip Spectacles 1977 (5,8)
13 & 20 See plenty sea (anag. 8,4)
15 His solo album was called "Beginnings". *Affirmative!* (5,4)
16 & 23 His group's new album is "Drastic Plastic"
19 Their first hit (U.S. only) was with "Take It Easy"
20 See 13
22 Label

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK;

JAN. 28th ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 The Boyfriends; 6 Wizzard; 8 Z.Z. Top; 11 "Rocket To Russia"; 13 Dickie Betts; 14 Al Stewart; 15 Otis (Redding); 17 Phil (Manzanera); 18 "Abraxas"; 20 Blues; 22 Axton; 23 "Evita".
DOWN: 2 Howard Devoto; 3 Buzzcocks; 4 Rod (Stewart); 5 Enz; 7 "American Pie"; 9 "Paint It Black"; 10 Robert Plant; 12 Sassafras; 16 Split (Enz); 19 Mae (Axton); 21 Sax.

ART PEPPER

■ *From page 32*

as a leader in almost 16 years. In collusion with past associates like pianist Hampton Hawes (who, sadly, has died since that date), Charlie Haden on bass and drummer Shelly Manne, he recorded five originals and one standard, "Here's That Rainy Day" for "The Living Legend" LP (Contemporary S.7633).

Within three months of its release "Living Legend" was voted third best album of 1976 by Japan's prestigious *Swing Journal* and as a result he was invited to perform in Tokyo.

In September 1976 he assembled George Cables (piano), David Williams (bass) and Elvin Jones (drums) and cut six tracks for "The Trip" (Contemporary S.7638).

Art Pepper had returned with a vengeance.

Both "Living Legend" and "The Trip" displayed an intense passion that hadn't always been in evidence on the albums he had recorded prior to serving his term in San Quentin. Like so many '60s albums made on the needle, they were slightly cold, aloof and occasionally lacking in emotion.

Today, Pepper plays like a red-blooded man half his age.

Convincing sceptics who only know him by reputation that he has cleaned up his act, is one hundred per cent reliable and ready to blow for anyone who cares to listen, is his last obstacle. It's one he is optimistic about surmounting.

Art Pepper: Have Horn — Will Travel. "But only if Laurie accompanies me". He's adamant on that score.

He looks back on those years as a junkie as not being entirely wasted. Indeed, he's almost philosophical about his past.

"Sure, if you think about making money and furthering my career, then it was all a complete waste of time. But on the other hand, they taught me a great deal about life.

"I feel that the reason I'm playing so well these days is as a direct result of all those experiences. OK so I learnt the hard way".

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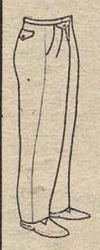

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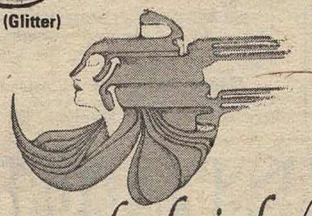

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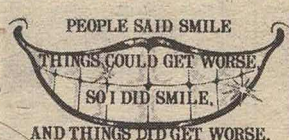

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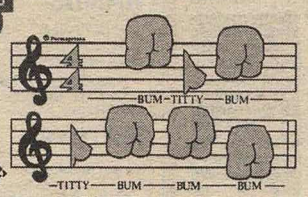

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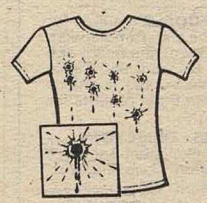

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POWER POP 78 bass and drums wanted for band with future. No punks, North London. Bob. — 01-346 4628, evenings.

MUSICIANS WANTED for 1978 band. Must like 60's pop! — Telephone Chelmsford 467657 after 7 pm.

BLUES R"B musicians wanted by guitarist, N/E London, object fun, poss. semi-pro. Write Mike. 13 Isabella Road. London W9.

SINGER-SONGWRITER seeks singer-songwriter to sing and write songs. Into jazz and anything possible. Southampton area. — Mark, Hythe 848732.

VOCALISTS WANTED

POP PUNK band with management, gigs, contract, seek good looking, confident, melodic singer. Into Cliff, Buzzcocks. Must have image. — 01-836 1654 (day) 01-552 5591 (eves). Ken.

LEAD VOCALIST required by new rock band with original material. No punks, ring: Tony at 01-237 6873 after 6.

JOHN PAUL band need vocals. Wanted, girl, preferably called 'Emma'. Must have professional tendencies! — Telephone: St Albans 65432.

VOCALIST FOR newly formed rock band rehearsing now. Gigs when ready. — Phone: Martin, 01-302 3583 after 7 pm.

VOCALS MALE or female for forming eight piece band. Power feel and soul essential. Pro. a.s.a.p. No passengers. — 01-485 8933.

FEMALE MOLESTER wanted to accompany existing female backing vocalist. Must be prepared to be famous and make millions. — The Molesters. 0273-775691.

GOOD VOCALIST wanted for dedicated heavy rock group. Equipment not essential. — Phone: Mark, Camberley 65366 after 5 pm.

FEMALE VOCALIST, no experience. 17/20 to form Blondie type band into John Peel. — Hawkhurst Kent 2336 ask for Hawkeye.

VOCALIST WANTED. Male/female for young Epsom area punk band. We've got material but we want you!! — Geoff, Ashtead 74919.

WORK WANTED

GUITARIST AVAILABLE now, new wave influences for working band. 18 but experienced and a mover. Dave 01-886 6356 or 01-807 5917.

R/B SINGER/writer, guitarist, harp wants Fullhouse/Rumour type band. Alan 01-731 5435.

ACCOMPLISHED DRUMMER with own quality kit seeks musicians into latin-rock, jazz, funk etc. No cowboys. Phone Hitchin 59245 (Herts).

AYLESBURY GUITARIST seeks semi-pro band for regular work, good gear, own transport. Phone Keith on Aylesbury 23771.

DANISH TOP drummer, English speaker, seeks working rock band. Jens Peter Marquard, 01-267 5296.

PUNK BASSIST, 16, Bored. Anyone wanna unbore me? What? Own gear. Into 999, XTC. 46 Peckham Road, SE5, No psychos.

POWER POP vocalist wants band. Romford area. 78's sound of New Hearts, Rich Kids etc. Band must be into Melody. (0268) 403299.

AUTHENTIC ROCK 'n' roll singer. Experienced, seeks pro band. Slough 41220 6-9 pm.

ALMOST MEDIOCRE guitarist (18) individual influences, DR, IM, LH, BBK, FK, AK, BG, JW, FZ, JH, EC, JP, PM, SC, AW, MO (and my dad). Brett. Brett, Luton 67314. Not during Muppets please.

WITHOUT WISHING to 'harp' on it, You need an amazing harmonica player to enchance your next Country/rockabilly/blues session. Jim, 01-794 2184 (room 7).

YOUNG PUNK wants to sing in young punk band. Punk only. Age 14. — 15 Springwell Road, Heston, Middx.

CREATIVE PIANIST (Rhodes, R.M.I. and acoustic) wants to join/re-form (commercial) Latin/jazz-rock. Serious, intelligent musicians only please! — Luigi 01-794 5552 (24 hours ansafone).

ELECTRIC VIOLIN/baritone violin available now for gigs, sessions, backing (acoustic violin and cello also). — Phone: Paul on 01-348 2301.

ROCK VOCALIST seeks r and r, r and b, blues and boogie band, West London. No pros. — Phone: Tony 01-579 5916 after 6.30 pm.

VOCALIST INTO Heep, Sabbath, Purple wants work. No punks. Romford/Hornchurch area preferred. — Rainham 22745 (Saturdays) 01-626 3741 (Ext 4) (Mondays-Fridays).

OUTSTANDING BASSIST seeks outstanding professional techno/jazz rock band comprising of guitar, keyboards, drums. Influences Colosseum, Camel. Must play original material. — 0823-3327.

THE SEAMS Singing/strumming / writing lead seam seeks top/bottom / back/middle seams. Songers not jammers. Stu, Plymouth 68847.

DRUMMER WANTED for new wave band. Ex TV and Charity Lunch. Must be committed. Vocals an asset. — Phone: Bratton Clovelly 317.

NEW BAND with little experience need patient, adventurous bassist. Must have Ph.D in astro/nuclear physics and own gear. — Bristol 652276.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

PINK DRUMMIST and orange basser needed for colourful pop group. Male or females preferred. Phone Rob after six. Walsall 35443.

TWO FEMALE vocalists require guitarists plus drummer to form punk band. Age 18-23. Must look and sound good. No rubbish. Wolverhampton 25641.

OXFORD NEW-WAVE bassist where are you? Get in rank now. Phone Wheatley 3199.

ALLEWAYS ARTS No 1 Street Band need best lead or rhythm. Must have strong nerves. Phone Bob, Shirebrook 5470 now.

BASS PLAYERwith transport for band playing original, J. Mitchell, Sandy Denny material, and fiddle tunes. Work soon. Phone Ironbridge 3339.

JANE FENDER requires other musical noises. 106 Hurstbourne Crescent, Wolverhampton.

ARE YOU interesting, different, with new ideas? Shall we talk about it then? Anj, Wolverhampton 336417 (evenings or weekends).

DRUMMER BASSIST wanted to do own material, Radio Stars, Rich Kids mould. Experience not necessary. Just enthusiasm. Willing to rehearse. 01-426 1153.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

BAND WANTED by bassist into making noise, scaring neighbours, etc. Must be (ahem) punk. — Ring: Al, 01-855 7640 after 6 pm.

ALTO-SAX DOUBLING bass seek percussion-based afro-latin funk group. Will consider group forming. Please ring: Boris 01-444 7195 days.

STRONG VOCALIST wants to join band. Blues, soul, willing to travel, urgent. Have experience, definite talent. Serious. I am good. — Littlehampton 5597.

EXCELLENT VOCALIST. Into heavy rock but pefer to sing punk. I am a punk rocker. — Phone: Paul after 7 pm. 01-845 7198.

VERY VERSATILE singer, not much experience needs band that hopes to go places. — Mr A Cowan. 01-889 0810.

BASS PLAYER (17) seeks good new wave/r&b band. Write or call:— 18 Edwy House, Kings Mead Estate, Hackney E9.

DRUMMER, SERIOUS, seeks band or musicians to form band. Tunbridge Wells area. Into rock/fusion. — Phone: Andy, Paddock Wood 5429.

GUITAR PLAYER seeks opportunity. Into Sex Pistols, celestial sound, sorcery lead/rhythm bottle neck slide. Rock British Rock. — 01-485 0269.

IGGY/BOWIE influenced singer (inexperienced) would like to join (or form) Iggy/Bowie influenced band that play good and have ambitious outlook. — Ring: John, any day from 12-6 or 8-10 pm. 01-874 0972.

N/W SINGER, songwriter, rhythm, 19, seeks success with dedicated ambitious group now. London area. Gigs, tours, records. — Brentwood 210519 nights.

GUITARIST SEEKS people in Clapham to jam with, into Berry, r'n'r, r'n'b. — Telephone: Dave 01-274 6691 evenings.

LEAD GUITARIST, good tasteful player seeks exceptional new wave band. — Alistair, 49 Endlesham Road, London SW12.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

GUITAR, BASS, keyboards need drummer and vocalist/guitarist 20+ with transport. Exciting music. Democratic. Live experience helpful. — Priddy . 282.

GUITARIST CHRIS seeks other musicians into most types of music. Must live in the area. Telephone anytime. Shrewsbury 59733.

ROCK GUITARIST (20) own imaginitive material, wishes to join/form band. Modern outlook. Derby/Nottingham area. Phone Bob, Derby 71928.

THE ULTIMATE want progressive keyboard player preferably female. Record deal, so nows the time to make your move. Call us, Sheffield 26113.

BE COOL and hip and get into new pop/music or be uncool and un-hip and phone Vince Derby 765179.

WHAT THE ? happening in boreing Stoke-On-Trent. Crap lead guitarist wants to form/join punk type group. (0782) 261421 — John.

KEYBOARD PLAYER urgently wanted for jazzrock outfit, original material, own equipment necessary, transport if possible. Phone John between 6-8 pm. 01-350 5807.

NEVER MIND mourning for The Pistols 'cos we're gonna be filling their place in round two. Phone Vince, Derby 765179.

VOCALISTS WANTED

WANTED TWO punkettes for newly made up group to be lead singers. The group is called Bog Rolls. Coventry 452547.

WORK WANTED

GIRL SINGER wants ambitious rock band (Brum). Good voice/own lyrics/transport. Phone 021-353-7213.

ROTTEN, IGGY, Jagger inspired vocalist good mover, requires powerful band. Sorry no gear or transport. Lyric writer! Steve, Burntwood 71903.

BASSIST WITH good voice and gear desperate for good rock new wave band. Phone anytime, please, no idiots or beginners. Drotwich 71152.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

CHAOTIC SINIX need noonoowave drummer. Must have kit. Gigs, record waiting (nearly). We've got PA, into Iggy, metalic power. Cambridge 53546.

HEAVY DRUMMER wants lead bassist, organist, vocalist with experience. Geniune interest for heavy metal band. Into Purple, Zep, Sabbath, Rainbow. Thetford 3547.

BASSIST WANTED to form band with lead and drums. Original material waiting. Izbar freaks need not apply. Phone Newmarket 3158.

VOCALIST WANTS band who are competent and play good original music. Enthusiasts only. Write to Les, 62 Yarmouth Road, Thorpe, Norwich, Norfolk.

IF YOU WANNA make a bollock of yourself playing drums for Frenzid Melon just phone Barry, Clacton 813735 and join.

TWELVE STRING songwriter wants musicians for folk-rock likes Ramones to Richard Thompson and beyond. Kevin, 5 Adams Road, Cambridge (0223) 66499 — Ext 212.

VOCALISTS WANTED

THE MEALS do varied, original stuff and need a singer (lyricist?). Will swop for mobile abattoir. Ring Angie, Norwich 615425.

WORK WANTED

TIGHT DRUMMER wants work with funk or soul band. Phone Peterborough 65694 ask for Alan. Odd weekday gig preferred.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

THREE PIECE require guitarist-/keyboards with vocals (f/m) to extend repertoire. Eagles, Fleetwood, Free, Wishbone etc. Wolsingham 7617 (after 5 pm).

GUITARIST/VOCALS, for energetic band forming, into G. Parker, Heartbreakers, Pirates etc. Original material, must rehearse. Phone Alan. 061-226 2121 — 8 pm weekdays.

AAAARGH... HELP band split need lead, rhythm guitar(s) and bass. Must be original creative musicians. Gigs just round the corner. Punx only. Steve 0632-736929.

INSANE, ORIGINAL rock band: 'Whoosh', need bass and keyboards. Must have gear and talent. Creeps not welcome. Sunderland 43272 after 6 pm.

GUITARIST 20, wants to form rock band in Bradford area. No previous experience. 50 Stamford St, East Bowling, Bradford 4.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join or form band. Own equipment and transport. Aged 20. No time wasters. Contact any time. 32 Fernview Drive, Ramsbottom, Bury, BL0 9XG.

FEMALE SINGER/SONGWRITER wishes to form rock/folk group. Good musicians needed please. Hull area. 7 Bowling Circle, The Broadway, Holderness Rd, Hull.

FEMALE RHYTHM section (red hot) seek female musicians, management offer. No paps. Denny 0253 27999.

SHEFFIELD BAND seeks lead vocalist. Also require excellent drummer. Phone Mark, Sheffield 661713.

LIVERPOOL DRUMMER (18-20) for know Liverpool R & B/R & N band. Must be hard working. Phone after 8 pm. 051-236 3308.

SINGER/DANCER required to form dancing duo. Must be able to sing very good. Black preferred. 11 Catherston Close, Alex Rd, Manchester.

GREASY CREASE want fat guitarist into connection rock. Must be at least 15 stones. Telephone Horace (92 31145).

GOLD REQUIRE guitarist and drummer into music, no punk crap. Pete, Southshields 562197. Love you. All that glitters isn't gold.

COMPETENT BASSIST wanted. Twentyish. Into Ash, Harvey, Lizzy, no punks. Deadheads. Band forming. Phone Sunderland 281522. Vocals, Transport an asset.

LEAD BASS and drums required for new wave with difference. Experienced preferred. Ideas welcomed, 19+. Phone Dan, Leeds 641378.

THE SLIME need drummer, must have own unique style, no dead legs or divs. Manchester area. Bev, Bacup (229) 6205.

GUITARIST AND vocalist for high energy new wave band. Preferably dedicated and pro-minded. Terry, 19, Greenband Road, Penwortham, Preston.

TENOR SAX wanted to form strange duo with acoustic guitarist, songwriter, all original material. Think about it, it's amazing. Wythenshawe 848-8662.

KAY LYED wants to join/form lunatic punk band. Inexperienced but good looker. Write: 41, Broading Crescent, Kendal, Cumbria.

PUNK DRUMMER with gear required. Rehearsal room available. Into Johnny Rotten and own ability. Chrissy Curious, 23 Hylton Road, Hartlepool, Co. Cleveland.

THE FALL require a bass guitarist, must have own gear. K Burns, 38 St Marys Court, Prestwich, Manchester.

THE RIZIZTERS need drummer / vocalists must have own gear. Into punk, no experience necessary. Must be dedicated. Swinton 794-5097.

BASSIST WANTED for heavy rock band with a future, doing all own material. Phone Steve, South Shields 563594.

BAD VOCALIST, 20, no PA, no money, wants musicians for reggae band. No freaks. Brian Simpson, 21 Grant Road, Liverpool 14.

NEW WAVE rhythm guitarist, own gear and songs, wants to join a keen group with a view to gigs. C. S. Brown 051-220 1406.

COOL DRUMMER, bass guitarist wanted for rock band, no punks. Write, Dave, 139 Clayton Road, Bradford, BD7 2RD, Yorks.

DRUMMER 24 years old seeks band. Not much gig experience. Ring Allan now. 06495 68240 Middlesbro area.

BASS PLAYER with gear, ability, enthusiasm, energy to play fast, slow original material. New music for people who are alive. 06-224 4692.

THE ACCELERATORS need a bass player urgently! Phone 051-728 7639 or 051-733 2234 now.

VOCALISTS WANTED

GIRL VOCALIST required for boy guitarist Sunderland area to form duo. Pop, little rock, no heavy. Ray, Sunderland 79435.

100% PROOF Christian high energy rock band requires singer in the Stockport/manchester area. Telephone 061-432 2407.

YES! VOCALISTS if you can move, create, sing, we can play the music, no pros. Manchester, Mike 061-427 2057.

WORK WANTED

HELP! SUPPORT required for talentless wailer (trusses considered). Influences, Cortinas, Buzzcocks, Clash, briefcases. Middlesbrough area. Phone, Jock Strap Middlesbrough 317305.

PUNK VOCALIST, no experience but enthusiastic. Own equipment. Good ideas. Hard worker. Only wankers need apply. Phone after 6 pm Simon). Kinnerton 660725.

DUANE PIPE (Ex. Ballcocks) singing vocalist requires band into Quo, Dooleys, AC/DC, S Bends, Cleveland area. 16-21. No time waster, Middlesbro 318253.

VOCALS, BASS, both bad, both considered, love performing, no experience, no equipment, help. 28, Snowdon Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

LEAD, BASS, keyboard players to form semi-pro band. Stirlingshire 83-2008 after 6 pm. Only smokers need apply.

TWO GUITARISTS creative songwriting playing four years seek drummer, bassist, into Stones. Most things. Bill Motherwell 66480. Angela, Wishaw 79838.

VOCALISTS WANTED

MICK JAGGER, could you upstage him and sing good; with ambitious songwriting amateur band? Bill, Motherwell 66480, Angela, Wishaw 79838.

ANY GROUPS needing a revolting punk singer, phone between 5 and 6, John, 031-554 2252.

WALES

MUSICIANS WANTED

ANYONE INTERESTED in forming Genesis, Yes type band? Good musicians only need apply with own gear. Stewart, 18 Glandwr Street, Abertillery, Gwent.

IRELAND

WORK WANTED

PAUL COX type drummer available. Who's Paul Cox, me you bloody fools! Into rock, ring Killeshandra 34233 for all info.

OTHERS

MUSICIANS WANTED

ARE YOU a punk musician? Well, write soon or phone 0543-65768, Cinzia. Via-Campo — Degli-Suizzeri — 65, Forli 47100, Italy.

17

NME FREE CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

To appear next week this must arrive by last post Friday otherwise it will appear the following week.

WRITE YOUR AD. HERE — ONE WORD PER BOX (The first two words will appear in bold type) Sorry — The Box Number service is not available. Please ensure your address and/or phone number is included in the copy.

WHICH HEADING DO YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR UNDER?

- ☐ MUSICIANS WANTED
- ☐ VOCALISTS WANTED
- ☐ WORK WANTED (INDIVIDUALS ONLY)

WHICH REGIONAL HEADING?

- ☐ LONDON & SE
- ☐ SOUTH WEST
- ☐ MIDLANDS
- ☐ EAST ANGLIA
- ☐ NORTH
- ☐ SCOTLAND
- ☐ WALES
- ☐ IRELAND
- ☐ OTHER

NAME

DAYTIME TEL. NO.

ADDRESS

But dis is an udder Bag...

IN SPITE OF the fact that me and a couple of youths have formed a band called The Mild Pouffes, I should like to apply for the position of *NME* editor.

I would be very good at editing Julie Burchill's little pieces which, though well meaning, need someone with a keen eye to select and emphasise any intelligent points that (we hope) might crop up from time to time.

Meanwhile, till they get their trips sorted out, Lester Bangs and Charles Shaar Murray could make my coffee and phone for taxicabs when I have to go and open supermarkets.

I want to carefully lift *NME* from the current wet puddle, separate its pages from the other music papers, to which it wetly adheres. Let's see people reap the fish and chips and peas of enthusiasm from its salty pages as they lean against the counter of our culture.

FELIX VON BARTHOLD, Matlock, Derbyshire.

Next! — THE BLOKE

SO WE ALL discover that the leading punks are just would-be superstars in disguise and bitterly we blame them for letting us down. Unfortunately though, it's our (the audience's) fault. We buy the records, go to the concerts and generally feed the Record Companies with money and some of this at least ends up with the bands. What can they do with it? Give it back to the record companies? Obviously not. Give it to Charity? Nice, but stupid. Save it quietly and spend it when their fame is past? Very unwise because it probably won't be worth anything then. So of course they bloody spend it! And you would too, if given the chance. In fact to do anything with it but spend it would be very contrived because money exists to be spent.

But whatever Joe Strummer or Bob Geldof may enjoy privately through money, doesn't effect their actual music. Listening to "Pretty Vacant" for example, I don't get off on the fact that Rotten is a working class kid, but on the sheer weight and power of the guitar, vocals etc. Punk is brimming with hypocrisies — I mean, Rotten or Matlock couldn't have been remotely vacant to have written such a song but I don't care (and nor did anyone else as far as I can see). And it sounds as though they had a good time recording "No Fun".

So let them buy their houses, cars and Afghan hounds because their commitment to us lies in frequent concerts, tours, records and not in wearing dirty underwear because to change them would be to flaunt their wealth.

Only when The Clash or any othe New Wave band start fooling around like Led Zeppelin — one concert a decade or whatever (not that I give a shit what Led Z do actually) will I become disillusioned (or if Debbie Harry dyes her hair black as threatened).

STUPID NAME, Grenoble, France.

I CANNOT EVER remember being made to feel sick by an article in *NME*. I can stomach Kent, Bell, Burchill, CSM, Morley (just) but Parsons' Blondie piece was the most repellent, poisonous, vindictive, and ultimately worthless thing I've ever cast eyes on. He was obviously so disgusted at having to come down from Olympus to interview the lady, that I suppose we should be pleased that he deigned to write up the whole sordid affair. Moreover it was unnessarily bitchy. She may be thirty Tony, but why deny her the right to screw a fast buck outta the system while she's got a chance?

Didn't it occur to you T.P., that if she was screwing those hecklers at the Rainbow who paid good money and then wallowed in their own shit all evening? It's called pragmatism: accept the way things are, and use them to your own advantage, and SCREW EVERYONE ELSE! If we learned anything from the hippy era, it is simply that there isn't going to be a revolution. Furthermore, change isn't going to be brought about by music; who said that, Tony baby? And if you still believe that (and you're right to) then why do you object so to D.H. earning a dishonest buck at the expense of Boys' Club Wankers who think they're men 'cos they actually dare to shout at her? I want Tony P. to answer this letter, because he was once an interesting and useful writer, and it's sad to see people fogetting their past.

STRANGLERS HATER, Finchley.

Tony's out. Next! — THE BLOKE

GREAT! A Debbie Harry feature.

A Debbie Harry feature written by Tony Parsons. Not so great!

A Debbie Harry feature by T.P. accompanied by Blondie album review by J.B. Not great at all.

In the end I suppose the Feb. 4 issue of *NME* must be filed under GREAT . . . . as in 'Great hatchet jobs of our time'. Alternatively, file under gruesome; as in 'Gruesome twosome do it again'.

Apart from being as thoroughly sickened by Parsons' Harry piece as so many others obviously were by the Ramones thing a few weeks back, what really astonishes me is the editorial policy that allows it. For the vituperative nature of his article Parsons must, of course, take the blame but why is it that this feature is published when its main theme is so obviously in opposition to the paper as a whole.

Let me explain. On page 3 is a Debbie Harry pic. Beneath it a caption says that a Blondie story gives an opportunity to print her picture and that no excuses are made for this. Fair enough, but is this consistent with an article by Parsons which criticises the chauvinistic element in Blondie's audience at the Rainbow and Debbie Harry for putting up with it? Isn't the *NME* just as chauvinistic to keep printing her picture? And if someone said to you that you were degrading her, wouldn't your answer be "She should be grateful for the free publicity"? You know it would.

"Excessive hypocritical bliss is the ultimate rock'n'roll lifestyle" eh Tony?

MARTIN EVELEIGH, Oxford.

Could just say that the opinions expressed are not necessarily etc. Look, several people work on *NME*, and going by fashionable statistics, the chances are the collective comprises a short person, a tall one, a Jew, a gay, a sexist, a socialist, whatever, all with different opinions. Why's everyone so highly strung? If you'd rather an editorial policy which was completely fat and flaccid through record company largesse, let us know, then we can all stop walking the thin line of compromise for good. — THE BLOKE

FOR THE FIRST time in my life, I am really and truly in love. I have fancied plenty of other boys but never, ever felt the way I do now. The first time I saw Peter I knew I was in love with him but I thought there was no hope of me ever going out with him. I didn't think I was good enough for him. But five months after that day, he did ask me out, and neither of us have ever regretted it. We're in love and it's wonderful!

It annoys me when people say we're too young to be in love and all that shit, because I don't know what else it could possibly be. We've stayed together after being separated for two and a half months while Pete was holidaying in Israel and that was right at the start of our relationship. If it wasn't love, can anyone say how and why then, have we stayed together for this length of time, which is exactly 11 months and 2 days.

So sod all you people who say that you haven't found the person you want to spend your whole life with. I know I have and Pete also feels the same way.

Just wait and see, all you prats. We're 16 and 17 now (I'm 16) but it won't be long before we get married, well sometime in the near future anyway, then you'll find all you have to swallow is your words!!

L. A. BRUCE, an annoyed punk fan.

HEY NME, ain't it time for a punk revival yet?

DEE MENTED

NEVER MIND the break-up here's the ex-Pistols.

DAVID SQUIRES, Nottingham.

Yeah, instant credibility. Look what it did for Matlock.
— TALCY MALCY

CONFUSED, BEWILDERED, and 'somewhat slightly dazed', I trip almost weekly in and out of the orifices of your paper with alternating fear/disgust/cackles of mirth. *(Is this Morley writing in again? — Ed.)*

Concern for the state of modern music leads me to question the recent *NME* course-change for the super-nova of punkdom, not necessarily the brightest star in the firmament of '70s music, but doubtless one that has as many hues as it has celestial positions. A dense, mis-shapen, almost pathologically disliked entity, and a safe retreat for the many poseurs, left-wing vociferators and agent-provocateurs, it seems to have blinded, hopefully only momentarily, the portions of *NME* staff who are lunatic enough to defend it to death and aid polarisation in such places as the weekly singles review column, where it has been seen to be a battle weapon of sick, self opinionated ideals seeking to draw off some inherent 'right' from some inherent 'wrong'.

Having the fear you will dispose of this letter either to the waste-basket or with a stinging quip, I can only hope that somewhere within the many faceted creative centre of the *NME* a realisation might come about that everything ephemeral is not necessarily the most worthwhile, whether it be mod, hippy, punk or ted; but to provide the service which no other music paper comes close to doing — namely maintaining an immediate and direct perception and awareness of the music itself, its characters, results, as well as those things which directly change the business — would surely realise the title the *NME* has for so long deserved, of Britain's foremost music paper.

To deny or negate with a single bland statement that which previous generations created, and after all, ultimately the result was *this* generation, is to deny the cause that produces the effect.

The iconisation of any musical form or personality (surely you cannot deny your part in the robing of the new found king — Johnny Rotten — an affair as blindingly stupid, perhaps, as the backlash that too much contemporary music receives from the 'popular' press, who are nothing more than semi-illiterate hacks surviving from year to year on vile accusations, gossip, and in a form of 'journalism' — if one can even describe it as such — by a degrading use of nude femininity) is to fall into an all too obvious trap, an all too pointless answer to modern values.

Surely, to modestly and simply criticise all forms of contemporary music, with regard to its essential quality, without either incompetence or a naive adoption of some new trend, is the sign of health during a decade of staggering decay.

LESTER HANNINGTON, Whittlesey, Peterborough.

What's your beef, squire? Nude femininity or what? You're not any relation to Dave Spart, are you? — CONT. P57.

THERE'S BEEN a lot of complaints from papers like yours (justifiably) over the whole "Elvis — necrophilia is fun and also a very good market" shit, so how come all the Pistols necrophilia? A whole page of John boy shovelling snow and grinning then another page of poor Sid falling asleep. All right, he invited you, but nobody would like to be interviewed in that state. Just as well Salewicz wasn't around in Paris when Jimbo snuffed it. He'd probably have used underwater microphones to talk to Brian Jones. Look, anyone can ramble like Sid did. What will we have next week, Malcolm talking his sleep?

STEVE TRACY, Derry

No, but we'll be spending a night in Keef's bathroom soon. — THE BLOKE

DO I GET an LP token for being able to spot the first mention ever of Sham 69? "Potentially great," Julie Burchill called them in *NME* 11.12.76.

RONNUS RATTUS SMITHIUS

And I thought Sham 69 were last year's thing. No token. — THE BLOKE

I WALKED into my local branch of *!!**??!* Records and purchased a copy of my favourite elpee, which seemed quite cheap!

When I got home and played it, all became apparent. It was in perfect condition! It had no clicks or scratches, or even the sound of 'Frying bacon' on it! I was disgusted, this was not the sort of quality the record buying public have come to expect!

Suddenly my bedroom was filled with the harsh ringing of my alarm clock. I slowly opened my eyes and yawned, and thought what a beautiful dream it had all been.

MALCOLM OLIVER, Dagenham, Essex.

DOES THAT badge on Bob Geldof's jacket really say "Bob Geldof is God"?

SPIKE, Edinburgh.

Close but no cigar. It says BG is cool. You wanna argue about it? — THE BLOKE

DEAR GILLSBAG,

Although unable to see what Monty Smith has got to do with it all, may we point out (being three BOFs and a yokel) just how appreciative we were of C.S. Crispus' letter in your fab ish of 28.1.78. Christ, we never knew there were any followers of Gillingham FC further north than Gravesend!

We'd really appreciate it if you could print a full colour pic of our idol, that amazing Republic of Ireland forward / midfield dynamo / defender / goalie / groundsman Damien Richardson, so that the unenlightened can prepare themselves for what'll be coming their way next season.

Any smartass comments will get treated with disdain, so "shove it up yer arse, linesman!"

DICKY, DUNKY, PINKY, PORKY, BASSETT and GORDON the CORSAIR, Medway, Kent.

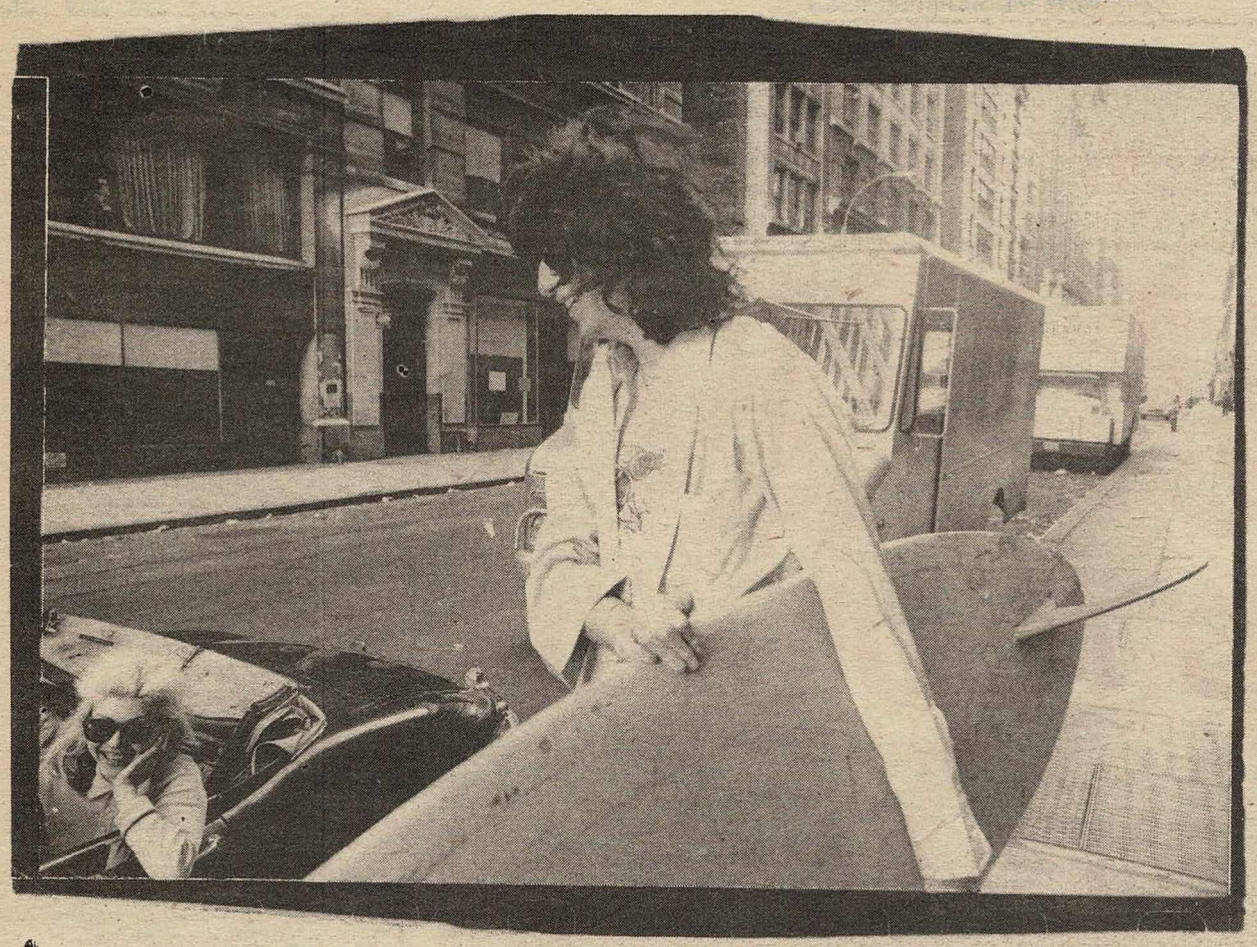
What's Monty Smith got to do with it? He's only been paying money to see the Gills since he was a nipper, when Gordon Pulley was on the wing, Tom Johnstone wore a bandage round his knee and skipper Harry Hughes took penalty run-ups from the half-way line, that's all. We're fresh out of Damien pics, but we'll publish one when he misses a spot kick — never! — DR CLIFFORD GROSSMARK.

WHY DIDN'T you print my last letter?

N.H. NOYES, London W8.

Same reason we didn't print this one — THE BLOKE.

Done this week by THE BLOKE who used to deliver milk to the woman who lived quite near to a friend of Joan Crawford's sister.



"Well the kids are all hopped up and ready to go/They've got their surfboards and they're going to the discotheque a go go . . ."

JOEY RAMONE, with all the acoutrements, importunes a sedentary DEBBIE HARRY. She's espying the cameraman, beau CHRIS STEIN, who took the pic for a forthcoming Punk feature, "Mutant Monster Beach Party". Wot! No Frankie Avalon?

teazers

A WEEKLY TITILLATION

GEE, EVERYONE knows that us Brits have a terrible reputation abroad as far as matters, er, sexual go . . . but **Hot Rod Stewart** hasn't improved it one bit this past week what with flitting back and forth between **Bebe Doll Buell** and Brazilian actress **Virginia Balkan** at Rio De Janeiro's Carnival Ball. **Elton Bloody John** and his bodyguards were there too, all dressed up as sailors. What *will* the world think of us?

Especially after Rich Rod's ex before the last ex, model **Dee Harrington,** told of the Scottish Pretender's predilection for wearing feminine underwear (knickers to you) and then Bebe's babbling about how "Rod really loves lingerie, you know, nothing kinky but beautiful underthings like **Janet Reger.**" *(Snow-white satin nighties with matching negligee, tie and handkerchief a snip at £86 — Fashion Ed.)* "And he *loves* beautiful bras . . ."

Oh well, sighs *T-Zers,* suppose it's better than the New Thing sweeping jaded New Yorkers out of the bedroom: asexuality. Which is not doing it at all. The *Village Voice* newspaper found itself with one of its biggest-ever selling issues when it reported on what everyone *wasn't* doing. **Andy Warhol,** a retired artist, was happy to confess *he* never did it anymore. Probably because he goes to too many parties. Like the private affair held for the visiting wife of the Shah of Iran at NY's Waldorf Towers. Amidst the chantings of Iranian students demonstrating outside, Warhol said: "It bothers me that people are tortured in Iran, but I'm a personal friend of the Empress." Not too personal, obviously. Anyway, never let a good party stand in the way of silly old principles, eh kids? *(Look, haven't we got any* ***Stranglers*** *stuff or something to beef up this mamby-pamby nonsense? Sexist Ed.)* . . .

Let's get this show on the road. First stop — Edinburgh. Princes St, to be precise, which was athrob with Frogs last weekend, over here for the Scotland -France rugby match. **XTC** drummer **Terry Chambers,** who speaks with a broad Wiltshire accent, was mistaken for one of these infernal foreign types when he visited a souvenir shop — presumably because he was wearing one of those silly tartan jackets so favoured by Frenchmen.

Twenty-nine-year-old Spanish-born **Alastair Clark,** accompanying Terry on behalf of Virgin Records, insists he too was taken to be Garlic and was delighted at the reception afforded XTC at that night's gig: a friendly stage invasion. "There were people holding out record covers and posters to be signed, the way they're supposed to," says Big Al. "I was just waiting for Kent Walton or Keith Fordyce to step from the wings."

Aaah. But better than the general ill-will the following night in Newcastle, all gobbing and glass-throwing . . .

Next stop — Liverpool, for an update on the Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge. Further to **The Smirks** imminent signing to Beserkley, Anchor are interested in **Strangeways,** Chiswick in **Willi and The Visitors,** and Stiff in **Big In Japan** offshoots **Sausages From Mars.** Beats *New Faces,* doesn't it . . ?

Back up to Scotland and those blizzards (you remember them, last week). Glasgow punkers **Subs** turned angels of mercy shock-horror when they rescued a middle-aged couple whose car had been trapped in drifting snow for 28 hours. "I'm a punk fan from now on," said 53-year-old **Bernard Foulstone,** "We had lost hope until we heard that knock on the car roof." Sixty-seven-year-old Air Commodore **Duncan Somerville,** at whose home the rescued and rescuers took refuge, said of Subs: "I thought of pop groups as hairy kids pumping away on ukeleles, but these youngsters have revitalised my regard for today's youth." Subs guitarist **Kevin Key** chimed in with "Sod off, you old basket." No he didn't. He just said, sheepishly, "It was the least we could have done . . ."

A bit different from all those West Coast superstars lounging round their pools snorting coke, eh? Like, if we can believe America's *People* magazine, **Linda Ronstadt,** who they claim is undergoing hospital treatment for damage to her pert little nose caused by over-indulgence. Her new single in the States is "Poor, Poor Pitiful Me" hee-hee . . .

The title of that second **Elvis Costello** album, by the way, is "This Year's Model", released March 3 . . .

After many listener complaints, more and more U.S. radio stations are taking **Randy Newman's** "Short People" off their playlists. *(Ha ha, it's already sold over a million. — Tall Ed.)* Societies like the Little People of America and Shorties Are Smarter consider Newman's lyrics 'asinine': "There is a population of short people that doesn't want to be the butt of crass jokes." Randy Newman, 5'11", is baffled that his satire on narrow-mindedness has caused such trouble. Mr Newman has also been known to poke fun at fat people and Cleveland . . .

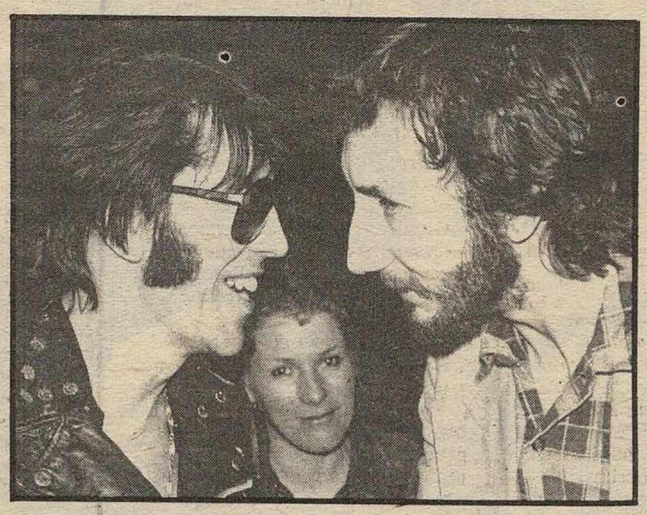
When confronted with the task of presenting a *Black Music In Britain* documentary, the BBC — ever mindful of the excellence of much homegrown British black music — ignored same in favour of importing **The Three Degrees** (usually to be found at London's Talk of the Town when they 'tour' here), **Billy Paul** and **Desmond Dekker** to play in front of a real, live audience in Brixton. The Beeb's only concession to anything even *vaguely* representative of current black notes in the U.K. was to select Liverpool's **Real Thing** to complete the bill . . .

WEA have taken up their option on releasing material from **Joe Gibbs'** own JA company, and will issue **Culture's** "Two Sevens Clash" over here — their interest stimulated, *T-Zers* believes, mostly by the excellent press the album has received. But since three consecutive master-tapes Gibbs has given the company all proved faulty, release date has been delayed till March 3 . . .

When **Francis Zappa** arrived in the U.K. for his recent gigs his equipment was delayed in customs. Frank adopted a favoured ploy for such occasions, contacting his record company for a hundred of his albums pronto. But since Zappa isn't exactly Warner Bros' favourite artist at present no records were delivered, and Frank was left to sort out the entanglement without vinyl sweetening . . .

Also left without a smile on his face was **Bob Harris** during last week's *Old Grey Ready Steady Drop Dead* when a **Fabulous Poodle** raced up stage left and planted a kiss on the Bomber's furry visage just as he was about to deliver his earnest closing message to the nation. "These people will have their little joke," whispered the stony-faced presenter through gritted teeth . . .

Flying Down To Watford: Finally, it's back to the beginning for a moment, and the reason **Elton** was jitterbugging about in Rio. He was getting bored recording his new album, see, so he popped down to the Carnival. No sooner had he landed than he was struck by a terrible thought. How could he have forgotten that his favourite team were playing this Saturday? "Let me back on that plane!" he shrieked, and soon (well, ten hours or so) he reached Paris, only to be told that the game had been postponed. "Let me back on that plane!" he shrieked . . .



"Hey, man, you got over your manic depresserama yet?" After the Robert Gordon bash on Sunday, mutual heroes LINK WRAY (left) and PETE TOWNSHEND swap beards and dark glasses. PAUL SLATTERY took the pic.

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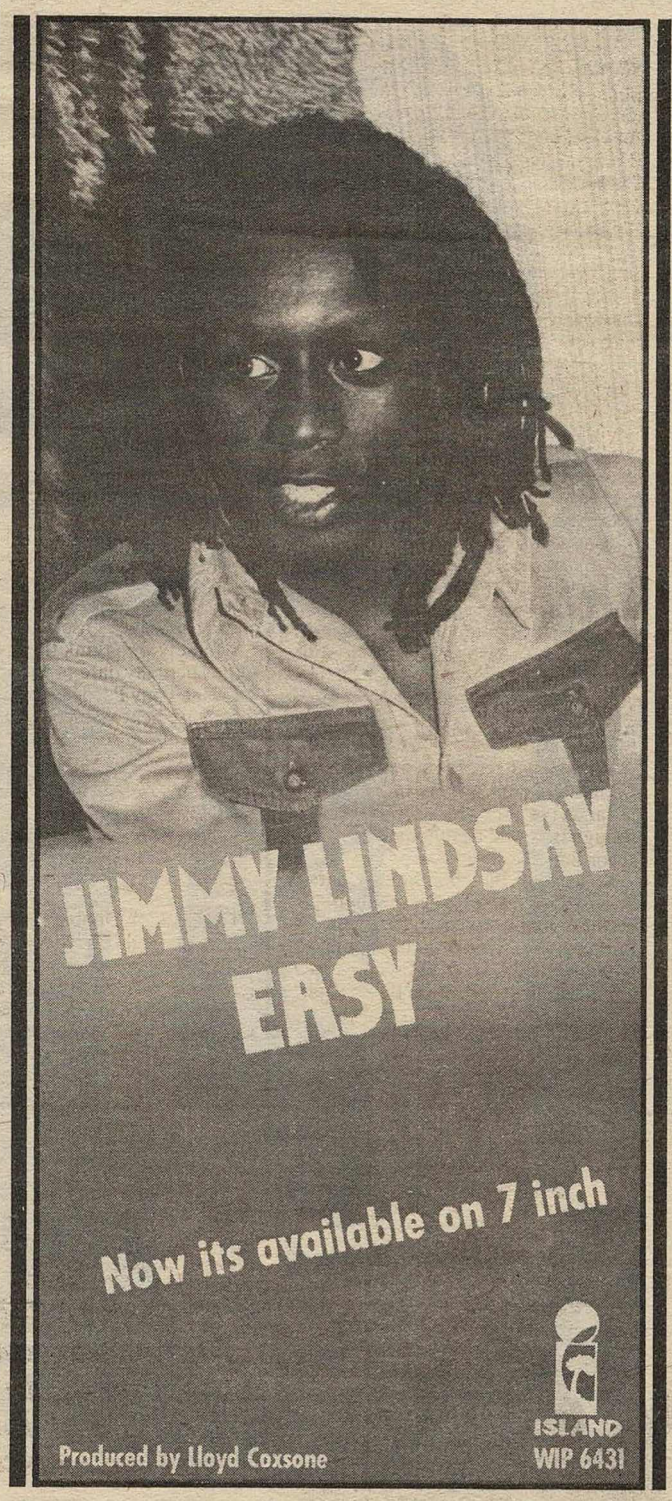

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